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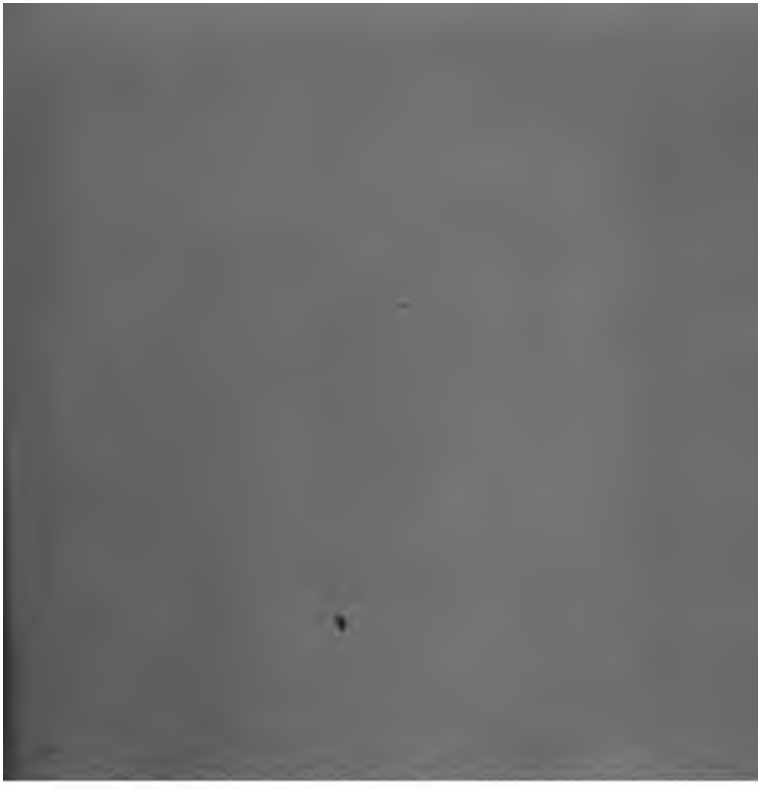

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In THREE BOOKS.

WITH

NOTES and QUOTATIONS.

Tranſlated by

CHARLES COTTON, Eſq;

——*Vireſque acquirit eundo.* VIRG. Lib. 4. Æn.

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ESSAYS

OF

Michael Seigr. *de Montaigne.*

The SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of the Inconſtancy of our Actions.

THOSE who make it their Buſineſs to controul or criticize humain Actions, never find themſelves ſo much puzzled in any thing, as how to reconcile and ſet them before the World in a ſelf-conſiſtent Light and Reputation; for they are generally ſuch ſtrange Contradictions in themſelves, that it ſeems almoſt impoſſible they ſhould proceed from one and the ſame Perſon. One while we find young *Marius* a Son of *Mars*, and another time the Son of *Venus*. Pope *Boniface* the Eighth (it is ſaid) crept into the Papal Throne like a Fox, reigned like a Lion, and died like a Dog. And who could believe it to be the ſame *Nero*, that perfect Image of all Cruelty, who in the beginning of

his Reign, having the Sentence of a condemned Man brought to him to ſign, cried out, *O, that I had never been taught to write.* So much it went to his Heart to condemn a Man to Death. The Hiſtory of every Nation is full of ſuch Examples, and all Men are able to produce ſo many to themſelves, either from their own Conduct or Obſervation, that I often wonder to ſee Men of Senſe give themſelves the trouble of ſorting theſe Pieces, and endeavouring to reconcile ſuch Contradictions; eſpecially when Irreſolution appears to be, at leaſt ſeems to me, the moſt common and manifeſt Vice of our Nature; Witneſs the famous Verſe of the Comedian *Publius.*

Irreſolution the moſt common Vice of our Nature.

Malum Conſilium eſt, quod mutari non poteſt *.

That Counſel's ill that will admit no Change.

There is indeed ſome Poſſibility of forming a Judgment of a Man from the moſt uſual Methods of his Life, but conſidering the natural Inſtability of our Manners and Opinions, I have often thought even the beſt Authors a little miſtaken, in ſo obſtinately endeavouring to mould us into any conſtant and ſolid Contexture. They chuſe the general Air of a Man, and according to that interpret all his Actions, of which, if ſome be ſo ſtiff and ſtubborn, that they cannot bend or turn them to any Uniformity to the reſt, they then without further Ceremony impute them to Diſſimulation. *Auguſtus* has nevertheleſs eſcaped thoſe Gentlemen; for there was in him ſo apparent, ſo ſudden, and ſo continued a Variety of Actions throughout the whole Courſe of his Life, that he has ſlipt away clear from the moſt hardy Cenſurers. For my part, I am with much more Difficulty induced to believe a Man's Conſtancy than any other Virtue in him; nay, I believe nothing ſooner than the contrary, and will venture to ſay that it would be a laborious Undertaking to produce a Dozen Men, even out of all Antiquity, who have form'd their Lives to one certain and conſtant Courſe, which is

Inſtability of our Manners and Opinions.

* *Aulus Gel. ex Pub. Min.*

the

the principal Deſign of Wiſdom; for (ſays one of the Ancients) to comprize it all in one Word, and to contract all the Rules of human Life into One, it is to *Will*, and not to *Will* always on the ſame Thing: I ſhall not defend, continues he, to add, provided the *Will* be juſt, for if it be not ſo, it is impoſſible it ſhould be always one. I have indeed formerly learnt, That Vice is nothing but Irregularity and Want of Meaſure, and therefore 'tis impoſſible to fix Conſtancy to it. 'Tis a Saying of *Demoſthenes*, that the Beginning of all Virtue, is Conſultation and Deliberation; the End and Perfection, Conſtancy. If we would reſolve on any certain Courſe upon mature Advice, we ſhould pitch upon the beſt, but no body has thought of it.

Quod petiit, ſpernit, repetit quod nuper omiſit;
Æſtuat, & vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto *.

He now deſpiſes what he late did crave,
And what he laſt neglected, now would have:
He fluctuates, and flies from that to this,
And his whole Life a Contradiction is.

Our ordinary Practice is to follow the Inclinations of our Appetite, which way ſoever they guide us, whether to the Right or to the Left, upwards or downwards, juſt according as we are wafted by the Breath of Occaſion. We never meditate what we would have, till the Inſtant we have a Mind to have it; and change like that little Creature, which receives its Colour from what it is laid upon. What we but juſt now propoſe to ourſelves, we immediately alter, and preſently return to it again; 'tis nothing but Shifting and Inconſtancy:

Ducimur ut nervis alienis mobile lignum †.

Like Tops with leathern Thongs we're ſcourg'd about.

We do not go, we are driven; like things that float, now leiſurely, then with Violence, according to the Gentleneſs or Rapidity of the Current.

nonne videmus,
Quid ſibi quiſque velit neſcire, & quærere ſemper,
Commutare locum quaſi onus deponere poſſit ‡?

* *Hor. l.* 1. *G.* 1. † *Id. lib.* 2. *Sat.* 7. ‡ *Lucret. l.*

See we not up and down Men daily trot,
For ſomething they would have, but know not what:
Shifting from Place to Place, as here or there,
They could ſet down the Burden of their Care.

Every Day produces a new Whim, and our Humours keep motion with Time.

Tales ſunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipſe
Jupiter auctifero luſtravit lumine terras *.

Such are the Motions of th' Inconſtant Soul,
As are the Days and Weather fair or foul.

We fluctuate betwixt various Inclinations; we will nothing freely, nothing abſolutely, nothing conſtantly. In any one that had preſcrib'd and laid down Determinate Rules and Laws to himſelf for his own Conduct, we ſhould perceive an Equality of Manners, an Order, and an infallible Relation of one Thing or Action to another, ſhine through his whole Life, as *Empedocles* obſerved in the *Agregentines*, who gave themſelves up to Delights as if every Day was to be their Laſt, and built as if they were to live for ever; a Judgment would not then be hard to make. And it is very evident in the Perſon of the younger *Cato*, that when a Man has found out one Step, it will lead him to all the reſt: 'Tis a Harmony of very agreeing Sounds, that cannot jar, nor deceive the Ear. But with us 'tis quite contrary, every particular Action requires a particular Judgment, wherein the ſureſt way to ſteer, in my Opinion, would be to take our Meaſures from the neareſt ally'd Circumſtances, without engaging in a longer Inquiſition, or without concluding any other Conſequence. I was told in the Civil Diſorders of our unhappy Kingdom, that a Maid Servant hard by the Place where I then was, had thrown herſelf out of a Window to avoid being forc'd by a common Soldier that was quarter'd in the Houſe: She was not kill'd by the Fall, and therefore redoubling her Attempt, would have cut her own Throat, had ſhe not been hindered; but having nevertheleſs wounded herſelf to ſome Shew of Danger, ſhe volun-

A Maid threw herſelf out of a Window for fear of a Rape.

* *Cicero.*

tarily

tarily confeſs'd that the Soldier had not as yet importun'd her otherwiſe than by Courtſhip, earneſt Solicitation, and ſuch little Preſents as he was able to procure; but that ſhe was afraid, that in the End he would have proceeded to Violence; all which ſhe deliver'd with ſuch a Countenance and Accent, and withal embrewed in her own Blood, the higheſt Teſtimony of her Virtue, that ſhe appeared another *Lucretia*; and yet I have ſince been very well aſſur'd, that both before and after, ſhe was no very difficult Piece. Wherefore according to my Hoſt's Tale in *Arioſto*, be as handſome a Man, and as fine a Gentleman as you will, never build too much upon your Miſtreſs's inviolable Chaſtity, for having been repuls'd by her; you do not know but ſhe may have a much better Stomach to your Groom.

Antigonus, having taken one of his Soldiers into a great degree of Favour and Eſteem, for his Virtue and Valour, gave his Phyſicians ſtrict Charge to cure him of a long and inward Diſtemper, under which he had a great while languiſh'd; and obſerving that after his Cure, he went much more coldly to work than before, he aſk'd the Fellow, Who had alter'd and cow'd him? You, yourſelf (Sir) reply'd the other, by having eas'd me of the Pains that made me weary of my Life. One of *Lucullus*'s Soldiers, having been rifled by his Enemy, perform'd a brave Exploit againſt him, by way of Revenge, by which he made himſelf a Saver at leaſt: *Lucullus*, who from that Action, had conceiv'd a very advantageous Opinion of the Man, endeavoured with all the plauſible Perſuaſions and Promiſes he could think of.

Verbis quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem *.
Words which the coldeſt Coward would inſpire,
And with briſk Metal ſet his Blood on Fire.

to engage him in an Enterprize of imminent Danger; but how did the Soldier anſwer? Flatly refuſing to go, pray Sir, ſays he to his General, employ ſome miſerable plundered Wretch in that Affair.

——quantumvis ruſticus ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis qui zonam perdidit, inquit †.

* *Hor. lib. 2. Ep. 2.* † *Id. Ibid.*

Some Fool, or poor Knave knapſack'd by the Foe,
On that Deſign may peradventure go.

When we read, that *Mahomet* having furiouſly reprimanded *Chaſan*, *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, who ſeeing the *Hungarians* break into his Batallions had behav'd himſelf very ill in the Buſineſs, and that *Chaſan* inſtead of any other Anſwer, ruſh'd furiouſly alone, with his Cimitar in his Hand into the firſt Body of the Enemy, where he was preſently cut to pieces: We are not to look upon that Action to have been ſo much a generous Deſign to vindicate himſelf from the Reproach of Cowardice, as an Effect of Recollection; nor to have proceeded ſo much from natural Valour as a ſudden Vexation. The Man you ſee To-day ſo adventurous and brave, you muſt not think it ſtrange to find him as great a Poltron To-morrow: Anger, Neceſſity, Company, Wine, or the Sound of the Trumpet, may have rouz'd his Spirits; this is no Valour form'd and eſtabliſh'd by Meditation; but accidentally created by thoſe Circumſtances, and therefore it is no Wonder, if by contrary Circumſtances it appears quite another thing.

Theſe ſupple Variations and Contradictions, ſo manifeſt in us, have given ſome People occaſion to believe, that Man has two Souls: Others two diſtinct Powers, which always accompany and incline us, the one towards Good, and the other towards Evil, according to their own Natures and Propenſity; ſo ſudden a Variety of Inclination not being to be imagin'd to flow from one and the ſame Fountain. For my part, I muſt ingeniouſly declare, that the Puff of every Accident not only carries me along with it, according to its own Proclivity, but that moreover I diſcompoſe, and trouble myſelf, by the Inſtability of my own Poſture; and whoever will look narrowly into his own Breaſt, will hardly find himſelf twice in the ſame Condition. I give my Soul ſometimes one Face and ſometimes another, according to the Side I turn her to. If I ſpeak variouſly of myſelf, it is, becauſe I conſider myſelf variouſly. All Contrarieties are there to be found, in one Corner or another, or after one Manner or another. Baſhful, inſolent, chaſte, luſtful, prating, ſilent, laborious, delicate, ingenious, heavy, melancholick, pleaſant, lying, ſincere, knowing, ignorant, liberal, covetous, and prodigal,

gal, I find all this in myſelf more or leſs, according as I turn myſelf about; and whoever will ſift himſelf to the Bottom, will be conſcious, even by his own Judgment, of this Volubility and Diſcordance. In a word, I have nothing to ſay of myſelf entirely, ſimply, and ſolidly, without Mixture and Confuſion. *Diſtinguo* is the moſt univerſal part of my Logick. Tho' I always intend to ſpeak well of good things, and rather to interpret ſuch things as may fall out, in the beſt Senſe, than otherwiſe; yet ſuch is the Strangeneſs of our Condition, that we are ſometimes puſh'd on to do well even by Vice itſelf, if well-doing were not judg'd by the Intention only. One gallant Action therefore ought not to conclude a Man valiant; if a Man was brave indeed, he would be always ſo, and upon all Occaſions. If it were a Habit of Virtue, and not a Sally, it would render a Man equally reſolute: In all Accidents, the ſame alone as in Company, the ſame in Liſts as in Battles; for, let People ſay what they pleaſe, there is not one Valour for the Street, and another for the Field: He would bear a Sickneſs in his Bed as bravely as a Wound in the Trenches, and no more fear Death in his own Houſe than at an Aſſault. We ſhould not then ſee the ſame Man charge into a Breach with a brave Aſſurance, and afterwards torment himſelf, and wine like a Woman for the Loſs of a Law-Suit, or the Death of a Child. When being detected Coward to Infamy, he is conſtant in the Neceſſities of Poverty and Want; when he ſtarts at the Sight of a Barber's Razor, and ruſhes fearleſs among the Swords of the Enemy, the Action is commendable, not the Man.

Many of the *Greeks* ſays *Cicero* *, cannot endure the Sight of an Enemy, and yet are Courageous in Sickneſs; the *Cimbrians* and *Celtiberians* quite the contrary. *Nihil enim poteſt eſſe æquabile, quod non à certa ratione proficiſcatur.* Nothing can be equal, that does not proceed from a certain ground of Reaſon. No Valour can be more extreme in its kind than that of *Alexander:* But it is but one kind; nor is that kind full enough throughout: As peerleſs as it is, it has yet ſome Blemiſhes; and of this, his being ſo often at his Wits end upon every

The Valour of Alexander *extreme in its kind.*

* *Cicero, Tuſc.* 2.

light Suſpicion of his Captains conſpiring againſt his Life, and the behaving himſelf in that Enquiry with ſo much Vehemency and Injuſtice: and a Fear that ſubverted his natural Reaſon, is one pregnant Inſtance: The Superſtition alſo with which he was ſo much tainted, carries along with it ſome Image of Puſillanimity. The Exceſs of his Penitency, for the Murder of *Clytus*, is likewiſe another Teſtimony of the Unevenneſs of his Courage. All we perform is no other than a *Cento*, as a Man may ſay, of ſeveral Pieces, and yet we would acquire Honour by a falſe Title. Virtue cannot be follow'd, but for herſelf, and if we ſometimes borrow her Maſk for ſome other Occaſion, ſhe preſently pulls it off again. 'Tis a Stamp and lively Tincture, which, when the Soul has once thoroughly imbib'd it, will not out again but with the Piece. And therefore to make a right Judgment of a Man, we are long, and very obſervingly, to follow his Trace: If Conſtancy does not there ſtand firm upon her own proper Baſe. *Cui vivendi via conſiderata, atque proviſa eſt* *; if the Variety of Occurrences makes him to alter his Pace (his Path I mean, for the Pace may be faſter or ſlower) let him march; ſuch a one runs before the Wind. 'Tis no Wonder, ſays one of the Ancients, that Chance has ſo great a Dominion over us, ſince it is by Chance we live. It is not poſſible for any one, who has not deſign'd his Life for ſome certain End, to diſpoſe of his particular Actions. It is impoſſible for any one to fit the Pieces together, who has not the whole Form already contriv'd in his Imagination. To what Uſe are Colours to him, or to what End ſhould he provide them, that knows not what it is to paint? No one lays down a certain Deſign for his Life, and we only deliberate by Pieces. The Archer ought firſt to know at what he is to aim, and then accommodate his Arm, Bow, String, Shaft, and Motion to it. Our Counſel deviates and wanders, becauſe not leveled to any determinate End. No Wind ſerves him who addreſſes his Voyage to no certain Port. I cannot acquieſce in the Judgment given by one in the Behalf of *Sophocles*; who concluded him capable of the Management of Domeſtick Affairs, againſt the Accuſation of his Son, for having ſeen one of his Tragedies.

* *Cicero.*

Neither

Neither do I allow of the Conjecture of the *Parians*, ſent to regulate the *Mileſians*, ſufficient for ſuch a Conſequence as they drew from it. Coming to viſit the Iſland, they took notice of ſuch Grounds as were beſt cultivated, and ſuch Country Houſes as were beſt governed; and having taken the Names of the Owners, when they had aſſembled the Citizens, they appointed thoſe Farmers for new Governors and Magiſtrates; concluding, that they who had been ſo provident in their own private Concerns, would be ſo of the Publick too. We are all unform'd Lumps, and of ſo various a Contexture, that every Moment every Piece plays its own Game, and there is as much Difference betwixt us and ourſelves, as betwixt us and others. *Magnam rem puta, unum hominem agere* *. Since Ambition can teach Men Valour, Temperance and Liberality, and even Juſtice too; ſeeing that Avarice can inſpire the Courage of a Shop-boy, bred and nurſed up in Obſcurity and Eaſe, with the Aſſurance to expoſe himſelf ſo far from the Fire-ſide, to the Mercy of the Waves in a frail Boat; as ſhe goes farther, and can teach Diſcretion and Prudence; and that even *Venus* can infuſe Boldneſs and Reſolution into Boys under the Diſcipline of the Rod, and inflame the Hearts of tender Virgins, in their Mothers Arms, with Maſculine Courage:

Hac duce cuſtodes furtim tranſgreſſa jacentes
Ad juvenem tenebris ſola puella venit †.

The tender Virgin, dreadleſs of all Harms,
Steals in the Dark to her young Lover's Arms.

The Underſtanding has ſomething more to do than ſimply to judge us by our outward Action, ; it muſt penetrate the very Soul, and there diſcover by what Springs the Motion is guided: But that being a high and hazardous Undertaking, I could wiſh that fewer would attempt it.

---

* *Sen. Epiſt.* 120. † *Tib. lib.* 2. *Eleg.* 3.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Of Drunkenneſs.

THE World is nothing but Variety and Diſproportion, Vices are all alike, as they are Vices, and perhaps the *Stoicks* underſtand them ſo; but tho' they are equally Vices, yet they are not all equal Vices: And that he who has tranſgreſſed the ordinary Bounds by a hundred Paces, ſhould not be in a worſe Condition than he who had tranſgreſſed them but ten, is not to be believed; or that Sacrilege is not worſe than ſtealing a Cabbage,

Nec vincit ratio hoc, tantundem ut peccet idemque
Qui teneros caules alieni fregerit hortĩ,
Et qui nocturnus divum ſacra legerit †.

Nor ſeems it Reaſon, he as much ſhould ſin
That ſteals a Cabbage Plant, as he who in
The Dead of Night, a Temple breaks and brings
Away from thence the conſecrated Things.

There is in this as great Diverſity as in any Thing whatever: The confounding of the Order and Meaſure of Sins is dangerous: Murderers, Traytors and Tyrants are therein ſo deeply concerned, that it is not reaſonable they ſhould flatter their Conſciences, becauſe another Man is idle, laſcivious or leſs aſſiduous at his Devotion: Every one lays Weight upon the Sins of his Companions, but lightens his own. In my Opinion, our very Inſtructors themſelves rank them ſometimes very ill. As *Socrates* ſaid, That the principal Office of Wiſdom was, to diſtinguiſh Good from Evil. We, whoſe beſt Faculties are always vicious, ought alſo to ſay of Knowledge, that it is to diſtinguiſh betwixt Vice and Vice, without which, and that very exactly performed too, Virtuous and Wicked will remain confounded and unknown. Now, among the reſt, Drunkenneſs ſeems

† *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 3.

to

to me to be a groſs and brutiſh Vice. The Soul has the greateſt Intereſt in all the reſt, and there are ſome Vices that have ſomething, if a Man may ſay ſo, of generous in them. There are Vices, wherein there is a Mixture of Knowledge, Diligence, Valour, Prudence, Dexterity and Cunning: This is totally corporeal and earthly, and the thickeſt ſkulled Nation this Day in *Europe*, is that where it is the moſt in Faſhion: Other Vices diſcompoſe the Underſtanding, this totally overthrows it, and renders the Body ſtupid.

——cum vini vis penetravit,
Conſequitur gravitas membrorum, præpediuntur,
Crura vacillanti, tardeſcit lingua, madet mens,
Nant oculi; clamor; ſingultus, jurgia gliſcunt ‡.

When Fumes of Wine do once the Brain poſſeſs,
Then follows ſtrait an Indiſpoſedneſs
Throughout, the Legs ſo fetter'd in that Caſe
They cannot with their reeling Trunk keep pace.
The Tongue trips, Mind droops, Eyes ſtand full of Water,
Noiſe, Hiccough, Brawls and Quarrels follow after.

The worſt Condition of Man, is that wherein he loſes the Knowledge and Government of himſelf. And 'tis ſaid, amongſt other things upon that Subject, that, as the Muſt fermenting in a Veſſel, works up to the Top whatever it has in the Bottom, ſo Wine, in thoſe who have drank beyond the Meaſure, vents the moſt inward Secrets.

——tu ſapientum
Curas, & arcanum jocoſo
Conſilium retegis Lyæo.

Thou in thy Cups, and wild Debaucheries,
Blabb'ſt out the ſecret Counſel of the Wiſe.

Joſephus tells us, that, by giving an Embaſſador, whom the Enemy had ſent to him, his full Doſe of Liquor, he wormed out his Secrets. And yet *Auguſtus*, committting the moſt inward Secrets of his Affairs to *Lucius Piſo*, who conquered *Thrace*, never found him guilty of Blabbing in the leaſt, no more than *Tiberius* did *Caſſus*, with whom

‡ *Lucret. lib.* 3.

he

he intruſted his whole Counſels, tho' we know they were both ſo given to drink, that they have often been carried home, both one and the other, drunk out of the Senate-Houſe.

Heſterno inflatum venas de more Lyæo *.

Their Head being full of the Day before.

And the Deſign of killing *Cæſar* was as ſafely communicated to *Cimber*, tho' he would ſometimes be drunk, as to *Caſſius*, who drank nothing but Water. We ſee our *Germans*, tho' never ſo drunk, can know their Poſt, remember the Word, and perform their Duty.

——nec facilis victoria de madidis, &
Blæſis, atque mero titubantibus †.

Nor is a Vict'ry eaſily obtain'd
O'er Men ſo drunk they ſcarce can ſpeak or ſtand.

I could not have believed there had been ſo profound, ſenſeleſs, and dead a Degree of Drunkenneſs, had I not read in Hiſtory, that *Attalus*, deſigning to put a notable Affront upon *Pauſanias*, invited him to Supper; and made him drink to ſuch a Pitch, that he could diſpoſe of his Body, as that of a common Proſtitute, to the Grooms and meaneſt Servants of the Houſe: And yet that very *Pauſanias* afterwards, upon the like Occaſion, killed *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, who, by his excellent Qualities, gave ſufficient Teſtimony of his Education in the Houſe and Company of *Epimanondas*. And I have been further told, by a Lady whom I highly honour and eſteem, that near *Bourdeaux*, and about *Caſtres*, where ſhe lives, a Country-woman, a Widow, who had the Character of a Woman of Virtue, perceiving in herſelf the firſt Symptoms of Breeding, innocently told her Neighbours, that if ſhe had a Huſband, ſhe ſhould think herſelf with Child: But the Cauſes of Suſpicion every Day more and more increaſing, and at laſt growing up to a manifeſt Proof, the poor Woman was reduced to the Neceſſity of cauſing it to be proclaimed at the Proſne of her Pariſh-Church, that whoever had done that Deed, and would frankly confeſs it, ſhe did not only pro-

* *Virg. Eclog.* 6. † *Juven. Sat.* 13.

miſ

miſe to forgive, but moreover to marry him, if he liked the Offer: upon which a young Fellow that ſerved in the Quality of a Labourer, encouraged by this Proclamation, declared; that one Holy-day he found her, having taken too much of the Bottle, ſo faſt aſleep in the Chimney-Corner, and in ſo indecent a Poſture, that he might conveniently come to do this Buſineſs without waking her; and they yet live together Man and Wife. It is true, that Antiquity has not much decry'd this Vice: The Writings of ſeveral Philoſophers ſpeak very tenderly of it; and even amongſt the *Stoicks*, there are ſome who adviſe to give themſelves ſometimes the Liberty to drink to a Debauch, to recreate and refreſh the Soul.

Hoc quoq; virtutum quondam certamine magnum
Socratem palmam promeruiſſe ferunt ‡.

And *Socrates* the Wiſe, they ſay of Yore,
Amongſt Boon-blades the Palm of Drinking bore.

That Cenſor and Reprover of others, *Cato*, was reproached with being a Good-fellow.

Narratur & priſci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluiſſe virtus ‖.

And of the Elder *Cato* it is ſaid,
He often went with a hot Pate to Bed.

Cyrus that worthy renowned King, among his other Qualities, by which he pretended to be preferred before his Brother *Artaxerxes*, urged this Excellency, that he could drink a great deal more than he. And in the beſt governed Nations, this Tryal of Skill in Drinking is very much in Uſe. I have heard *Silvius*, an excellent Phyſician of *Paris*, ſay, that left the digeſtive Faculties of the Stomach ſhould grow idle, it were not amiſs once a Month to rouze and ſpur them on by this Exceſs, leſt they ſhould grow dull and reſty; and a noted Author tells us, that when the *Perſians* were to conſult upon any important Affair, they firſt warm'd themſelves well with Wine. My Taſte and Conſtitution are greater Enemies to this

Drinking to a Debauch in Uſe amongſt the beſt governed Nations.

‡ *Cornel. Gall. Epig.* 1. ‖ *Horace, lib.* 3. *Ode* 21.

this Vice than I am; for beſides that, I eaſily ſubmit my Belief to the Authority of ancient Opinions: I look upon it, indeed, as a ſtupid and ungraceful Vice, but leſs malicious and hurtful than the others, almoſt every one of which more directly joſtles Publick Society. And if we cannot pleaſe ourſelves, but it muſt coſt us ſomething, as they hold, I find this Vice coſts a Man's Conſcience leſs than any of the reſt; beſides, it is of no difficult Preparation, nor is what we look for hard to be found: A Conſideration not altogether to be deſpiſed. A Man well advanced both in Dignity and Age, among three principal Conveniences, which he ſaid ſtill remained to him of Life, told me this of Drinking was one; and where would a Man more juſtly find it, than among the natural Conveniences? But he did not take it right; for Delicacy, and the curious Choice of Wines is therein to be avoided. If you ground your Pleaſure upon drinking the Beſt, you condemn yourſelf to the Penance of drinking the Worſt: Your Taſte muſt be more indifferent and free: So delicate a Palate is not required to make a good Toper. The *Germans* drink almoſt indifferently of all Wines and Liquors with Delight, their Buſineſs is to pour down and not to taſte; and 'tis ſo much the better for them, their Pleaſure is ſo much the more conſtant, and nearer at hand. Now on the other Side, not to drink (after the *French* Faſhion) but at Meals, and then very moderately too, is to be ungrateful to this bountiful God of Wine: There is more Time and Conſtancy required than ſo. The Ancients ſpent whole Nights in this Exerciſe, and oft-times added the Day following to piece it out; are we therefore to take greater Liberty than we do, and ſtick cloſer to our Work. I have ſeen a great Lord of my Time, a Man of high Enterprize and famous Succeſs, who without ſetting himſelf to't, and after his ordinary Rate of drinking at Meals, ſwallowed down not much leſs than five Quarts of Wine, and at his going away appeared but too wiſe and diſcreet, to the Detriment of our Affairs. The Pleaſure we deſign the greateſt Eſteem for, during the whole Courſe of our Lives, ought to have a great Share of our Time dedicated to it. We ſhould, like Journeymen and Labourers, refuſe no Occaſion, and omit no opportunity of Drinking, and always have

Delicacy to be avoided in Wine.

have it in our Minds. But methinks, we every Day abridge and curtail the Uſe of Wine; and the Breakfaſt, Drinking and Collations I uſed to ſee in my Father's Houſe when I was a Boy, were in thoſe Days more uſual and frequent, than at preſent.

Is it that we pretend to a Reformation? Truly no: But it may be we are more addicted to *Venus*, than our Fathers were. They are two Exerciſes that thwart and hinder one another in their Vigour. Lechery has weakned our Stomach on the one Side, and on the other, Sobriety renders us more amorous and vigorous for the Exerciſe of Love. 'Tis not to be imagined what ſtrange Stories I have heard my Father tell of the Chaſtity of that Age wherein he lived. He might very well talk ſo, being both by Art and Nature cut out and finiſhed for the Service of Ladies. He ſpoke well and little, ever mixing his Language with ſome Illuſtration out of modern Authors, eſpecially *Spaniſh*; and amongſt them, *Marcus Aurelius* was very frequent in his Mouth. His Behaviour was grave, humble and modeſt; he was very ſolicitous of Neatneſs and Decency both in his Perſon and Cloaths, whether on Horſeback, or a Foot. He was exceeding punctual of his Word; and of a Conſcience and Religion generally tending rather towards Superſtition than otherwiſe. For a Man of little Stature, very ſtrong, well proportioned, and well knit, of a pleaſing Countenance, inclining to brown, and very adroit in all noble Exerciſes. I have yet in the Houſe to be ſeen Canes poured full of Lead, with which, they ſay, he exerciſed his Arms for throwing the Bar, or the Stone; and Shoes with leaden Soals, to make him afterwards lighter for Running, or Leaping. Of his Vaulting he has left little Miracles behind him; and I have ſeen him, when paſt Threeſcore, laugh at our Exerciſes, and throw himſelf in his furred Gown into the Saddle, make the Tour of a Table upon his Thumbs, and ſcarce ever mount the Stairs up to his Chamber, without taking three or four of the Steps at a Time. But as to what I was ſpeaking of before, he ſaid, there was ſcarce one Woman of Quality of ill Fame in a whole Province: Would tell of ſtrange Privacies, and ſome of them his own, with virtuous Women,

A Character of the Author's Father.

Marvellous Chaſtity of the Age wherein the Author's Father lived.

without

without any Manner of Suſpicion: And, for his own Part, ſolemnly ſwore, he was a Virgin at his Marriage; and yet it was, after a long Practice of Arms, beyond the Mountains; of which War he has left us a written Journal under his own Hand, wherein he has given a preciſe Account, from Point to Point, of all Paſſages, both relating to the Publick and to himſelf. And was alſo married at a well advanced Maturity, in the Year 1528, the three and thirteeth Year of his Age, upon his Way home from *Italy*. But let us return to our Bottle.

The Incommodities of old Age, which ſtands in need of ſome Refreſhment and Support, might with Reaſon beget in me a Deſire of this Faculty, it being, as it were, the laſt Pleaſure which the Courſe of Years deprives us of. The natural Heat (ſay the Good-fellows) firſts ſeats itſelf in the Feet, that concerns Infancy; from thence it mounts to the middle Region, where it makes a long abode, and produces, in my Opinion, the ſole true Pleaſure of human Life, all other Pleaſures, in Compariſon, Sleep. Towards the End, like a Vapour that ſtill mounts upwards, it arrives at the Throat, where it makes its final Reſidence, and concludes the Progreſs. I cannot nevertheleſs underſtand how a Man can extend the Pleaſure of drinking beyond Thirſt, and to forgive, in his Imagination, an Appetite artificial, and againſt Nature. My Stomach would not proceed ſo far, it has enough to do to deal with what it takes for Neceſſity. My Conſtitution is, not to care to drink, but as it follows Eating, and to waſh down my Meat, and for that Reaſon my laſt Draught is always the greateſt: And ſeeing, that in old Age we have our Palates furred with Phlegms, or depraved by ſome other ill Conſtitution, the Wine taſtes better to us, as the Pores are cleaner waſhed, and laid more open. At leaſt, I ſeldom taſte the firſt Glaſs well. *Anacharſis* wondered that the *Greeks* drank in greater *Glaſſes* towards the End of a Meal, than at the Beginning; which was, I ſuppoſe, for the ſame Reaſon; the *Dutch* do the ſame, who then begin the Battle. *Plato* forbids Children Wine 'till Eighteen Years of Age, and being drunk till Forty; but after Forty gives them Leave to pleaſe themſelves, and to mix a little liberally in their Feaſts; the Influence of *Dionyſius*, that good Deity, who reſtores Young Men their

One of the Names of Bacchus.

their good Humour, and Old Men their Youth, who mollifies the Paſſions of the Soul, as Iron is ſoftened by Fire; and in his Laws allows ſuch merry Meetings (provided they have a diſcreet Chief to govern, and keep them in Order) as good and very uſeful; Drunkenneſs being a true and certain Tryal of every one's Nature, and withal, fit to inſpire Old Men with Metal to divert themſelves in Dancing and Muſick; Things of great Uſe, but which they dare not attempt when ſober. He moreover ſays, that Wine is able to ſupply the Soul with Temperance, and the Body with Health; nevertheleſs theſe Reſtrictions, in Part borrowed from the *Carthaginians*, pleaſe him: That they forbear Exceſſes in the Expeditions of War; that every Judge and Magiſtrate abſtain from it, when engaged in the Duties of his Poſt, or the Conſultations of the Publick Affairs: That the Day is not to be embezled with it, as being a Time due to other Employments; nor that Night in which he intends to get Children. 'Tis ſaid, that the Philoſopher *Stilpo*, when oppreſſed with Age, purpoſely haſten'd his End, by drinking pure Wine: The ſame Thing, but not deſigned by him, diſpatch'd alſo the Philoſopher *Arceſilaus*. But 'tis an old and pleaſant Queſtion, Whether the Soul of a wiſe Man can be overcome by the Strength of Wine?

Si munitæ adhibet vim ſapientiæ * ?

If it a Head, with its beſotting Fume,
With Wiſdom fortified, t'aſſault preſume?

To what Vanity does the good Opinion we have of ourſelves puſh us? The moſt regular and moſt perfect Soul in the World has but too much to do to keep itſelf upright, from being overthrown by its own Weakneſs. There is not one of a Thouſand that is right and ſettled ſo much as one Minute in a whole Life, and that may not very well doubt, whether according, to her natural Condition ſhe can ever be. But to join Conſtancy to it, is her utmoſt Perfection; I mean, tho' nothing ſhould joſtle and diſcompoſe her, which a thouſand Accidents may do. 'Tis to much Purpoſe, indeed, that the great Poet *Lucretius* keeps ſuch a Clutter with his Philoſophy, when behold he is ruined with

* *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 23.

a Philtre, one poor Draught of Love. Is it to be imagined, that an Apoplexy will not make an Aſs of *Socrates*, as well as of a Porter. Some have forgot their own Names by the Violence of a Diſeaſe, and a ſlight Wound has turned the Judgment of others topſey-turvey. Let a Man be as wiſe as he will, he is ſtill a Man; and than that, what is there more miſerable, or a more meer Nothing? Wiſdom does not force our natural Diſpoſitions.

Sudores itaque & pallorem exiſtere toto
Corpore, & infringi linguam, vocemque aboriri,
Caligare oculos, ſonere aures, ſuccidere artus,
Denique conſidere ex animi terrore videmus *.

Paleneſs and Sweat the Countenance confounds,
The Tongue's deliver'd of abortive Sounds;
The Eyes grow dim, Ears deaf, the Knees grow lame,
And do refuſe to prop the trembling Frame;
And laſtly, out of Fear of Mind we all
Things ſee into a Diſſolution fall.

He muſt ſhut his Eyes againſt the Blow that threatens him; he muſt tremble upon the Brink of a Precipice like a Child: Nature having reſerved theſe light Works of her Authority, not to be forced by our Reaſon and Stoical Virtue, to teach Man his Mortality and little Power. He turns pale with Fear, red with Shame, and groans with the Cholick, if not very loud, at leaſt ſo as to confeſs his Frailty.

Humani à ſe nihil alienum putet †.

To any other Man what may befal,
Let him not think ſtrange to himſelf at all.

The Poets, that feign all things at Pleaſure, dare not acquit their greateſt Heroes of Tears.

Sic fatur lacrymans, claſſique immittit habenas ‡.

Thus did he weeping ſay, and then his Fleet
Did to the Mercy of the Sea commit.

'Tis ſufficient for a Man to curb and moderate his Inclinations; for totally to ſuppreſs them is not in him to do. Even our Great *Plutarch*, that excellent and perfect Judge

* *Lucret. lib.* 3. † *Terence.* ‡ *Virg.*

of

of human Actions, when he ſees *Brutus* and *Torquatus* murther their own Children, begins to doubt, whether Virtue could proceed ſo far; and to queſtion, whether theſe Perſons had not rather been ſtimulated by ſome other Paſſion. All Actions exceeding the ordinary Bounds, are liable to ſiniſter Interpretation: Foraſmuch as our liking does no more proceed from what is above, than from what is below it.

Let us leave this other Sect, and make a downright Profeſſion of Fierceneſs. But when even in that Sect, reputed the moſt quiet and gentle, we hear theſe Rhodomontades of *Metroderus*, *Occupavi te, Fortuna, atque cepi: Omneſque aditus tuos intercluſi, ut ad me aſpirare non poſſes.* Fortune, thou art mine, I have thee faſt, and have made all the Avenues ſo ſure, thou canſt not come at me. When *Anaxarchus*, by the Command of *Nicrocreon*, the Tyrant of *Cyprus*, was put into a Stone Mortar, and laid upon with Mauls of Iron, ceaſes not to ſay, *Strike, Batter, Break, 'tis not* Anaxarchus, *'tis but his Sheath that you pound and bray ſo.* When we hear our Martyrs cry out to the Tyrant in the Middle of the Flame. *This Side is roaſted enough, fall to and eat; it is enough, fall to work with the other.* When we hear the Child in *Joſephus*, torn Peace-Meal with biting Pincers, defying *Antiochus*, and crying out with a conſtant and aſſured Voice, *Tyrant, thou loſeſt thy Labour, I am ſtill at Eaſe; where is the Pain? Where are the Torments with which thou didſt ſo threaten me? Is this all thou canſt do? My Conſtancy torments thee more than thy Cruelty does me: O pitiful Coward, thou fainteſt, and I grow ſtronger; make me complain, make me bend, make me yield if thou canſt; encourage thy Guards, cheer up thy Executioners; ſee, ſee they faint, and can do no more; arm them, fleſh them anew, ſpur them up:* Really a Man muſt confeſs, that there is ſome Alteration and Fury, how Holy ſoever, that does, at that Time, poſſeſs thoſe Souls. When we come to theſe Stoical Sallies: *I had rather be furious than voluptuous*, a Saying of *Antiſthenes:* When *Sextius* tells us, *He had rather be fettered with Affliction than Pleaſure:* When *Epicurus* takes upon him to play with his Gout, and that refuſing Health and Eaſe, he deſires all Torments, and deſpiſing the leſſer Pains, as diſdaining to contend with them, he covets

and calls out for ſharper, more violent, and more worthy of him:

Spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia votis
Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem *.
And for ignoble Chaces, wiſhes ſome
Lion or Boar, would from the Mountain come.

Who can but conclude, that they are puſh'd on by a Courage that has broke looſe from its Place? Our Soul cannot from her own Seat reach ſo high, 'tis neceſſary ſhe muſt leave it, raiſe herſelf up, and take her Bridle in her Teeth, tranſport her Man ſo far, that he ſhall after himſelf be aſtoniſhed at what he has done. As in War, the Heat of Battle ſometimes puſhes the generous Soldiers to perform Things of ſo infinite Danger, as after having recollected themſelves, they themſelves are the firſt to wonder at. It is much the ſame with the Poets, who are often wrapt with Admiration of their own Writings, and know not where again to find the Track, thro' which they performed ſo happy a Career: This is in them called Rage and Rapture: And as *Plato* ſays, *'Tis to no purpoſe for a ſober Man to knock at the Door of the Muſes. Ariſtotle* ſays to the ſame Effect, *That no excellent Soul is exempt from the Mixture of Folly*; and he has Reaſon to call all Tranſports, how commendable ſoever, Folly, when they ſurpaſs our own Judgment and Underſtanding: Becauſe Wiſdom is a regular Government of the Soul, which is carry'd on with Meaſure and Proportion, and for which ſhe is anſwerable to herſelf; *Plato* argues thus, *That the Faculty of Prophecying is ſo far above us, that we muſt be out of ourſelves when we meddle with it, and our Prudence muſt either be obſtructed by Sleep or Sickneſs, or lifted from her Place by ſome Celeſtial Rapture.*

* *Æneid l.* 4.

CHAP. III.

The Cuſtom of the Iſle of Cea.

IF, according to the common Definition, to Philoſophize is to doubt, much more ought writing at random, and playing the Fool, as I do, to be reputed Doubting; for it is the Buſineſs of Novices and Freſhmen to enquire and diſpute, and that of the Chairman to moderate and determine. My Moderator is the Authority of the Divine Will, which governs us without Contradiction, and which is ſeated above theſe vain and human Conteſts. *Philip* being forceably entered into *Peloponneſus*, and ſome one ſaying to *Damidas*, that the *Lacedæmonians* were likely to be very great Sufferers if they did not prevent the Storm by timely reconciling themſelves to his Favour: *Why you pitiful Fellow*, replied he, *what can they ſuffer, that do not fear to Die?* It being alſo demanded of *Agis*, which way a Man might live Free? *Why*, ſaid he, *by deſpiſing Death.* Theſe and a Thouſand other Sayings to the ſame purpoſe, do diſtinctly ſpeak ſomething more than a patient waiting the Stroke of Death when it ſhall come; for there are ſeveral Accidents in Life, far worſe to ſuffer than Death itſelf. Witneſs the *Lacedæmonian* Boy, taken by *Antigonas*, and ſold for a Slave, who being by his new Maſter commanded to ſome baſe Employment; *Thou ſhalt ſee*, ſays the Boy, *whom thou haſt bought, it would be a Shame for me to ſerve, being ſo near the reach of Liberty*, and having ſo ſaid, threw himſelf from the Top of the Houſe. *Antipater* ſeverely threatning the *Lacedæmonians*, that he might the better incline them to acquieſce in a certain Demand of his; *If thou threatneſt us with more than Death*, reply'd they, *we ſhall the more willingly Die:* And to *Philip*, having writ them word that he would fruſtrate all their Enterprizes? *What, wilt thou alſo hinder us from Dying?* This is

To Philoſophize what.

Several Accidents worſe to ſuffer than Death.

the meaning of the Sentence, *That the Wiſe Man lives as long as he ought, not ſo long as he can*; and that the moſt obliging Preſent Nature has made us, and which takes from us all colour of Complaint of our Condition, is, to have delivered into our own Cuſtody the Keys of Life. She has only ordered one Door into Life, but a hundred thouſand out of it. We may be ſtraightned for Earth to Live upon, but Earth ſufficient to Die upon can never be wanting; as *Boiocatus* anſwered the *Roman*, Why doſt thou complain of this World; it detains thee not? Thy own Cowardice is the Cauſe if thou liveſt in Pain: There remains no more to Die, but to be willing to do it.

Ubique mors eſt: Optime hoc cavit Deus,
Eripere Vitam nemo non homini poteſt:
At nemo Mortem: Mille ad hanc aditus patent *.

To Death a Man can never want a Gate,
Heav'n has provided very well for that,
There's not ſo mean a Wretch on Earth but may
Take the moſt Noble Hero's Life away;
But to the Willing none can Death refuſe,
There are to that a thouſand Avenues.

Death depends upon the Will.

Neither is it a *Recipe* for one Diſeaſe, Death is the infallible Cure of all, 'tis a moſt aſſured Port that is never to be feared, and very often to be ſought: It comes all to one Point, whether a Man gives himſelf his End, or ſtays to receive it by ſome other means; Whether he pays before his Day, or ſtay till his Day of Payment comes: From whenceſoever it comes, it is ſtill his: In what part ſoever the Thread breaks, there's the End of the Clue; the moſt voluntary Death is the moſt brave. Life depends upon the Pleaſure and Diſcretion of others, Death upon our own. We ought not to accommodate ourſelves to our own Humour in any thing ſo much as in that. Reputation is not concerned in ſuch an Enterprize: And it's a Folly to be diverted by any ſuch Apprehenſion; Living is Slavery, if the Liberty of Dying be away. The ordinary Method of Cures is carried on at the Expence of Life; they torment us with Cauſticks,

* *Seneca The. Act.* 1. *Sce.* 2.

Inciſions,

Inciſions, and Amputations of Limbs, at the ſame time interdicting Aliments, and exhauſting our Blood; one Step further and we are cured indeed. Why are not the *Jugular* Veins as much at our Diſpoſal, as the *Cephalick*, *Baſilick*, or *Median* Vein? For a deſperate Diſeaſe a deſperate Cure. *Servius*, the Grammarian, being tormented with the Gout, could adviſe of no better Remedy, than to apply Poiſon to his Legs, to deprive them of their Senſe; then let them be Gouty if they will, ſo if they are but inſenſible of Pain. God gives us leave enough, when he is pleaſed to reduce us to ſuch a Condition, that to live is far worſe than to die. 'Tis Weakneſs to truckle under Infirmities, but 'tis Madneſs to nouriſh them. The *Stoicks* ſay, that it is living according to Nature in a Wiſe Man to take his leave of Life even in the height of Proſperity, provided he does it opportunely; and in a Fool to prolong it tho' he be miſerable, if he is indigent of thoſe things, which are reputed the Neceſſaries of human Life. As I do not offend the Law provided againſt Thieves, when I embezel my own Money, and cut my own Purſe, nor that againſt Incendiaries, when I burn my own Wood; ſo am I not under the Laſh of thoſe made againſt Murtherers, for having deprived myſelf of my own Life. *Hegeſias* ſaid, that as the Condition of Life did, ſo the Condition of Death ought to depend upon our own Choice: And *Diogenes* meeting the Philoſopher *Speuſippus*, ſo blown up with an inveterate Dropſy, that he was fain to be carried in a Litter, and by him ſaluted with the Compliment of, I wiſh you good Health; *no Health to thee*, reply'd the other, *who* art *content to live in ſuch a Condition*. And in truth, not long after *Speuſippus*, weary of ſo Languiſhing an Eſtate of Life, found a means to die. But this does not paſs without admitting a Diſpute: For many are of Opinion that we cannot quit this Garriſon of the World, without expreſs Command of him who has placed us in it; and that it belongs to God alone who has placed us here, not for ourſelves only, but for his Glory and the Service of others, to diſmiſs us when it ſhall beſt pleaſe him, and not for us to depart without his Licence: That we are not born for ourſelves only, but for our Country alſo, the Laws of which require an Account from us, upon the Score of their own Intereſt, and have an Action of Manſlaughter good againſt us. Or

if theſe fail to take cognizance of the Fact, we are puniſhed in the other World, as Deſerters of our Duty.

Proxima deinde tenent mœſti Loca, qui ſibi lethum
Inſontes peperere manu, lucemque peroſi,
Projecere animas ‖.

Next theſe, thoſe Melancholick Souls remain,
Who innocent by their own Hands were ſlain,
And hating Light, to voluntary Death
Eclips'd their Eye-Balls, and bequeath'd their Breath.

There is more Conſtancy in ſuffering the Chain we are tied in, than in breaking it, and more pregnant Evidence of Fortitude in *Regulus*, than in *Cato*. 'Tis Indiſcretion and Impatience that puſhes us on to theſe Precipices. No Accidents can make true Virtue turn her Back, ſhe ſeeks and requires Evils, Pains, and Grief, as things by which ſhe is nouriſh'd and ſupported. The Menaces of Tyrants, Racks and Tortures, ſerve only to animate and rouze her.

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes, animumque ferro *.

As in Mount *Algidus* the ſturdy Oak,
Ev'n from th' injurious Ax's wounding Stroak,
Derives new Vigour and does further ſpread
By Amputations a more graceful Head.

And as another ſays,

Non eſt ut putas virtus, Pater,
Timere vitam, ſed malis ingentibus
Obſtare, nec ſe vertere ac retro dare †.

They are miſtaken, and do judge amiſs,
Who think to fear to live, a Virtue is;
He's brave, the greateſt Evils can withſtand,
And not retire, nor ſhift to either Hand.

Or as this,

Rebus in adverſis facile eſt contemnere mortem,
Fortius ille facit, qui miſer eſſe poteſt ‡.

‖ *Æneid. l.* 6.
*, *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 4.
†, *Sen. Th. Act.* 1. *Sce.* 1.
‡ *Martial.* 11. *Epig.* 57.

The

The Wretched well may laugh at Death, but he
Is braver far can live in Miſery.

'Tis Cowardice not Virtue, to lie ſquat in a Furrow, under a Tomb to evade the Blows of Fortune. Virtue never ſtops, nor goes out of her Path for the greateſt Storm that blows.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidam ferient ruinæ ‖.

Should the World's Axis crack, and Sphere fall down,
The Ruins would but cruſh a fearleſs Crown.

And for the moſt Part, the flying of other Inconveniences brings us to this, that, endeavouring to evade Death, we run into the Jaws of it.

Hic, rogo, non furor eſt, ne moriare, mori *?

Can there be greater Madneſs, pray reply,
Than that one ſhould for fear of dying die?

Like thoſe who for fear of a Precipice throw themſelves headlong into it.

——Multos in ſumma pericula miſit
Venturi timor ipſe mali: Fortiſſimus ille eſt,
Qui promptus metuenda pati, ſi cominus inſtent,
Et differre poteſt.

The Fear of future Ills oft makes Men run
Into far worſe than thoſe they ſtrive to ſhun;
But he deſerves the nobleſt Character,
Dare boldly ſtand the Miſchiefs he does fear,
When they confront him, and appear in view,
And can defer at leaſt, if not eſchew.

——uſque adeo mortis formidine, vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, lucique videndæ
Ut ſibi conſciſcant mœrenti pectore lethum,
Obliti fontem curarum hunc eſſe timorem †.

Death unto that degree does ſome Men fright,
That cauſing them to hate both Life and Light,
They kill themſelves in Sorrow, not aware
That this ſame Fear's the Fountain of that Care.

‖ *Hor. lib.* 3. *Ode* 3. * *Mar. lib.* 2. *Epig.* 80.
† *Lucr. l.* 3.

Plato

Plato in his Laws aſſigns an ignominious Sepulture to him who has deprived his neareſt and beſt Friend (namely himſelf of Life and his deſtin'd Courſe of Years, being neither compell'd ſo to do by publick Judgment, by any ſad and inevitable Accident of Fortune, nor by any inſupportable Diſgrace, but meerly puſh'd on by Cowardice and Imbecility of a timorous Soul. And the Opinion that makes ſo little of Life, is ridiculous; for it is our Being, 'tis all we have. Things of a nobler, and more elevated Being, may indeed accuſe this of ours; but it is againſt Nature for us to contemn and make little Account of ourſelves; 'tis a Diſeaſe particular to Man, and not diſcern'd in any other Creatures, to hate and deſpiſe itſelf. And it is a Vanity of the ſame Stamp, to deſire to be ſomething elſe than what we are. The Effects of ſuch a Deſire do not at all concern us, foraſmuch as it is contradicted, and hindred in itſelf: And he that deſires to be changed from Man into Angel, wiſhes nothing for himſelf; he would be never the better for it; for being no more, who ſhould rejoice or be ſenſible of this Benefit for him?

Debet enim, miſere cui forte ægreque futurum eſt,
Ipſe quoque eſſe in eo tum tempore, cum male poſſit
Accidere *.

For it is neceſſary ſure that he,
Who for the Future wretched is to be,
Should then be by himſelf inhabited,
Leſt the Events of Fate be fruſtrated;
So that the Ills he threatned is withal,
Should rightly in their due Appointment fall.

Security, Indolence, Impoſſibility, and the Privation of the Evils of Life, which we pretend to purchaſe at the Price of Dying, are of no manner of Advantage to us. That Man evades War to very little Purpoſe, that can have no fruition of Peace. And as impertinently does he avoid Labour and Toil, who cannot enjoy Repoſe. Amongſt thoſe of the firſt of theſe two Opinions there has been great debate, what Occaſions are ſufficient to juſtify the

* *Lucr. l.* 3.

Meditation

Meditation of Self-murther, which they call εὐλογον ἐξαγωγὴν, *a handſome Exit.* For tho' they ſay, that Men are often to die for trivial Cauſes, ſeeing thoſe that detain us in Life are of no very great weight; yet there is to be ſome meaſure. There are fantaſtick and ſenſeleſs Humours, that have prompted not only particular Men, but whole Nations to deſtroy themſelves, of which I have elſewhere given ſome Examples; and we further read of the *Mileſian* Virgins, that by a furious Compact, they hang'd themſelves one after another, 'till the Magiſtrate took order in it, enacting, that the Bodies of ſuch as ſhould be found ſo hang'd, ſhould be drawn by the ſame Halter ſtark Naked through the City. When *Threicion* perſuaded *Cleomenes* to diſpatch himſelf by reaſon of the ill Poſture of his Affairs, and having evaded a Death of the moſt Honour in the Battle he had loſt, to accept of this the ſecond in Honour to it, and not to give the Conquerors Leiſure to make him undergo either an ignominious Death, or an infamous Life: *Cleomenes*, with a Courage truly Stoick and *Lacedæmonian*, rejected his Counſel as unmanly and poor: *That*, ſaid, he, *is a Remedy that can never be wanting, and which a Man is never to make uſe of, whilſt there is an Inch of Hope remaining:* Telling him, *that it was ſometimes Conſtancy and Valour to live, that he would that even his Death ſhould be of uſe to his Country, and would make of it an Act of Honour and Virtue. Threicion* notwithſtanding thought himſelf in the right, and did his own Buſineſs; and *Cleomenes* after did the ſame; but not till he had firſt tried the utmoſt Malevolence of Fortune. All the Inconveniences in the World are not conſiderable enough that a Man ſhould die to evade them; and beſides there being ſo many, ſo ſudden, and unexpected Changes in human Things, it is hard, rightly to judge when we are at the End of our Hope.

Sperat & in ſæva victus gladiator arena,
Sit licet infeſto pollice turba minax *.

The Fencer conquer'd in the Liſts hopes on,
Tho' the Spectators point that he is gone.

All things (ſays the old Adage) *are to be hop'd for by a Man*

* *Sulpitii Sev.*

whilſt

whilſt he lives: Ay, but replies *Seneca*, why ſhould this rather be always running in a Man's Head, that Fortune can do all Things for the living Man, than this, that Fortune has no Power over him that knows how to die? *Joſephus* * when engaged in ſo near and apparent Danger, a whole People being violently bent againſt him, that there was no viſible means of Eſcape; nevertheleſs, being, as himſelf ſays, in this Extremity counſell'd by *Simon*, one of his faithful Guards, to diſpatch himſelf, it was well for him, that he yet maintain'd himſelf in ſome Hope, for Fortune diverted the Accident beyond all human Expectation: So that he ſaw himſelf delivered without any manner of Inconvenience. Whereas *Brutus and Caſſius*, on the contrary, threw away the Remains of the *Roman* Liberty, of which they were the ſole Protectors, by the Precipitation and Temerity wherewith they kill'd themſelves before the due Time, and a juſt Occaſion. *Monſieur d'Anguein*, at the Battle of *Ceriſolles* †, twice attempted to run himſelf through, deſpairing of the Fortune of the Day which went indeed very untowardly on that ſide of the Field where he was engaged, and by that Precipitation was very near depriving himſelf of the Joy and Honour of ſo brave a Victory. I have ſeen an hundred Hares eſcape out of the very Teeth of the Grayhounds; *Aliquis carnifici ſuo ſuperſtes fuit.* Some have ſurvived their intended Executioners.

Multa dies, variuſque labor mutabilis ævi
Rutulit in melius; multos alterna reviſens
Luſit & in ſolido rurſus fortuna locavit ‡.

Much Time and Labour often does tranſlate
Life's Mutability t'a better ſtate,
Now Fortune turning ſhews a reverſe Face,
And then again it ſolid Joys does place.

Pliny ſays, there are three ſorts of Diſeaſes, to eſcape any of which a Man has good Title to deſtroy himſelf; the worſt of which is the Stone in the Bladder, when the

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* *Antiq. Jews. p.* 537. † *Montluc Comment.*
‡ *Æneid. lib.* 11.

Urine

Urine is ſuppreſt. *Seneca* ſays, thoſe only, which for a long Time diſcompoſe the Functions of the Soul: And ſome there have been, who, to avoid a worſe, have choſen one of their own liking. *Democritus*, General of the *Ætolians*, being brought Priſoner to *Rome*, found means to make his eſcape by Night; but cloſe purſu'd by his Keepers, rather than ſuffer himſelf to be retaken, he fell upon his own Sword and died. *Antinous* and *Theodotus*, their City of *Epirus* being reduced by the *Romans* to the laſt extremity, gave the People Counſel generouſly to kill themſelves; but the Advice of giving themſelves up to the Arms of the Enemy prevailing, they went to ſeek the Death they deſir'd, ruſhing furiouſly upon the Enemy, with an Intention to ſtrike home, but not to defend a Blow. The Iſland of *Goſa* being forc'd ſome Years ago by the *Turks*, a *Sicilian*, who had two beautiful Daughters marriageable, kill'd them both with his own Hand, and their Mother (running in to ſave them) to boot; which having done, ſallying out of the Houſe with a Croſs-bow and a Harquebus, with thoſe two Shots he kill'd two of the firſt *Turks* neareſt to his Door, and drawing his Sword charg'd furiouſly in amongſt the reſt, where he was ſuddenly encloſed, and cut to pieces, by that means delivering his Family and himſelf from Slavery and Diſhonour. The *Jewiſh* Women after having circumciz'd their Children, threw themſelves down a Precipice to avoid the Cruelty of *Antigonus*. I have been told of a Gentleman in one of our Priſons, whoſe Friends being inform'd he would certainly be condemn'd, to avoid the Ignominy of ſuch a Death, ſuborn'd a Prieſt to tell him, that the only means of Deliverance was, to recommend himſelf to ſuch a Saint under ſuch and ſuch Vows, and faſt Eight Days together without taking any manner of Nouriſhment, what Weakneſs or Faintneſs ſoever he might find in himſelf during the Time: He follow'd their Advice, and by that means deſtroy'd himſelf before he was aware, not dreaming of Death or any Danger in the Experiment. *Scribonia* adviſing her Nephew *Libo* to kill himſelf, rather than to attend the Stroke of Juſtice, told him *that it was properly to do other People's Buſineſs to preſerve his Life, to put it after into the Hands of thoſe who within three or four Days would come and fetch him to Execution; and that it was to ſerve his Enemies to keep his Blood*

Blood to gratify their Malice. We read in the Bible that * *Nicanor*, the Perſecutor of the Law of God, having ſent his Soldiers to ſeize upon the good old Man *Razis*, ſirnam'd, in Honour of his Virtue the Father of the *Jews*; the good Man ſeeing no other Remedy, his Gates burnt down, and the Enemies ready to ſeize him, chooſing rather to die generouſly than to fall into the Hands of his wicked Adverſaries, and ſuffer himſelf to be cruelly butcher'd by them, contrary to the Honour of his Rank and Quality, he ſtabb'd himſelf with his own Sword; but the Blow for Haſte not having been given home, he ran and threw himſelf from the Top of a Wall headlong among them, who ſeparating themſelves, and making room, he pitch'd directly upon his Head. Notwithſtanding which, feeling yet in himſelf ſome Remains of Life, he renew'd his Courage, and ſtarting up upon his Feet, all bloody and wounded as he was, and making his way thro' the Crowd, thro' one of his Wounds drew out his Bowels, which tearing and pulling to Pieces with both his Hands, he threw amongſt his Purſuers, all the while atteſting, and invoking the Divine Vengeance upon them for their Cruelty and Injuſtice.

Of Violences offer'd to the Conſcience, that againſt the Chaſtity of Woman is in my Opinion moſt to be evaded, foraſmuch as there is a certain Pleaſure naturally mixt with it, and for that Reaſon the Diſſent cannot therein be ſufficiently perfect and entire, ſo that the Violence ſeems to be mix'd with a little Conſent of the forc'd Party. The Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory has ſeveral Examples of devout Perſons, who have embrac'd Death to ſecure them from the Outrages prepar'd by Tyrants againſt their Religion and Honour. *Pelagia* and *Sophronia* both canoniz'd; the firſt of theſe precipitated herſelf with her Mother and Siſters into the River, to avoid being forc'd by ſome Soldiers, and the laſt alſo killed herſelf to evade being raviſh'd by the Emperor *Maxentius*. It may peradventure be an Honour to us in future Ages, that a learned Author of this preſent Time, and a *Pariſian* too, takes a great deal of Pains to perſuade the Ladies of our Age, rather to take any other

* *Macchab. l. 2. cap.* 14.

Courſe,

Courſe, than to enter into the horrid Meditation of ſuch a Deſpair *. I am ſorry he had never heard (that he might have inſerted it amongſt his other Stories) the Saying of a Woman, which was told me at *Thouloufe*, who had paſſed thro' the Handling of ſome Soldiers; *God be praiſed*, ſaid ſhe, *that once at leaſt in my Life I have had my Fill without Sin.* I muſt confeſs theſe Cruelties are very unworthy the *French* Sweetneſs and Good-nature; and alſo, God be thanked, the Air is very well purged of it, ſince this good Advice: 'Tis enough that they ſay No in doing it, according to the Rule of the good *Morot*.

Hiſtory is every where full of ſuch, as after a thouſand Ways have for Death exchang'd a painful and irkſome Life. *Lucius Arrantius* killed himſelf, to fly, he ſaid, both the future and the paſt. *Granius Silvanus* and *Statius Proximus*, after having been pardoned by *Nero*, killed themſelves; either diſdaining to live by the Favour of ſo wicked a Man, or that they might not be troubled at ſome other Time to obtain a ſecond Pardon, conſidering the Inclination and Faculties of his Nature, to ſuſpect and credit Accuſations againſt worthy Men. *Spargapizes*, the Son of Queen *Thomyris*, being a Priſoner of War to *Cyrus*, made uſe of the firſt Favour *Cyrus* ſhewed him in commanding him to be unbound, to kill himſelf, having pretended to no other Benefit of Liberty, but only to be revenged of himſelf for the Diſgrace of being taken. *Bogez*, Governor in *Eion* for King *Xerxes*, being beſieged by the *Athenian* Arms under the Conduct of *Cimon*, refuſed the Conditions offered, that he might ſafe return into *Aſia* with all his Wealth; impatient to ſurvive the Loſs of a Place his Maſter had given him to keep; wherefore having defended the City to the laſt Extremity, nothing being left to eat, he firſt threw all the Gold, and whatever elſe the Enemy could make Booty of, into the River *Strymon*, and after cauſing a great Pile to be ſet on fire, and the Throats of all his Wives, Children, Concubines and Servants to be cut, he threw their Bodies into the Fire, and at laſt leaped into it himſelf. *Ninachetuen*, an *Indian* Lord, ſo ſoon as he heard the firſt Whiſper of the *Portugal* Vice-Roy's Determination to diſpoſſeſs him without any apparent Cauſe, of the Command

* *Virg.* 6.

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in *Malaca*, to transfer it to the King of *Camtar*, he took this Reſolution with himſelf; He cauſed a Scaffold, longer than broad, to be erected, ſupported by Columns, royally adorned with Tapeſtry, and ſtrewed with Flowers and abundance of Perfumes; all which being thus prepared, in a Robe of Cloth of Gold, ſet full of Jewels of great Value, he came out into the Street, and mounted the Steps to the Scaffold, at one Corner of which he had a Pile lighted of Aromatick Wood. Every body ran to the Novelty, to ſee to what End theſe unuſual Preparations were made. When *Ninachetuen*, with a manly but diſcontented Countenance, began to remonſtrate how much he had obliged the *Portugueſe* Nation, and with what unſpotted Fidelity he had carry'd himſelf in his Charge; that having ſo often, with his Sword in his Hand, manifeſted in the Behalf of others, that Honour was much more dear to him than Life, he was not to abandon the Concern of it for himſelf: That Fortune denying him all the means of oppoſing the Affront deſigned to be put upon him, his Courage at leaſt enjoined him to free himſelf from the Senſe of it, and not to ſerve for a Table-talk to the People, nor for a Triumph to Men leſs deſerving than himſelf; which having ſaid, he leaped into the Fire. *Sextilia*, the Wife of *Scaurus*, and *Praxea*, the Wife of *Labeo*, to encourage their Huſbands to evade the Dangers that preſſed upon them, wherein they had no other Share than meer conjugal Affection, voluntarily expoſed their own Lives to ſerve them in this extreme Neceſſity for Company and Example. What they did for their Huſbands, *Cocceius Nerva* did for his Country, with leſs Utility, tho' with equal Affection. This great Lawyer, flouriſhing in Health, Riches, Reputation, and Favour with the Emperor, had no other Cauſe to kill himſelf, but the ſole Compaſſion of the miſerable Eſtate of the *Roman* Republick. Nothing can be added to the Nicety of the Death of the Wife of *Fulvius*, a familiar Favourite of *Auguſtus*. *Auguſtus* having diſcovered, that he had vented an important Secret he had intruſted him withal; one Morning that he came to make his Court, received him very coldly, and looked frowningly upon him. He returns home full of Deſpair, where he ſorrowfully told his Wife, that being fallen into this Misfortune he was reſolved to kill himſelf: To which ſhe roundly reply'd, 'tis but Reaſon

you

you ſhould, ſeeing that having ſo often experimented the Incontinency of my Tongue, you could not learn nor take Warning: But let me kill myſelf firſt, and without any more Diſpute, ran herſelf thro' the Body with a Sword. *Vibius Virius*, deſpairing of the Safety of his City, beſieged by the *Romans*, and likewiſe of their Mercy, in the laſt Deliberation of his City's Senate, after many Remonſtrances conducing to that End, concluded, that the moſt noble Means to eſcape Fortune was by their own Hands: Telling them, that the Enemy would have them in Honour, and *Hannibal* would be ſenſible how many faithful Friends he had abandoned, inviting thoſe who approved of his Advice, to go take a good Supper he had ready at Home, where, after they had eaten well, they would drink together of what he had prepared; a Beverage, ſaid he, that will deliver our Bodies from Torments, our Souls from Injury, and our Eyes and Ears from the Senſe of ſo many hateful Miſchiefs as the Conquer'd are to ſuffer from cruel and implacable Conquerors. I have, ſaid he, taken Order for fit Perſons to throw our Bodies in a Funeral Pile before my Door ſo ſoon as we are dead. Enough approved this high Reſolution, few imitated it: Seven and Twenty Senators followed him, who after having try'd to drown the Thought of this fatal Determination in Wine, ended the Feaſt with the mortal Meſs; and embracing one another, after they had jointly deplored the Misfortune of their Country, ſome retired Home to their own Houſes, others ſtay'd to be burn'd with *Vibius* in his Funeral Pile; and were all of them ſo long a dying, the Vapour of the Wine having prepoſſeſt the Veins and by that Means deferring the Effect of the Poiſon, that ſome of them were within an Hour of ſeeing the Enemy within the Walls of *Capua*, which was taken the next Morning, and of undergoing the Miſeries they had, at ſo dear a Rate, endeavoured to evade. *Taurea Jubellius*, another Citizen of the ſame Country, ſeeing the Conſul *Fulvius*, returning from the ſhameful Butchery he had made of Two Hundred and Twenty Five Senators, called him back fiercely by his Name, and having made him ſtop, *Give the Word*, ſaid he, *that ſomebody may diſpatch me after the Maſſacre of ſo many others, that thou may'ſt boaſt, to have kill'd a much more valiant Man than thyſelf.* *Fulvius* diſclaiming him, as a Man out of his Wits; as alſo

having receiv'd Letters from *Rome*, contrary to the Inhumanity of this Execution, which ty'd his Hands; *Jubellius* proceeded, *Since that my Country being taken, my Friends dead, and having with my own Hands ſlain my Wife and Children to reſcue them from Deſolation and Ruin, I am deny'd to die the Death of my Fellow Citizens, let us borrow from Virtue the Vengeance of this hated Life*; and therewithal drawing a ſhort Sword he carry'd conceal'd about him, he ran it threw his own Boſom, falling down backward, and expiring at the Conſul's Feet. *Alexander* laying Siege to a City of the *Indies*, thoſe within finding themſelves very hardly ſet, put on a vigorous Reſolution to deprive him of the Pleaſure of his Victory, and accordingly burn'd themſelves in general, together with their City, in Deſpite of his Humanity. A new kind of War, where the Enemies ſought to ſave them, and they to loſe themſelves, doing, to make themſelves ſure of Death, all that Men do to ſecure their Lives. *Aſtipa*, a City of *Spain*, finding itſelf weak in Walls and Defence to withſtand the *Romans*, the Inhabitants made a Heap of all their Riches and Furniture in the Publick Place, and having ranged upon this Heap all the Women and Children, and piled them round with Wood and other combuſtible Matter to take ſudden Fire, and left fifty of their Young Men for the Execution of that whereon they had reſolv'd; they made a deſperate Sally, where for want of Power to overcome, they cauſed themſelves to be every Man ſlain. The Fifty, after having maſſacred every living Soul throughout the whole City, and put Fire to this Pile, threw themſelves laſtly into it, finiſhing their generous Liberty, rather in an inſenſible, than after a ſorrowful and diſgraceful Manner; giving the Enemy to underſtand, that if Fortune had been ſo pleaſed, they had the Courage as well to ſnatch the Victory out of their Hands, as to fruſtrate and render it dreadful, and even mortal to thoſe, who, allured by the Splendor of the Gold melting in this Flame, having approach'd it, a great Number were there ſuffocated and burn'd, being kept from retiring by the Crowd that followed them. The *Abideans*, being preſſed by King *Philip*, put on the ſame Reſolution, but being curb'd ſo ſhort, they could not put it in Effect, the King, who abhorred to ſee the precipitate Raſhneſs of this Execution, the Treaſure and Moveables which they had

had variouſly condemned to Fire and Water being firſt ſeiz'd) drawing off his Soldiers, granted them three Days Time to kill themſelves in, that they might do it with more Order, and at greater Eaſe: Which Space they fill'd with Blood and Slaughter, beyond the utmoſt Exceſs of all hoſtile Cruelty: So that not ſo much as any one Soul was left alive that had Power to deſtroy itſelf. There are infinite Examples of like popular Concluſions, which ſeem the more fierce and cruel, by how much the Effect is more univerſal, and yet are really leſs, than when ſingly executed. What Arguments and Perſuaſions cannot make upon every individual Man, they can do upon all, the Ardour of Society forcibly impoſing upon particular Judgments. The Condemned, who would live to be executed, in the Reign of *Tiberius*, forfeited their Goods, and were denied the Rites of Sepulture; but thoſe, who, by killing themſelves, did anticipate it, were interred, and had Liberty to diſpoſe of their Eſtates by Will.

But Men ſometimes covet Death out of Hope of a greater Good. *I deſire* (ſaith St. *Paul*) *to be with* Chriſt, and *who ſhall rid me of theſe Bands? Cleombrotus Ambraciota*, having read *Plato*'s *Phædo*, entred into ſo great a Deſire of the Life to come, that, without any other Occaſion, he threw himſelf into the Sea. By which it appears how improperly we call this voluntary Diſſolution Deſpair, to which the Eagerneſs of Hope does often incline us, and often a calm and temperate Deſire proceeding from a mature and conſiderate Judgment. *Jacques du Caſtel*, Biſhop of *Soiſſons*, in St. *Lewis*'s foreign Expedition, ſeeing the King and the whole Army upon the Point of returning into *France*, leaving the Affairs of Religion imperfect, took a Reſolution rather to go into Paradiſe; wherefore, having taken ſolemn Leave of his Friends, he charged alone, in the Sight of every one, into the Enemy's Army, where he was preſently cut to Pieces. In a certain Kingdom of the new diſcovered World, upon a Day of ſolemn Proceſſion, when the Idol they adore is drawn about in Publick upon a Waggon of wonderful Size; beſides that ſeveral are then ſeen cutting off Pieces of their Fleſh to offer to him, there are a Number of others who proſtrate themſelves upon the Place, cauſing themſelves to be cruſh'd and broke to Pieces with the weighty Wheels, to obtain the Veneration of Sanctity after their

Death, which is accordingly paid them. The Death of the forenamed Biſhop, with his Sword in his Hand, has more of Generoſity in it, and leſs of Feeling, the Ardour of Combat taking away Part of the latter. There are ſome Governments who have taken upon them to regulate the Juſtice and Opportunity of voluntary Death ſo much, as in former Times there was kept in our City of *Marſeilles*, a Poiſon prepared out of *Hemlock* at the Publick Charge, for thoſe who had a Mind to haſten their End, having firſt before the Six Hundred, which were their Senate, given an Account of the Reaſons and Motives of their Deſign, and it was not otherwiſe Lawful, than by Leave from the Magiſtrate, and upon juſt Occaſion, to do Violence to themſelves. The ſame Law was alſo in Uſe in other Places. *Sextus Pompeius*, in his Expedition into *Aſia*, touching at the Iſle of *Cea*, in *Negropont*; it accidentally happen'd whilſt he was there (as we have it from one that was with him) that a Woman of great Quality having given an Account to her Citizens why ſhe was reſolved to put an End to her Life, invited *Pompeius* to her Death, to render it the more honourable: An Invitation that he willingly accepted; but having long tried in vain, by the Power of his Eloquence (which was very great) to divert her from that Deſign, he acquieſc'd at laſt to grant her Requeſt. She had paſs'd the Age of Fourſcore and Ten in a very happy State both of Body and Mind; but being then laid on her Bed, better dreſt than ordinary, and leaning upon her Elbow; *The Gods*, ſaid ſhe, *O* Sextus Pompeius, *and rather thoſe I leave, than thoſe I go to ſeek, reward thee; for that thou haſt not diſdained to be both the Counſellor of my Life and the Witneſs of my Death. For my Part, having always try'd the Smiles of Fortune, for fear leſt the Deſire of Living too long may make me ſee a contrary Fate, I am going by a happy End to diſmiſs the Remains of my Soul, leaving behind two Daughters of my Body, and a Legion of Nephews:* Which having ſaid, with ſome Exhortations to her Family to live in Peace, ſhe divided amongſt them her Goods, and recommending her Domeſtick Gods to her Eldeſt Daughter, ſhe boldly took the Bowl that contained the Poiſon, and having made her Vows and Prayers to *Mercury* to conduct her to ſome happy Abode in the other World, ſhe roundly ſwallow'd the mortal Potion, which having done, ſhe entertained the Company

Company with the Progreſs of its Operation, and how the Cold, by Degrees, ſeized the ſeveral Parts of her Body one after another, 'till having in the End told them, it began to ſeize upon her Heart and Bowels, ſhe called her Daughters to do their laſt Office and cloſe her Eyes. *Pliny* tells us of a certain *Hyperborean* Nation, where, by Reaſon of the ſweet Temperature of the Air, Lives did rarely end but by the voluntary Surrender of the Inhabitants; but that being weary of, and ſotted with Living, they had a Cuſtom at a very old Age, after having made good Cheer, to precipitate themſelves into the Sea from the Top of a certain Rock, deſtined from that Service. Pain and the Fear of a worſe Death ſeem to me the moſt excuſable Incitements.

CHAP. IV.

To-morrow's a New Day.

OF all our *French* Writers, I give, with Juſtice, I think, the Palm to *Jaques Amiot*; as well for the Propriety and Purity of his Language, in which he excels all others, as his Application and Patience in going thro' ſo long a Work, and the Depth of his Learning and Judgment, in having been able to unravel and explain ſo difficult an Author; for let People ſay what they pleaſe, I underſtand nothing of *Greek*, but I meet with Senſe ſo well connected and maintained throughout his own Tranſlation, that certainly he either knew the true Imagination of the Author, or having, by long Converſation with him, planted in his Soul a thorough and lively Idea of that of *Plutarch*, at leaſt he has lent him nothing that either contradicts or diſhonours him; but what I am moſt pleaſed with him for, is the diſcreet Choice he has made of ſo noble and uſeful a Book, to make a Preſent of to his Country. We Ignorants had been loſt, had not this Book raiſed us out of the Mire; by this Favour of his we dare not ſpeak and write, the Ladies are able to read to School-maſters: 'Tis our Breviary.

The Utility of the French Plutarch.

If this good Man be yet living, I would deſire him to do as much for *Xenophon:* 'Tis a much eaſier Taſk than the other, and conſequently more proper for his Age. And beſides, I know not how, methinks, tho' he briſkly and clearly enough trips over Steps another would have ſtumbled at, that nevertheleſs his Stile is always more his own, where he does not encounter thoſe Difficulties, and rolls away at its own Eaſe. I was juſt now reading that Paſſage, where *Plutarch* ſays of himſelf, that *Ruſticus* being preſent at a Declamation of his in *Rome*, he there received a Packet from the Emperor, and deferred to open it 'till all was over: For which, ſays he, all the Company highly applauded the Gravity of this Perſon. 'Tis true, that his Diſcourſe being upon Curioſity, and that eager Paſſion for News, which makes us with ſo much Indiſcretion and Impatience quit all Things, to entertain a new Comer, and without any Manner of Reſpect or Civility tear open on a ſudden, in what Company ſoever, the Letters that are deliver'd to us, he had Reaſon to applaud the Gravity of *Ruſticus* upon this Occaſion; and might moreover have added to it the Commendation of his Civility and Courteſy, that would not interrupt the Courſe of his Declamation. But I doubt, whether any one can commend his Prudence; for receiving unexpected Letters, and eſpecially from an Emperor, it might have fallen out, that the deferring to read them might have been of great Prejudice. The Vice oppoſite to Curioſity is Negligence, to which I naturally incline, and which I have ſeen ſome Men ſo extremely guilty of, that one might have found the Letters that had been ſent to them three or four Days before, ſtill ſealed up in their Pockets. I never open'd any Letters directed to another, not only thoſe intruſted with me, but even ſuch as Fortune has guided to my Hand; and am very angry with myſelf, if my Eyes unawares ſteal any Contents of Letters of Importance, which a great Man is reading, when I ſtand near him. Never was Man leſs inquiſitive, or leſs prying into other Men's Affairs than I am. In our Fathers Days *Monſieur de Boutieres* had like to have loſt *Turin*; for neglecting, he having Company at that Time with him at Supper, to read an Advertiſement that was ſent him of a Conſpiracy againſt that City where he commanded. And this very *Plutarch* has given

Negligence the oppoſite Vice to Curioſity.

given me to underſtand, that *Julius Cæſar* had preſerved himſelf, if in going to the Senate, the Day he was aſſaſſinated by the Conſpirators, he had read a Ticket that was preſented to him by the Way. He tells alſo the Story of *Archias*, the Tyrant of *Thebes*, that the Night before the Execution of the Deſign *Pelopidas* had laid to kill him, and reſtore his Country to Liberty, he had an Account ſent him in Writing, by another *Archias*, an *Athenian*, of the whole Conſpiracy, and that his Packet having been delivered to him while he ſat at Supper, he deferred the opening of it, ſaying, which afterward became a Proverb in *Greece*, *To-morrow is a New Day*. A wiſe Man may, I confeſs, out of Reſpect to another, as not to diſturb the Company, as *Ruſticus* did, or not to break off another Affair of Importance in Hand, defer to read or hear any new Thing that is brought him; but if for his own Intereſt, or particular Pleaſure, eſpecially if he be a Publick Miniſter, he will not interrupt his Dinner, or break his Sleep, he is inexcuſable. And there was anciently at *Rome* the Conſular Place, as they called it, which was the moſt Honourable at the Table, for being a Place of moſt Liberty, and of more convenient Acceſs to thoſe who came in to talk with the Perſon ſeated there: By which it appears, that for being at Meat, they did not totally abandon the Concern of other Affairs and Accidents. But when all is ſaid, it is very hard in human Actions, to give ſo exact a Rule upon the beſt Grounds, that Fortune will not have a Hand in them, and maintain her own Right.

CHAP. V.

Of Conſcience.

THE *Sieur de la Prouſſe*, my Brother, and I, travelling one Day together during the time of our Civil Wars, met a Gentleman of good Faſhion: he was of the contrary Party, tho' I did not know ſo much, for he pretended otherwiſe: And the Miſchief is, that in this ſort of War, the Cards are ſo ſhuffl'd, an Enemy not being diſtin-

guiſh'd from a Friend, by any apparent Mark either of Language or Habit, nouriſh'd under the ſame Laws, Air and Manners, that it is very hard to avoid Diſorder and Confuſion. This made me afraid myſelf of meeting any of our Troops in a Place where I was not known, that I might not be in fear to tell my Name, and peradventure of ſomething worſe; as it had befallen me before, where by ſuch a Miſtake, I loſt both Men and Horſes, and amongſt others, an *Italian* Gentleman, my Page, whom I had bred with the greateſt Care and Affection, was miſerably killed, in whom a promiſing Youth of great Expectation was unfortunately blaſted. But the Gentleman that my Brother and I met, had ſo ſtrange a Fear upon him, at the meeting of any Horſe, or paſſing by any of the Towns belonging to the King, that I at laſt diſcover'd them to be Alarms of Conſcience, and the poor Man ſeem'd to be in ſuch a Condition as if thro' his Vizor, and the Croſſes upon his Caſſock, one might have penetrated into his Boſom, and read the moſt ſecret Intentions of his Heart. So wonderful is the Power of Conſcience, that it makes us betray, accuſe, and fight againſt ourſelves; and, for want of other Witneſſes, to give Evidence againſt ourſelves.

Occultum quatiens animo tortore flagellum *.

Conſcience the Torturer of the Soul, unſeen
Does fiercely brandiſh a ſharpe Scourge within.

This Story is in every Child's Mouth, *Beſſus* the *Paconion*, being reproach'd with ill Nature for pulling down a Neſt of young Sparrows, and killing them, reply'd, he had Reaſon ſo to do, ſeeing that thoſe little Birds never ceas'd falſly to accuſe him of the Murder of his Father.

Strange Diſcovery of a Parricide.

This Parricide had till then been conceal'd and unknown, but the revenging Fury of Conſcience caus'd it to be diſcover'd by himſelf, who was juſtly to ſuffer for it. *Heſiod* corrects the Saying of *Plato*, *That Puniſhment cloſely follows Sin*, it being as he ſays, born at the ſame time with it. Whoever expects Puniſhment, already ſuffers it, and whoever has deſerv'd it, expects it. Wickedneſs contrives

* *Juven. Sat.* 13.

Torments

Torments againſt itſelf. *Malum conſilium conſultori peſſimum* †. Ill Deſigns are worſt to the Contriver. As the Waſp ſtings and offends another, but moſt of all itſelf; for it there loſes the Sting and the Uſe of it for ever.

———*Vitaſque invulnere ponunt* ‡.

And do their own Lives ſtake,
In the ſmall Wound they make.

Cantharides have ſomewhere about them, by a Contrariety of Nature, a Counterpoiſon againſt their Poiſon. In like manner, at the ſame time that we take delight in Vice, there ſprings in the Conſcience a Diſpleaſure, that afflicts us ſleeping and waking with ſeveral tormenting Imaginations.

Quippe ubi ſe multi per ſomnia ſæpe loquentes
Aut morbo delirantes proferantur,
Et celerata diu in medium peccata dedisſe ‖.

The Guilty hardly their own Counſel keep,
They either will be talking in their Sleep,
Or in a Fever raving will reveal
What they long had, and ſtill meant to conceal.

Apollodorus dream'd, that he ſaw himſelf flead by the *Scythians*, and after boil'd in a Cauldron, and that his Heart mutter'd theſe Words, *I am the Cauſe of all theſe Miſchiefs that have befall'n thee. Epicurus* ſaid, that no hiding Hole can conceal the Wicked, ſince they can never aſſure themſelves of being hid, whilſt their Conſciences diſcover them to themſelves.

———*Prima eſt hæc ultio, quod ſe*
Judice nemo nocens abſolvitur *.

———'Tis the firſt Puniſhment of Sin,
That no Man does abſolve himſelf within.

As Conſcience fills us with Fear when ill, ſo a good one gives us greater Confidence and Aſſurance; and can truly ſay, that I have gone thro' ſeveral Hazards with a more ſteady Pace, in Conſideration of the ſecret Know-

† *Eraſm. Adag.*
‡ *Virg. Georg. lib.* 4.
‖ *Lucret. lib.* 5.
* *Juven. ſat.* 13.

ledge

ledge I had of my own Will, and the Innocency of my Intentions,

Conſcia mens ut cuiq; ſua eſt, ita concepit intra
Pectora pro facto ſpemque metumque ſuo †.

As a Man's Conſcience is, ſo Hope within,
Or Fear prevails, ſuiting to his Deſign,

Of this are a thouſand Examples; but it will be enough to inſtance three, of one and the ſame Perſon; *Scipio*, being one Day, accus'd before the People of *Rome* of ſome Crimes of a very high Nature, inſtead of excuſing himſelf, or inſinuating into the Favour of the Judges, *It will become you very well*, ſaid he, *to ſit in Judgment upon a Head, by whom you have the Power to judge all the World.* And another time all the Anſwer he gave to ſeveral Impeachments brought againſt him by a Tribune of the People, inſtead of making his Defence; *Let us go, Citizens*, ſaid he, *let us go render Thanks to the Gods for the Victory they gave me over the* Carthaginians, *on this Day*; and advancing himſelf before towards the Temple, he had preſently all the Aſſembly, and his very Accuſer himſelf, following at his Heels. And *Petilius* having been ſet on by *Cato* to demand an Account of the Money that had paſs'd thro' his Hands in the Province of *Antioch*, *Scipio* being come into the Senate to that Purpoſe, produc'd a Book from under his Robe in which, he told them, was an exact Account of his Receipts and Diſburſements; but being requir'd to deliver it to the Prothonotary to be examin'd and enroll'd, he refus'd, ſaying, *He would not do himſelf ſo great a Diſgrace*; and in the Preſence of the whole Senate tore the Book with his own Hands to Pieces. I do not believe that the moſt fear'd Conſcience could have counterfeited ſo great an Aſſurance. *He had naturally too high a Spirit, and was accuſtom'd to too high a Fortune*, ſays *Titus Livius*, *to know how to be criminal, and to diſpoſe himſelf to the Meanneſs of defending his Innocency.* This putting Men to the Rack is a dangerous Invention, and ſeems to be rather a Tryal of Patience than Truth. Both he who has the Fortitude to endure

The Confident Innocency of Scipio.

* *Ovid. Faſt. lib.* 13.

it,

it, conceals the Truth, and he who has not: For why ſhould Pain ſooner make me confeſs what really is, than force me to ſay what is not? And on the contrary, if he who is not guilty of what he is accus'd of has the Courage to undergo thoſe Torments, why ſhould he not who is guilty have the ſame, ſo fair a Reward of Life being in his Proſpect? I think the Ground of this Invention proceeds from the Conſideration of the Force of Conſcience: For to the Guilty it ſeems to aſſiſt the Rack to make him confeſs his Fault, and to ſhake his Reſolution; and on the other ſide, that it fortifies the Innocent againſt the Torture. But when all is done, 'tis in plain Truth a Tryal full of Incertainty and Danger. What would not a Man ſay? What would not a Man do to avoid ſuch intolerable Torments?

Etiam innocentes cogit mentiri dolor *.

Pain the moſt Innocent will make to lye.

Whence it comes to paſs, that he whom the Judge has rack'd that he may not die innocent, he makes him die both innocent and rack'd. A thouſand and a thouſand have charg'd their own Heads by falſe Confeſſions. Amongſt whom I place *Philotas*, conſidering the Circumſtances of the Tryal *Alexander* put him upon, and the Progreſs of his Torture. *But ſo it is*, ſays one, *that it is the leaſt Evil human Weakneſs could invent; very inhumanly notwithſtanding, and to very little purpoſe in my Opinion.* Many Nations leſs barbarous in this, than the *Greek* and *Romans* who call them ſo, repute it horrible and cruel to torment and pull a Man to pieces for a Fault of which they are yet it doubt. How can he help your Ignorance? Are not you unjuſt, that not to kill him without Cauſe, you do worſe than kill him? And that this is ſo, do but obſerve how many ways he had rather die without Reaſon, than undergo this Examination, more painful than Execution itſelf; and which often, by its Extremity, prevents Execution, and diſpatches him. I know not where I had this Story, but it exactly matches the Conſcience of our Juſtice in this Particular. A Country-woman came to a General of very ſevere Diſcipline, and accus'd one of his Soldiers

* *Pub. Sym. de dolore.*

that

that he had taken from her Children the little Milk ſhe had left to nouriſh them withal, the Army having conſum'd all the reſt; but of this, Proof there was none. The General, after having caution'd the Woman to take good heed to what ſhe ſaid, for that ſhe would make herſelf guilty of a falſe Accuſation, and ſhould ſuffer the Puniſhment due to it if ſhe told a Lie; but ſhe perſiſting, he preſently caus'd the Soldier's Belly to be ript up, to clear the Truth of the Fact, and the Woman was found to be in the right. An inſtructive Sentence.

CHAP. VI.

Uſe makes Perfectneſs.

'TIS not to be expected, that Argument and Inſtruction, tho' we never ſo voluntarily ſurrender our Belief to them, ſhould be powerful enough to lead us on ſo far as to Action, if we do not over and above exerciſe and form the Soul by Experience to the Courſe for which we deſign it: It will otherwiſe doubtleſs find itſelf at a Loſs, when it comes to the Pinch of the Buſineſs. This is the reaſon, why thoſe amongſt the Philoſophers, who were ambitious to attain to a greater Excellence, were not contented to expect the Severities of Fortune in their Retirement, and the Repoſe of their own Habitations, leſt ſhe ſhould have ſurpriz'd them raw and unexpert in the Combat; but ſally'd out to meet her, and purpoſely threw themſelves into the Proof of Difficulties. Some of whom abandon'd Riches to exerciſe themſelves in a voluntary Poverty: Others have ſought out Labour, and an Auſterity of Life, to inure themſelves to Hardſhips and Inconveniences; others have depriv'd themſelves of their deareſt Members; as of their Eyes, and Inſtruments of Generation, leſt their too delightful and effeminate Service ſhould ſoften and debauch the Stability of their Souls. But in Dying, which is the greateſt Work we have to do, Practice is out of Doors, and can give us no Aſſiſtance at all. A Man may

may by Cuſtom fortify himſelf againſt Pains, Shame, Neceſſity, and ſuch like Accidents; but as to Death, we can experience it but once, and are all Apprentices when we come to it. There have anciently been Men ſuch excellent Managers of their Time, that they have try'd even in Death itſelf, to reliſh and taſte it, and who have bent their utmoſt Faculties of Mind to diſcover what this Paſſage is: But they are none of them come back to give an Account of it.

———*Nemo expergitus extat*
Frigida quem ſemel eſt vitai pauſa ſequuta *.

———No one was ever known to wake,
Who once in Death's cold Arms a Nap did take.

Canius Julius, a noble *Roman*, of ſingular Conſtancy and Virtue, having been condemn'd to die by that inhuman Monſter *Caligula*, beſides many admirable Teſtimonies that he gave of his Reſolution, as he was juſt going to receive the Stroke of the Executioner, was aſk'd by a Philoſopher, a Friend of his! *Well, Canius*, ſaid he, *whereabout is your Soul now? What is ſhe doing? What are you thinking of? I was thinking*, reply'd the other, *to keep myſelf ready and the Faculties of my Mind ſettled and fix'd, to try if in this ſhort and quick inſtant of Death, I could perceive the Motion of the Soul when ſhe parts from the Body and whether ſhe has any Reſentment at the Separation, that I may after come again if I can to acquaint my Friends with it.* This Man Philoſophizes not unto Death only, but in Death itſelf. What a ſtrange Aſſurance was this, and what Loftineſs of Courage to deſire his Death ſhould be a Leſſon to him, and to have Leiſure to think of other Things in ſo great an Affair.

———*Jus hoc animi morientis habebas* †.

This mighty pow'r of Mind he Dying had.

And yet I fancy there is a certain Way of making it familiar to us, and in ſome ſort, of making Tryal what it is. We may gain Experience, if not intire and perfect, yet ſuch, at leaſt, as ſhall not be totally uſeleſs to us; and that

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* *Lucret. lib.* 3. † *Luc. lib* 8.

may

may render us more aſſured. If we cannot overtake it, we may approach it, and view it; and if we do not advance ſo far as to the Fort, we may at leaſt diſcover it, and make ourſelves perfect in the Avenues. It is not without Reaſon that we are taught to conſider Sleep as a Reſemblance of Death; with how great Facility do we paſs from Waking to Sleeping, and with how little Concern do we loſe the Knowledge of Light, and of ourſelves! Perhaps the Faculty of Sleeping would ſeem uſeleſs and contrary to Nature, ſince is deprives us of all Action and Senſe, were it not that by it Nature inſtructs us, that ſhe has equally made us to die as to live, and from Life preſents us the Eternal Eſtate ſhe reſerves for us after it, to accuſtom us to it, and to take from us the Fear of it. But ſuch as have by ſome violent Accident fallen into a Swoon, and in it have loſt all Senſe; theſe, methinks, have been very near ſeeing the true and natural Face of Death; for as to the Moment of the Paſſage, it is not to be feared that it brings with it any Pain or Diſpleaſure, foraſmuch as we can have no Feeling without Leiſure; our Sufferings require Time, which in Death is ſo ſhort and precipitous, that it muſt neceſſarily be inſenſible. They are the Approaches that we are to fear, and thoſe may fall within the Limits of Experience. Many Things ſeem greater by Imagination than they are in Effect. I have paſs'd a good Part of my Age in a perfect and entire Health; I ſay, not only entire, but moreover ſpritely and wanton. This, ſo full of Verdure, Jollity and Vigour, made the Conſideration of Sickneſs ſo horrible to me, that when I came to experience it, I found the Attacks faint and eaſy, in compariſon of what I had feared. Of this I have daily Experience; if I am under the Shelter of a warm Room in a ſtormy and tempeſtuous Night, I wonder how People can live abroad, and am afflicted for thoſe who are out in the Field: If I am there myſelf, I do not wiſh to be any where elſe. This one Thing of being always ſhut up in a Chamber, I fanſied inſupportable: But I was preſently inur'd to be ſo impriſon'd a Week, nay, a Month together: and have found, that in the Time of my Health I did much more lament the Sick than I think myſelf to be lamented when I am ſo, and that the Force of my Imagination enhances near one Half of the Eſſence and Reality

Sleep the Image of Death.

lity of the Thing. I hope, that when I come to die I ſhall find the ſame, and that I ſhall not find it worth the Pains I take, ſo much Preparation, and ſo much Aſſiſtance as I call in to undergo the Stroke. But at all Hazards, we cannot give ourſelves too much Advantage.

In the Time of our Third, or Second Troubles, (I do not well remember which) going one Day abroad to take the Air, about a League from my own Houſe, which is ſeated in the very Center of the Scene of all the Buſtle and Miſchief of the late Civil Wars of *France*, thinking myſelf in all Security, and ſo near to my Retreat, that I ſtood in need of no better Equipage, I had taken a Horſe that went very eaſy upon his Pace, but was not very ſtrong. Being upon my Return Home, a ſudden Occaſion falling out to make uſe of this Horſe in a Kind of Service that he was not acquainted with; one of my Train, a luſty proper Fellow, mounted upon a ſtrong *German* Horſe, that had a very ill Mouth, but was otherwiſe vigorous and unfoil'd, to play the *Bravo*, and appear a better Man than his Fellows, comes thundering full Speed in the very Track where I was, ruſhing like a *Coloſſus* upon the little Man, and the little Horſe, with ſuch a Career of Strength and Weight, that he turn'd us both over and over topſy-turvy, with our Heels in the Air: So that there lay the Horſe overthrown and ſtun'd with the Fall, and I ten or twelve Paces from him ſtretch'd out at Length, with my Face all batter'd and broken, my Sword, which I had in my Hand, above ten Paces beyond me, and my Belt broke all to Pieces, without any more Motion or Senſe than a Stock. 'Twas the only Swoon I was ever in 'till this Hour in my Life. Thoſe who were with me, after having uſed all the Means they could to bring me to myſelf, concluding me dead, took me up in their Arms, and carry'd me, with very much Difficulty, home to my Houſe, which was about half a *French* League from thence. Having been by the Way, and two long Hours after, given over for a dead Man, I began to move and fetch my Breath, for ſo great abundance of Blood was fallen into my Stomach, that Nature had need to rouze her Forces to diſcharge it. They then rais'd me upon my Feet, where I threw off a great Quantity of pure florid Blood, as I had alſo done ſeveral Times by the Way, which gave me ſo much Eaſe, that I began to recover a little Life, but

but leiſurely, and by ſo ſmall Advances, that my firſt Sentiments were much nearer the Approaches of Death than Life.

Perche dubbioſa anchor del ſuo ritorno
Nons' aſſecura attonita la mente *

Becauſe the Soul her Manſion half had quit,
And was not ſure ſhe was return'd to it.

The Remembrance of this miſchievous Accident, which is very well imprinted in my Memory, ſo naturally repreſenting to me the Image and Idea of Death, has in ſome ſort reconcil'd me to the Accident itſelf. When I firſt began to open my Eyes after my Trance, it was with ſo perplex'd, ſo weak and dead a Sight, that I could yet diſtinguiſh nothing, and could only diſcern the Light.

———*Come quel ch'or apre, or chiude*
Gli occhi, mezzo tra'l ſonno è l' eſſer deſto †.

As People in the Morning when they riſe
'Twixt Sleep and Wake, open and ſhut their Eyes.

As to the Functions of the Soul, they advanc'd with the ſame Pace and Meaſure with thoſe of the Body. I ſaw myſelf all bloody, my Doublet being ſtain'd and ſpotted all over with the Blood I had vomited; and the firſt Thought that came into my Mind, was, that I had a Croſs-Bow ſhot in my Head; and indeed at the ſame time there were a great many made round about us. Methought my Life but juſt hung upon my Lips, and I ſhut my Eyes, to help, methought, to thruſt it out; and took a Pleaſure in languiſhing and letting myſelf go. It was an Imagination that only ſuperficially floated upon my Soul, as tender and weak as all the reſt; but really, not only exempt from Pain, but mixt with that Sweetneſs and Pleaſure that People are ſenſible of when they indulge themſelves to drop into a Slumber. I believe it is the very ſame Condition thoſe People are in, whom we ſee ſwoon with Weakneſs, in the Agony of Death, and am of Opinion, that we lament them without Cauſe, ſuppoſing them agitated with grievous Dolours, or that their Souls ſuffer under painful Thoughts. It has

* *Taſſo Can.* 12. † *Ibid. Can.* 8.

ever

ever been my Belief, contrary to the Opinion of many, and particularly of *Stephen Boetius*, that thoſe whom we ſee ſo ſubdued and ſtupified at the Approaches of their End, or depreſt with the Length of the Diſeaſe, or by Accident of an Apoplexy, or Falling Sickneſs.

———(Vi morbi ſæpe coactus
Ante oculos aliquis noſtros ut fulminis ictu
Concidit & ſpumas agit, ingemit, & tremit artus,
Deſipit, extentat nervos, torquetur, anhelat,
*Inconſtanter & in jactando membra fatigat *.)*

(By the Diſeaſe compell'd, ſo we ſee ſome,
As they were Thunder-ſtruck, fall, groan and foam,
Tremble, ſtretch, writhe, breath ſhort, untill at Length,
In various Strugglings they tire out their Strength.)

Or hurt in the Head, whom we hear to mutter, and by Fits to give grievous Groans; tho' we gather from thence ſome Sign by which it ſeems as if they had ſome Remains of Senſe and Knowledge. I have always believ'd, I ſay, both the Body and the Soul benumb'd and aſleep.

Vivit & eſt vitæ neſcius ipſe ſuæ †.
He lives, but does not know
That he does ſo.

And could not believe, that in ſo great a Stupefaction of the Members, and ſo great a Defection of the Senſes, the Soul could maintain any Force within, to take cognizance of herſelf, or look into her own Condition, and that therefore they had no tormenting Reflections to make them conſider and be ſenſible of the Miſery of their Condition, and conſequently were not much to be lamented. I can, for my Part, think of no State ſo inſupportable and dreadful, as to have the Soul ſpritely and afflicted without Means to declare itſelf: As one ſhould ſay of ſuch who are ſent to Execution, with their Tongues firſt cut out; were it not, that in this Kind of Dying the moſt Silent ſeems to me the moſt Graceful, if accompany'd with a grave and conſtant Countenance; or of thoſe miſerable Priſoners, who fall into the Hands of the baſe bloody Soldiers of this Age, by

* *Lucret. lib.* 3. † *Ovid Triſt. lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 3.

whom they are tormented with all Sorts of inhuman Uſage, to compel them to ſome exceſſive and impoſſible Ranſom, kept in the mean Time in ſuch Condition and Place, where they have no Means of expreſſing or ſignifying their Mind and Miſery to ſuch as they may expect ſhould relieve them. The Poets have feign'd ſome Gods, who favour the Deliverance of ſuch as ſuffer under a languiſhing Death.

——————— *Hunc ego Diti*
Sacrum juſſa fero, teque iſto corpore ſolvo *.

I by Command offer to *Pluto* this,
And from that Body do the Soul diſmiſs.

Both the interrupted Words, and the ſhort and irregular Anſwers one gets from them ſometimes, by bawling and keeping a Clutter about them; or the Motions which ſeem to yield ſome Conſent to what we would have them do, are no Teſtimony nevertheleſs that they live an intire Life at leaſt. So it happens, that in the Yawning of Sleep, before it has fully poſſeſs'd us, to perceive, as in a Dream, what is done about us, and to follow the laſt Things are ſaid with a perplex'd and uncertain Hearing, which ſeem but to touch upon the Borders of the Soul; and make Anſwers to the laſt Words have been ſpoken to us, which have more in them of Fortune than Senſe. Now ſeeing I have effectually tried it, I make no doubt but I have hitherto made a right Judgment. For firſt, being in a Swoon, I laboured with both Hands to rip open the Buttons of my Doublet (for I was without Arms) and yet I felt nothing in my Imagination that hurt me; for we have many Motions in us that do not proceed from our Direction,

Semianimeſque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant.

And half dead Fingers grope about and feel,
To graſp again the late abandon'd Steel.

So falling People extend their Arms before them by a natural Impulſe, which prompts them to Offices and Motions, without any Commiſſion from us.

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* *Eneid. lib.* 4.

Falci-

Falciferos memorant currus abſcindere membra,
Ut tremere in terra videatur ab artubus, id quod
Decidit abſciſſum, cum mens tamen atque hominis vis.
Mobilitate mali non quid ſentire dolorem *.

How Limbs Syth-bearing Chariots lopt, they tell,
Would move and tremble on the Ground they fell,
When he himſelf from whom the Limb was ta'en,
Could by the Swiftneſs feel no kind of Pain.

My Stomach was ſo oppreſt with the coagulated Blood, that my Hands moved to that Part of their own voluntary Motion, as they frequently do to the Part that itches, without being directed by our Will. There are ſeveral Animals, and even Men, in whom one may perceive the Muſcles to ſtir and tremble after they are dead. Every one experimentally knows, that there are ſome Members which grow ſtiff and flag without his Leave. Now theſe Paſſions which only touch the outward Bark of us, as a Man may ſay, cannot be ſaid to be ours: To make them ſo, there muſt be a Concurrence of the whole Man; and the Pains which are felt by the Hand or the Foot, while we are ſleeping, are none of ours. As I drew near my own Houſe, where the Alarm of my Fall was already got before me, with the Alarm uſual in ſuch Caſes; I did not only make ſome little Anſwer to a few Queſtions that were aſked me, but they moreover tell me, that I had ſo much Senſe, as to order, that a Horſe I ſaw trip and faulter in the Way, which is mountainous and uneaſy, ſhould be given to my Wife. This Conſideration ſhould ſeem to proceed from a Soul that retain'd its Function, but it was nothing ſo with me. I knew not what I ſaid or did, and they were nothing but idle Thoughts in the Clouds, that were ſtir'd up by the Senſes of the Eyes and Ears, and proceeded not from me. I knew not for all that whence I came from, or whither I went, neither was I capable to weigh and conſider what was ſaid to me: Theſe were light Effects that the Senſes produced of themſelves, as of Cuſtom; what the Soul contributed was in a Dream, as being lightly toucht, lick'd and bedew'd by the ſoft Impreſſion of the Senſes.

* *Lucret. lib* 3.

upon my own Deſcription. Cuſtom has made all ſpeaking of a Man's ſelf vicious, and forbids poſitively it, in Hatred to the Vanity, that ſeems inſeparably join'd with the Teſtimony Men give of themſelves. But tho' it ſhould be true, that to entertain People with Diſcourſes of ourſelves, muſt of neceſſity be a piece of Preſumption, yet I ought not, according to my general Plan, to forbear an Action that publiſhes this Infirmity, ſince it is in me; nor conceal a Fault which I not only practiſe but profeſs. Nevertheleſs, to ſpeak my Mind freely of the Matter, I think that the Cuſtom of condemning Wine, becauſe ſome People will be drunk, is itſelf to be condemn'd. A Man cannot abuſe any Thing but what is good in itſelf; and I believe that this Rule has only regard to the Popular Vice: it is a Bridle for Calves, by which neither Saints, whom we hear ſpeak ſo highly of themſelves, nor the Philoſophers, nor the Divines, will be curb'd: Neither will I, who am as little the one as the other. Of what does *Socrates* treat more largely, than of himſelf? To what does he more direct, and addreſs the Diſcourſes of his Diſciples, than to ſpeak of themſelves, not of the Leſſon in their Book, but of the Eſſence and Motion of their Souls? We confeſs ourſelves Religiouſly to God and our Confeſſor; and, as they are our Neighbours, to all the People. But ſome will anſwer and ſay, *That we there ſpeak nothing but Accuſation againſt ourſelves:* Why then we ſay all, for our very Virtue itſelf is faulty and repentable; my Trade and Art *is to live.* He that forbids me to ſpeak according to my own Senſe, Experience, and Practice, may as well enjoin an Architect not to ſpeak of Building according to his own Knowledge, but according to that of his Neighbour; according to the Knowledge of another, and not according to his own. If it be Vain-glory for a Man to publiſh his own Virtues, why does not *Cicero* prefer the Eloquence of *Hortenſius*, and *Hortenſius* that of *Cicero?* Perhaps, they mean, that I ſhould give Teſtimony of myſelf by Works and Effects, not barely by Words: I chiefly paint my Thoughts, an Inform Subject, and incapable of Operative Production. 'Tis all that I can do to couch it in this airy Body of the Voice. The wiſeſt and devouteſt Men have liv'd in the greateſt Care to avoid all diſcovery of Works: Effects would ſpeak more of Fortune, than of me. They manifeſt

manifeſt their own Office, and not mine; but uncertainly, and by Conjecture. They are but Patterns of ſome one particular Virtue. I expoſe myſelf entire: 'Tis a Skeleton, where, at one View, the Veins, Muſcles, and Tendons, are apparent, each of them in its proper Place. I do not write my own Acts, but my Self and my Eſſence: I am of Opinion, that a Man muſt be very wiſe to value himſelf, and equally conſcientious to give a true Report, be it better or worſe, indifferently: If I thought myſelf perfectly good and wiſe, I would ſpeak with open Mouth, and rattle it out to ſome Purpoſe. To ſpeak leſs of a Man's Self than what one really is, is Folly, not Modeſty; and to take that for current Pay which is under a Man's Value, is Puſillanimity and Cowardice, according to *Ariſtotle*. No Virtue aſſiſts itſelf with Falſhood: Truth is never the Maſter of Error: To ſpeak more of one's Self than is really true, is not always Preſumption 'tis moreover very often Folly: To be immeaſurably pleas'd with what one is, and to fall into an indiſcreet Self-love, is, to do quite contrary to what theſe People direct, who, in forbidding them to ſpeak of themſelves, do conſequently at the ſame Time interdict thinking of themſelves. Pride dwells in the Thought, the Tongue can have but very little Share in it: They fancy, that to think of one's Self, is to be delighted with himſelf; to frequent, and to converſe with a Man's Self, to be over indulgent. But this Exceſs ſprings only from thoſe who only take a ſuperficial View of themſelves, and dedicate their main Inſpection to their Affairs; that call Meditation, Raving and Idleneſs, looking upon themſelves as a Third Perſon only, and a Stranger. If any one is charm'd with his own Knowledge, whilſt he looks only on thoſe below him, let him but turn his Eye upward toward paſt Ages, and his Pride will be abated, when he ſhall there find ſo many thouſand Wits that trample him under Foot. If he enter into a flattering Vanity of his Perſonal Valour, let him but recollect the Lives of *Scipio*, *Epaminondas*, ſo many Armies and Nations that leave him ſo far behind them, and he will be cur'd of his Self-opinion. No particular Quality can make any Man proud, that will at the ſame Time put ſo many other weak and imperfect ones as he has in him in the other Scale, and the Nothingneſs of human Condition to balance the Weight: Becauſe *Socrates* had alone ſwallow'd

to purpoſe the Precept of his God, *To know himſelf*; and by that Study was arriv'd to the Perfection of ſetting himſelf at nought, he was only reputed worthy the Title of a *Sage*. Whoſoever ſhall ſo know himſelf, let him boldly ſpeak it out.

CHAP. VII.

Of Recompences of Honour.

THOSE who write the Life of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, obſerve this in his Military Diſcipline, that he was wonderfully liberal of Gifts to Men of Merit; but that as to the true Recompences of Honour, he was altogether as ſparing. So it is, that he had himſelf been gratify'd by his Uncle, with all the Military Recompences before he had ever been in the Field. It was a pretty Invention, and receiv'd into moſt Governments of the World, to inſtitute certain vain and inſignificant Diſtinctions to honour and recompence Virtue; ſuch are the Crowns of Laurel, Oak, and Myrtle, the particular Faſhion of ſome Garment; the Privilege to ride in a Coach in the City, or to have a Torch by Night; ſome peculiar Place aſſign'd in Publick Aſſemblies; the Prerogative of certain additional Names and Titles; certain Diſtinctions in their bearing of Coats of Arms, and the like: The Uſe of which, according to the ſeveral Humours of Nations, has been variouſly receiv'd, and do yet continue. We in *France*, as alſo ſeveral of our Neighbours, have the Orders of Knighthood, that are inſtituted only for this End. And it is, indeed, a very good and profitable Cuſtom to find out an Acknowledgment for the Worth of excellent and extraordinary Men; and to ſatisfy their Ambition with Rewards that are not at all chargeable either to Prince or People: And what has been always found both by ancient Experience, and which we ourſelves may alſo have obſerv'd in our own Times, that Men of Quality have ever been

Orders of Knighthood inſtituted to reward Military Virtue.

been more jealous of ſuch Recompences, than of thoſe wherein there was gain and Profit, is not without very good Ground and Reaſon. If with Reward, which ought to be ſimply a Recompence of Honour, they ſhould mix other Emoluments, and add Riches, this Mixture inſtead of procuring an Encreaſe of Eſteem, would vilify and debaſe it. The Order of St. *Michael*, which has been ſo long in repute amongſt us, had no greater Commodity, than that it had no Communication with any other; which produc'd this Effect, that formerly there was no Office, nor Title whatever, to which the Gentry pretended with ſo great a Deſire and Affection, as they did to this Order; nor Quality that carry'd with it more Reſpect and Grandeur: Virtue more willingly embracing, and with greater Ambition, aſpiring to a Recompence truly her own, and rather honourable than beneficial: For in truth, the other Rewards have not ſo great a Dignity in them, by reaſon they are laid out upon all ſorts of Occaſions. With Money a Man pays the Wages of a Servant, the Diligence of a Courier, Dancing, Vaulting, Speaking, and the vileſt Offices we receive; nay, and reward Vice with it too, as Flattery, Treachery, and Pimping: And therefore 'tis no wonder if Virtue leſs deſires, and leſs willingly receives this common Sort of Payment, than that which is proper and peculiar to her, as being truly generous and noble. *Auguſtus* had reaſon to be a better Huſband, and more ſparing of this, than the other, by how much Honour is a Privilege that extracts its principal Eſteem from Rarity, and Virtue itſelf.

The Order of St. Michael.

Cui malus eſt nemo, quis bonus eſſe poteſt *?

To whom none ſeemeth ill, who good can ſeem?

We do not intend it for a Commendation, when we ſay, that ſuch a one is careful in the Education of his Children: By reaſon it is a common Act, how juſt and well done ſoever; no more then we commend a great Tree, where the whole Forreſt is the ſame. I do not

* *Mart. lib.* 2. *Epig.* 82.

think

Valour of the Citizens of Sparta.

think that any Citizen of *Sparta* valu'd himself much upon his Valour, it being the universal Virtue of the whole Nation, and as little prided himself upon his Fidelity, and Contempt of Riches. There is no Recompence due to Virtue, how great soever, that is once become a general Custom; and I know not withal, whether we can ever call it Great, being common. Seeing then that these Rewards of Honour have no other Value and Estimation, but only this, That few People enjoy them; 'tis but to be liberal of them, to bring them down to nothing. And tho' there should be more Men found than in former Times, worthy of our Order, the Value of it, nevertheless, ought not be abated, nor the Honour made cheap. Nay, it may easily happen, that more may merit it now than formerly; for there is no Virtue that so easily dilates itself, as that of Military Valour: There is another true, perfect and philosophical, of which I do not speak (and only make use of the Word in the common Acceptation) much greater than this, and more full, which is Force and Assurance of Souls, equally despising all Sorts of adverse Accidents, and equally uniform and constant; of which ours is no more than one little Ray. Use, Institution, Example and Custom, can do all in all to the Establishment of that which I am speaking of, and with great Facility render it common, as by the Experience of our Civil War is manifest enough; and whoever could at this Instant unite us *Catholick* and *Hugonot* into one Body, and set us upon some brave Enterprize, we should make our ancient Military Reputation flourish again. It is most certain that in Times past, the Recompence of this Order had not only a regard to Valour, but had a farther Prospect. It never was the Reward of a valiant Soldier, but of a great Captain. The Science of obeying was not reputed worthy of so honourable a Guerdon, there was therein a more universal Military Expertness requir'd, which comprehended the most and the greatest Qualities of a Military Man; *Neque enim eædem Militares & Imperatoriæ artes sunt.* Besides a Man was to be of a Birth and Rank suitable to such a Dignity. But I say that tho' more Men should be worthy now than formerly, yet ought it not to be more liberally distributed; and that it were better to fall short

in

in not giving it to all to whom it ſhall be acknowledg'd due, than for ever to loſe, as we have lately done, the Fruit of ſo profitable an Invention. No Man of Spirit will vouchſafe to advantage himſelf with what is in common with many: And ſuch of the preſent Time, as have leaſt merited this Recompence, make the greater Shew of diſclaiming it, being thereby to be rank'd with thoſe, to whom ſo much wrong has been done, by the unworthy conferring and debaſing the Character, which was their particular Right. Now to expect that in obliterating and aboliſhing this ſuddenly, to create and bring into Credit a like new Inſtitution, is not a proper Attempt for ſo licentious and ſo ſick a Time as this in which we now are; and it will fall out, that the laſt will, from its Birth, incur the ſame Inconveniences that have ruin'd the other. The Rules for the Diſpenſing of this new Order, had need to be extremely clip'd, and bound under great Reſtrictions to give it Authority; and this tumultous Seaſon is incapable of ſuch a Curb: Beſides, that before this can be brought into Reputation, 'tis neceſſary that the Memory of the firſt, and the Contempt into which it is fallen ſhould be totally bury'd in Oblivion.

The Order of the Holy Ghoſt.

This Place might naturally enough admit of ſome Diſcourſe upon the Conſideration of Valour, and the Difference of this Virtue from others: But *Plutarch* having ſo often handled this Subject, I ſhould give myſelf an unneceſſary Trouble to repeat what he has ſaid; but this, nevertheleſs, is worth conſidering; that our Nation places Valour in the higheſt Degree of Virtue, as the very Word itſelf ſhews, being deriv'd from *Value*; and that, according to our Cuſtom, when we mean a worthy Man, or a Man of Value, it is only in our Court Style, to ſay, a *Valiant Man*, after the *Roman* Way. For the general Appellation of *Virtue* with them, takes Etymology from *Force*. The proper, ſole, and eſſential Method of the *French Nobility and Gentry*, is the Practice of Arms: And 'tis likely that the firſt Virtue which diſcover'd itſelf amongſt Men, and that has given ſome Advantage over others, was this; by which the Strongeſt and moſt Valiant have lorded it over the Weaker, and entail'd upon themſelves a particular Authority and Reputation: Or elſe, that theſe Nations

Nations being very warlike, have given the Prehemi-nence to that of the *Virtues* which was moſt familiar to them, and which they thought of the moſt worthy Cha-racter. Juſt as our Paſſion and the feveriſh Solicitude we have of the Chaſtity of Women, makes ſaying a good Woman, a Woman of Worth, and a Woman of Honour and Virtue, to ſignify no more but a chaſte Woman: As if to oblige her to that one Duty, we were indifferent as to all the reſt; and gave them the Reins to all other Faults whatever, to compound for that one of Incontinence.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Affection of Fathers to their Children.

To Madam *D'ESTISSAC.*

Madam, if the Strangeneſs and Novelty of my Sub-ject, which generally give Value to Things, do not ſave me, I ſhall never come off with Honour from this fooliſh Attempt: But 'tis ſo fantaſtick, and carries a Face ſo unlike the common Cuſtom, that the Oddneſs of it may, perhaps, make it paſs. 'Tis a Melancholick Humour, and conſequently an Humour very much an Enemy to my natural Complexion, engendred by the Penſiveneſs of the Solitude, into which, for ſome Years paſt, I have retir'd myſelf, that firſt put into my Head this idle Fancy of Writing: Wherein, finding myſelf totally unprovided and empty of other Matters, I preſented myſelf to myſelf, for Argument and Subject. 'Tis the only Book in the World of its Kind, and of a wild extravagant Deſign; there is nothing worth Remark but the Extravagancy in this Affair: For in a Subject ſo vain and frivolous, the beſt Workman in the World could not have given it a Form fit to recommend it to any Manner of Eſteem.

Now, *Madam*, being to draw my own Picture to the Life, I ſhould have omitted the only graceful Feature, had I not repreſented in it the Honour I have ever paid to your Merits;

Merits; which I have purpoſely choſen to ſay in the Beginning of this Chapter, by reaſon, that among the many excellent Qualities you are Miſtreſs of, the tender Love you have ſhewn to your Children, worthily holds one of the chief Places. Whoever ſhall know at what Age *Monſieur d'Eſtiſſac*, your Huſband, left you a Widow, the great and honourable Matches have ſince been offer'd to you, as many as to any Lady of your Condition in *France*; the Conſtancy and Steadineſs wherein you have liv'd ſo many Years, and wherewith you have gone thro' ſo many ſharp Difficulties; the Charge and Conduct of their Affairs who have perſecuted you in every Corner of the Kingdom, and who yet are not wary of tormenting you; and the happy Direction you have given in all this, either by your ſingle Prudence, or good Fortuue, will eaſily conclude with me, that we have not ſo lively an Example as your's of Maternal Affection in our Times. I praiſe God, *Madam*, that it has been ſo well employ'd; for the great Hopes that *Monſieur d'Eſtiſſac*, the Son, gives of himſelf, are ſufficient Aſſurances that when he comes to Age, you will reap from him all the Obedience and Gratitude of a very good Man. But foraſmuch as by reaſon of his tender Years he has not been capable of taking notice of thoſe numberleſs Offices of Kindneſs which he has receiv'd from you; I will take care, if theſe Papers ever happen to fall into his Hands, when I ſhall neither have Mouth nor Speech left to deliver it to him, that he ſhall receive a true Account of thoſe Things from me, which ſhall be more effectually manifeſted to him by their own Effects, and by which he will underſtand, that there is not a Gentleman in *France* who ſtands more indebted to a Mother's Care; and that he cannot for the Future give a better, nor more certain Teſtimony of himſelf, of his own Worth and Virtue, than by acknowledging you for that excellent Mother you are.

The Affection of Parents towards their Children greater than that of Children towards them, and why.

If there be any Law truly natural, that is to ſay, any Inſtinct that is ſeen univerſally, and perpetually imprinted in both Beaſts and Men (which is not without Controverſy) I can then ſay, that in my Opinion, next to the Care every Animal has of his own Preſervation, and to avoid that

that which may hurt him, the Affection that the Begetter bears to his Off-ſpring, holds the Second Place in this Liſt. And ſeeing that Nature ſeems to have recommended it to us, having Regard to the Extenſion and Propagation of the ſucceſſive Piece of this Machine: 'Tis no Wonder, on the contrary, that of Children towards their Parents is not ſo great. To which we may add this other *Ariſtotelian* Conſideration, *That he who confers a Benefit on any one, loves him better than he is belov'd by him again:* And that every Artificer is fonder of his Work, than, if that Work had Senſe, it would be of the Artificer; by reaſon, that is dear to us to be, and to be conſiſts in Moving and Action: Therefore every one has, in ſome ſort, a Being in his Work. Whoever confers a Benefit, exerciſes a fair and honeſt Action; who receives it, exerciſes the *Utile* only. Now the *Utile* is much leſs amiable than the *Honeſtum:* The *Honeſtum* is ſtable and permanent, ſupplying him who has done it with a continual Gratification. The *Utile* loſes itſelf, eaſily ſlides away, and the Memory of it is neither ſo freſh, nor ſo pleaſing. Thoſe Things are deareſt to us that have coſt us moſt, and giving is more chargeable than receiving. Since it has pleas'd God to endue us with ſome Capacity of weighing and conſidering Things, to the End we may not, like Brutes, be ſervilely ſubjected and enſlav'd by the Laws common to both; but that we ſhould by Judgment and a voluntary Liberty apply ourſelves to them: We ought, indeed ſometimes, to yield to the ſimple Authority of Nature, but not ſuffer ourſelves to be tyrannically hurry'd away and tranſported by her; ſince Reaſon alone ſhould have the Conduct of our Inclinations. I, for my Part, have a ſtrange Diſguſt to thoſe Inclinations that are ſtarted in us, without the Meditation and Direction of the Judgment. As upon the Subject I am ſpeaking of, I cannot entertain that Paſſion of dandling and careſſing an Infant ſcarcely born, having, as yet, neither Motion of Soul, nor Shape of Body diſtinguiſhable, by which they can render themſelves amiable; and have not willingly ſuffer'd them to be nurs'd near me: A true and regular Affection ought to ſpring and increaſe with the Knowledge they give us of themſelves, and then if they are worthy of it, natural Propenſs walking Hand in Hand with Reaſon, to cheriſh them with a truly Paternal Love; and to judge and diſcern alſo if they

they be otherwiſe, ſtill ſubmitting ourſelves to Reaſon, notwithſtanding the Inclinations of Nature. It is often quite otherwiſe, and moſt commonly we find ourſelves more taken with the Play and puerile Simplicity of our Children, than we are afterwards with their compleat Actions; as if we had lov'd them for our Sport, like Monkies, and not as Men. And ſome there are, who are very liberal in buying them Balls to play withal, who are very cloſe handed for the leaſt neceſſary Expence when they come to Age: Nay, to ſuch Degree, that it looks as if the Jealouſy of ſeeing them appear in, and enjoy the World, when we are about to leave it, renders us more niggardly and ſtingy towards them It vexes us, that they tread upon our Heels, as if to ſolicit us to go out; and if this be to be fear'd, ſince the Order of Things will have it ſo, that they cannot, to ſpeak the Truth, be nor live, but at the Expence of our Being and Life, we ſhould never meddle with getting Children. For my Part, I think it Cruelty and Injuſtice not to receive them into the Share and Society of our Goods, and not to make them Partakers in the Intelligence of our Domeſtick Affairs, when they are capable, and not to leſſen and contract our own Expences, to make the more room for theirs, ſeeing we begat them to that Effect. 'Tis unjuſt, that an old Fellow, deaf, lame, and half dead, ſhould, alone, in a Corner of the Chimney, enjoy the Goods that were ſufficient for the Maintenance and Advancement of many Children, and to ſuffer them in the mean time to loſe their beſt Years, for want of Means to put themſelves in Publick Service, and the Knowledge of Men. A Man by this Means drives them to deſperate Courſes, and to ſeek out by any Means, how unjuſt or diſhonourable ſoever, to provide for their own Support. As I have, in my Time, ſeen ſeveral Young Men, of good Extraction, ſo addicted to Stealing, that no Correction could cure them of it. I know one, of a very good Family, to whom at the Requeſt of a Brother of his, a very honeſt and brave Gentleman, I once ſpoke upon this Account; who made anſwer, and confeſs'd to me roundly, that he had been put upon this dirty Practice, by the Severity and Avarice of his Father: But that he was now ſo accuſtom'd to it, he could not leave it. At which Time he was trapp'd ſtealing a Lady's Rings, being come into her Chamber as ſhe was dreſſing, with

ſeveral

ſeveral others. He put me in Mind of a Story I had heard of another Gentleman, ſo perfect and accompliſh'd in this genteel Trade in his Youth, that after he came to his Eſtate and reſolv'd to give it over, could not hold his Hands, nevertheleſs, if he paſs'd by a Shop where he ſaw any Thing he lik'd, from catching it up, tho' it put him to the Shame of ſending afterwards to pay for it. And I have myſelf ſeen ſeveral ſo habituated to this laudable Quality, that even amongſt their Comrades they could not forbear Filching, tho' with Intent to reſtore what they had taken. I am a *Gaſcon*, and yet there is no Vice I ſo little underſtand as that; I hate it ſomething more by Diſpoſition than I condemn it in my Diſcourſe: I do not ſo much as deſire any thing of another Man's. This Province of our's is, in plain Truth, a little more ſuſpected than the other Parts of the Kingdom; and yet we have often ſeen in our Times Men of good Families, of other Provinces, in the Hands of Juſtice, convicted of ſeveral abominable Thefts: I fear this Debauch is, in ſome ſort, to be attributed to the foremention'd Vice of the Fathers; and if a Man ſhould tell me, as a Lord of very good Underſtanding once did, *That he hoarded up Wealth, not to extract any other Fruit and Uſe from his Parſimony, but to make himſelf honour'd and ſought to by his own Relations: And that Age having depriv'd him of all other Forces, it was the only remaining Remedy to maintain his Authority in his Family, and to keep him from being neglected and deſpiſed by all the World* (and, in Truth, not only old Age, but all other Imbecility, according to *Ariſtotle*, is the Promoter of Avarice) this is ſomething, but it is Phyſick for a Diſeaſe that a Man ſhould prevent. A Father is very miſerable that has no other hold of his Children's Affections than the Need they have of his Aſſiſtance, if that can be call'd Affection; he muſt render himſelf worthy to be reſpected by his Virtue and Wiſdom, and belov'd by his Bounty and the Sweetneſs of his Manners. Even the very Aſhes of a rich Matter have their Value; and we generally, by Cuſtom, have the Bones and Relicks of worthy Men in Regard and Reverence. No old Age can be ſo ruinous and offenſive in a Man who has paſs'd his Life in Honour, but it muſt be venerable,

Young Men given to Filching.

Gaſcons *generally addicted to Stealing.*

venerable, eſpecially to his Children; the Soul of whom he muſt have train'd up to their Duty by Reaſon not by Neceſſity and the Need they have of him, nor by Roughneſs and Force.

——& errat longe, mea quidem ſententia,
Qui imperium credat eſſe gravius aut ſtabilius
Vi quod fit, quam illud quod amicitia adjungitur *.

And he does mainly vary from my Senſe,
Who thinks the Empire gain'd by Violence
More abſolute and durable than that
Which Gentleneſs and Friendſhip do create.

I condemn all Violence in the Education of a tender Soul, that is deſign'd for Honour and Liberty. There is, I know not what of Servile in Rigour and Reſtraint; and I am of Opinion, that what is not to be done by Reaſon, Prudence and Addreſs, is never to be effected by Force. I myſelf was brought up after that Manner, and they tell me, that, in all my firſt Age, I never felt the Rod but twice, and then very eaſily. I have practis'd the ſame Method with my Children, who moſt of them dy'd at Nurſe; but *Leonora*, my only Daughter, is arriv'd to the Age of Six Years and upward, without other Correction for her Childiſh Faults (her Mother's Indulgence eaſily concurring) than Words only, and thoſe very gentle. In which kind of Proceeding, tho' my End and Expectation ſhould be both fruſtrated, there are other Cauſes enough to lay the Fault on, without blaming my Diſcipline, which I know to be natural and juſt; and I ſhould in this have yet been more religious towards the Males, as born to leſs Subjection and more free; and I ſhould have made it my Buſineſs to ſwell their Hearts with Ingenuity and Freedom. I have never obſerv'd other Effects of Whipping, unleſs to render them more cowardly, or more wilful and obſtinate. Do we deſire to be belov'd of our Children? Will we remove from them all Occaſion of Wiſhing our Death? (tho' no Occaſion of ſo horrid a Wiſh can either be juſt or excuſable, *Nullum ſcelus rationem habet*) Let us reaſonably accommodate their Lives with what is in our Power. In order to

* *Terence, Adelph. Act.* 1. *Sc.* 1.

this, we ſhould not marry ſo young, that our Age ſhall in a Manner be confounded with theirs; for this Inconvenience plunges us into many very great Difficulties: I ſay, the Gentry of the Nation, who are of a Condition wherein they have little to do, and live upon their Revenues only: For in other Conditions, where Life is dedicated to Profit, the Plurality and Numbers of Children is an Increaſe to good Huſbandry, and they are ſo many new Tools and Inſtruments wherewith to grow rich. I marry'd at Three and Thirty Years of Age, and agree in the Opinion of Thirty Five, which is ſaid to be that of *Ariſtotle*. *Plato* will have no body marry before Thirty; but he has reaſon to laugh at thoſe who undertake the Work of Marriage after Five and Fifty, and condemn their Offspring as unworthy of Aliment and Life. *Thales* gave to this the trueſt Limits, who young, and being importun'd by his Mother to marry, anſwer'd, *That it was too ſoon*; and being grown in Years, and urg'd again, *That it was too late*. A Man muſt deny Opportunity to every importunate Action. The ancient *Gauls* look'd upon it as a very horrid Thing, for a Man to have Society with a Woman before twenty Years of Age; and ſtrictly recommended to the Men, who deſign'd themſelves for War, the keeping their Virginity till well grown in Years, foraſmuch as Courage is abated and diverted by the Uſe of Women.

The Uſe of Women enervates young Men.

Ma hor congiunto à giovinetta ſpoſa,
Lieto homai, de figli era invilito
Negli affetti di padre, & di marito *.

But now being marry'd to a fair young Wife,
He's quite fall'n off from his old Courſe of Life:
His Mettle is grown ruſty, and his Care
His Wife and Children do betwixt them ſhare.

Muleaſſes, King of *Tunis*, he whom the Emperor *Charles* V. reſtor'd to the Kingdom, reproach'd the Memory of his Father *Mahomet* with the Frequentation of Women, ſtyling him *Looſe, Effeminate, and a Getter of Children*. The *Greek* Hiſtory obſerves of *Jecus*, the *Tarentine*, of

* *Taſſo Can.* 10.

Chryſo,

Chryſo, *Aſtiplus*, *Diopompus*, and others, that to keep their Bodies in order for the *Olympick* Games, and ſuch like Exerciſes, they deny'd themſelves, during that Preparation, all Commerce with *Venus*. In a certain Country of the *Spaniſh Indies*, Men were not admitted to marry till after Forty Years of Age, and yet the Girls were allow'd to go to't at Ten. 'Tis not time for a Gentleman of Five and Thirty Years old, to give place to his Son who is Twenty; he being himſelf in a Condition to ſerve both in the Camp, and Court of his Prince, has himſelf need of all his Equipage; and yet doubtleſs ought to allow his Son a Share, but not ſo great a one, as wholly to diſfurniſh himſelf; and for ſuch a one, the Saying, that Fathers have ordinarily in their Mouths, *That they will not put off their Cloaths before they go to Bed*, is proper enough: But a Father worn out with Age and Infirmities, and depriv'd by his Weakneſs and Want of Health of the common Society of Men, wrongs himſelf and his, to rake together a great Maſs of uſeleſs Treaſure. He has liv'd long enough, if he be wiſe, to have a Mind to ſtrip himſelf to go to Bed; not to his very Shirt, I confeſs, but to that, and a good warm Night-gown: The remaining Pomps of which he has no further uſe, he ought voluntarily to ſurrender to thoſe to whom by the Order of Nature they belong. 'Tis Reaſon he ſhould refer the uſe of thoſe Things to them, ſeeing that Nature has reduc'd him to ſuch a State, that he cannot enjoy them himſelf: Otherwiſe there is doubtleſs ill Nature and Envy in the Caſe. The greateſt Act of the Emperor *Charles* V. was, that in Imitation of ſome of the Ancients of his own Quality, confeſſing it but Reaſon to ſtrip ourſelves when our Cloaths encumber and grow too heavy for us; and to lie down when our Legs begin to fail us; he reſign'd his Dignity, Grandeur, and Power to his Son, when he found the Vigour and Steadineſs in the Conduct of his Affairs to fail in himſelf, with the Glory he had therein acquir'd.

Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus ſequum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat *.

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ep.* 1.

The old worn Courſer in good Time diſmiſs,
Leſt failing in the Liſts, Spectators hiſs.

This Fault of not perceiving betimes, and not being ſenſible of the Feebleneſs and extreme Alteration that Age naturally brings both upon the Body and Mind (which in my Opinion is equal, if the Soul is no more than the half) has loſt the Reputation of moſt of the great Men in the World. I have known in my Time, and have been intimately acquainted with ſome Perſons of very great Quality, whom a Man might eaſily diſcern ſo manifeſtly fall'n from that former Sufficiency, I was ſure they were once endu'd with by the Reputation they had acquir'd in their former Years, that I could heartily, for their own Sakes, have wiſh'd them at Home at their Eaſe, diſcharg'd from thoſe Publick Military Employments, which were now grown too heavy for their Shoulders. I have formerly been very familiar in a Gentleman's Houſe, a Widower, and very old, tho' healthy and chearful enough: This Gentleman had ſeveral Daughters to marry, and a Son, already of a ripe Age, which brought upon him many Viſits, and a great Expence; neither of which did very well pleaſe him, not only out of conſideration of Frugality; but yet more, for having, by reaſon of his Age, enter'd into a Courſe of Life far differing from ours. I told him one Day a little boldly, as I us'd to do, that he would do better to give us room, and to leave his principal Houſe (for he had but that well ſituated and furniſh'd) to his Son, and retire himſelf to an Eſtate he had hard by, where no body would trouble his Repoſe, ſeeing he could not otherwiſe avoid being importun'd by us, the Condition of his Children conſider'd. He took my Advice afterwards, and found an Advantage by ſo doing: I do not mean that a Man ſhould ſo inſtate them, as not to reſerve to himſelf a Liberty to recant: I, who am now arriv'd to the Age wherein ſuch Things are fit to be done, would reſign to them the Enjoyment of my Houſe and Goods, but with a Power of Revocation, if they ſhould give me Cauſe to alter my Mind; I would leave to them the Uſe, they being no longer proper for me, and of the General Authority and Power over all would reſerve as much as I thought good to myſelf: Having always thought, that it muſt needs be a great Satisfaction

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to an aged Father, to put his Children himſelf in the Way of governing his Affairs, and to have Power, during his Life, to controul their Behaviour, ſupplying them with Inſtruction and Advice from his own Experience, and himſelf to transfer the Ancient Honour and Order of his Houſe into that of thoſe who are to ſucceed him, and by that Means to be reſponſible to himſelf (by the Hopes he may conceive) for their future Conduct. And in order to this, I would not avoid their Company, I would obſerve them near at hand, and partake, according to the Condition of my Age, of their Feaſts and Jollities. If I did not live amongſt them (which I could not do, without being a Diſturbance to them, by reaſon of the Moroſeneſs of my Age, and the Reſtleſneſs of my Infirmities, and without violating alſo the Rules and Order of Living I ſhould then have ſet down to myſelf) I would at leaſt live near them in ſome remote Part of my Houſe, not the beſt in ſhew, but the moſt commodious. Nor as I ſaw ſome Years ago, a Dean of St. *Hilaire*, of *Poitiers*, by his Melancholy given up to ſuch a Solitude, that at the Time I came into his Chamber, it had been two and twenty Years that he had not ſtept one Foot out of it, and yet had all his Motions free, and eat, and was in perfect Health, ſaving a little Rheum that fell upon his Lungs: He would hardly once in a Week, ſuffer any one to come to ſee him; he always kept himſelf ſhut up in his Chamber alone, except a Servant that brought him once a Day ſomething to eat, and did then but juſt come in and go out again. His Employment was to walk up and down, and read ſome Book, for he was a piece of a Scholar: But as to the reſt, obſtinately bent to die in his Retirement, as he preſently after did. I would endeavour, by a ſweet and obliging Converſation, to create in my Children a lively and unfeign'd Friendſhip and good Will, which in well deſcended Natures is not hard to do; for if they be Brutes, of which this Age of ours produces Thouſands, we are then to hate and avoid them. I am angry at the Cuſtom, very much in uſe, of forbidding Children to call their Father by the Name of *Father*, and to enjoyn them another, as more full of Reſpect and Reverence, as if Nature had not ſufficiently provided for our Authority: We call *Almighty God Father*, and diſdain to have our Children call us ſo; I have reform'd this

Error in my Family. And as it is alſo Folly and Injuſtice to deprive Children, when grown up, of a Familiarity with their Father, and to carry a ſcornful and auſtere Countenance toward them, thinking by that to keep them in Awe and Obedience; ſo it is but a very idle Force, that, inſtead of producing the Effect deſign'd, renders Fathers diſtaſtful; and, which is worſe, ridiculous to their own Children: They have Youth and Vigour in Poſſeſſion, and conſequently the Breath and Favour of the World, and therefore receive theſe fierce and tyrannical Looks (mere Scare-Crows) of a Man without Blood, either in his Heart or Veins, with Mockery and Contempt. Tho' I could make myſelf fear'd, I had yet much rather make myſelf belov'd. There are ſo many Sorts of Defects in old Age, ſo much Impotency, and it is ſo liable to Contempt, that the beſt Purchaſe a Man can make, is the Kindneſs and Affection of his own Family: Command and Fear are no more his Weapons: Such a one I have known, who having been very inſolent in his Youth, when he came to be old, tho' he might have liv'd at his full Eaſe and had his Judgment as entire as ever, would yet torment himſelf and others; ſtrike, rant, ſwear and curſe; the moſt tempeſtuous Maſter in *France:* Fretting himſelf with unneceſſary Suſpicion and Vigilancy; and all this Rumble and Clutter, but to make his Family cheat him the ſooner and the more; of his Barn, his Kitchen, Cellar, nay, and his very Purſe too, others had the greateſt Uſe and Share, whilſt he keeps his Keys in his Boſom, much more carefully than his Eyes: Whilſt he hugs himſelf with the Frugality of the pitiful Pittance of a wretched niggardly Table, every thing goes to Wrack and Ruin in every Corner of his Houſe, in Play, Drink, all Sorts of Profuſion; making Sports in their Junkets with his vain Anger and fruitleſs Parſimony. Every one is a Centinel againſt him, and if by accident any wretched Fellow that ſerves him is of another Humour, and will not join with the reſt, he is preſently render'd ſuſpected to him, a Bait which old Age very eaſily bites at of itſelf. How often has this Gentleman boaſted to me, in how great Awe he kept his Family, and how exact an Obedience and Reverence they paid him! How clearly did this Man ſee into his own Affairs!

Ille

Ille ſolus neſcit omnia *.

I do not know any one that can muſter more Parts, both natural and acquir'd, proper to maintain ſuch a Dominion, than he; yet he is fall'n from it like a Child. For this Reaſon it is, that I have pick'd him out amongſt ſeveral others that I know of the ſame Humour, for the greateſt Example. It were Matter ſufficient for a Queſtion in the Schools, Whether he is better thus or otherwiſe? In his Preſence all ſubmit to and bow before him, and give ſo much way to his Vanity, that no body ever reſiſts him; he has his Belly-full of Cringe, and all Poſtures of Fear, Submiſſion and Reſpect. Does he turn away a Servant? He packs up his Bundle, and is gone; but 'tis no further than juſt out of his Sight: The Pace of old Age is ſo ſlow, and the Scene is ſo weak and troubled, that he will live and do his old Office in the ſame Houſe a Year together, without being perceiv'd. And after a fit Interval of Time, Letters are pretended to come a great way off, from I know not where, very humble, ſuppliant, and full of Promiſes of Amendment; by Virtue of which he is again receiv'd into Favour. Does *Monſieur* make any Bargain, or ſend away any Diſpatch that does not pleaſe? 'Tis ſuppreſs'd, and Cauſes afterwards forg'd to excuſe the want of Execution in the one, or Anſwer in the other. No ſtrange Letters are firſt brought to him; he never ſees any, but thoſe that ſeem fit for his Knowledge: If by Accident they fall firſt into his own Hand, being us'd to truſt ſome body to read them to him, he reads *extempore* what he thinks fit, and very often makes ſuch a one aſk him Pardon, who abuſes and rails at him in his Letter. Finally, he ſees nothing but by an Image prepar'd and deſign'd before-hand, and the moſt ſatisfactory they can invent, not to rouſe and awake his ill Humour and Choler. I have under different Forms, ſeen enough of long and conſtant OEconomy to juſt the ſame Effect. Women, eſpecially the perverſe and elder Sort, are evermore addicted to croſs their Huſbands: They lay hold with both Hands on all Occaſions to contradict and oppoſe them, and the firſt Excuſe ſerves for a plenary Juſtification. I have ſeen a Wife who has groſly

* *Ter. Adel. Act.* 4. *Sce.* 2.

purloin'd from her Huſband, that, as ſhe told her Confeſſor, ſhe might diſtribute the more liberal Alms: Let who will truſt to that Religious Diſpenſation. No Management of Affairs ſeems to them of ſufficient Dignity, if proceeding from the Huſband's Aſſent; they muſt uſurp either by Inſolence or Cunning, and always injuriouſly, or elſe it has not the Grace of that Authority they deſire: When, as in the Caſe I am ſpeaking of, 'tis againſt a poor old Man, and for the Children, that they make uſe of this Title to ſerve their Paſſion with Glory; and, as in a common Servitude, eaſily monopolize againſt his Government and Dominion. If they be Males grown up, and flouriſhing, they preſently corrupt, either by Force or Favour, both Steward, Receivers, and all the Rout. Such as have neither, Wife nor Son, do not ſo eaſily fall into this Misfortune; when they do, it is more cruelly and undeſervedly. *Cato* the elder, in his Time, ſaid, *So many Servants, ſo many Enemies.* Conſider then, whether, according to the vaſt difference betwixt the Purity of the Age he liv'd in, and the Corruption of this of ours, he does not ſeem to adverti ſe us, that Wife, Son, and Servant, are ſo many Enemies to us? 'Tis well for old Age, that it is always accompany'd with Stupidity, Ignorance, and a Facility of being deceiv'd; for ſhould we ſee how we are us'd, and would not acquieſce, what would become of us? eſpecially in ſuch an Age as this, where the very Judges who are to determine, are uſually partial to the Young, in any Cauſe that comes before them. In caſe that the Diſcovery of this Cheat eſcape me, I cannot at leaſt fail to diſcern that I am very fit to be cheated; and can a Man ever enough ſpeak the Value of a Friend, in compariſon with theſe civil Tyes? The very Image of it which I ſee ſo pure and uncorrupted in Beaſts, how religiouſly do I reſpect it? If others deceive me, yet I do not at leaſt deceive myſelf, in thinking I am able to defend myſelf from them, or in breaking my Brains to make myſelf ſo? I protect myſelf from ſuch Treaſons in my own Boſom, not by an unquiet and tumultuary Curioſity, but rather by Mirth and Reſolution. When I hear talk of any one's Condition, I never trouble myſelf to think of him, I preſently turn my Eyes upon myſelf,

The Author ſeems to hint that the Judges were young Men themſelves.

myſelf, to ſee in what Condition I am; whatever concerns another relates to me; the Accident that has befallen him, gives me caution, rouzes me to turn my Defence that Way. We every Day and every Hour ſay Things of another, that we might more properly ſay of ourſelves, could we but revert our Obſervations to our own Concerns, as well as extend it to others. And ſeveral Authors have in this manner prejudic'd their own Cauſe, by running headlong upon thoſe they attack, and darting thoſe Shafts againſt their Enemies, that are more properly, and with greater Advantage to be return'd upon them. The laſt Mareſchal *de Monluck*, having loſt his Son, who was ſlain at the Iſle of *Maderas*; in truth a very brave Gentleman, and of great Expectation, did to me amongſt his other Regrets, very much inſiſt upon what a Sorrow and Heart-breaking it was, that he had never made himſelf familiar and acquainted with him; and by that Humour of Fatherly Gravity and Sourneſs, to have loſt the Opportunity of having an Inſight into, and of well knowing, his Son; as alſo of letting him know the extreme Affection he had for him, and the worthy Opinion he had of his Virtue. *That poor Man*, ſaid he, *never ſaw in me other than a ſtern and diſdainful Countenance, and is gone in a Belief, that I neither knew how to love or eſteem him according to his Deſert. For whom did I reſerve the Diſcovery of that ſingular Affection I had for him in my Soul? Was it not he himſelf who ought to have had all the Pleaſure of it, and all the Obligation? I forc'd and wrack'd myſelf to put on and maintain this vain Diſguiſe, and have by that means depriv'd myſelf of the Pleaſure of his Converſation, and, I doubt, in ſome meaſure of his Affection; which could not but be very cold towards me, having never other from me than Auſterity; nor felt other than a tyrannical Manner of Proceeding.* I find this Complaint to be rational and rightly apprehended; for as I myſelf know by too certain Experience, that there is not ſo ſweet a Conſolation in the loſs of Friends, as the Conſciouſneſs of having had no Reſerve of Secret for them; and to have had with them a perfect and entire Communication. Oh my Friend! am I the better for being ſenſible of this; or am I the worſe? I am doubtleſs much the better. I am comforted and honour'd in the Sorrow for his Death. Is it not a pious, a pleaſing Office of

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my Life to be always upon my Friend's Obſequies? Can there be any Joy equal to this Privation; I open myſelf to my Family, as much as I can, and very willingly let them know, in what State they are in my Opinion and good Will, as I do to every body elſe. I make haſte to bring out, and expoſe myſelf to them; for I will not have them miſtaken in me in any Thing. Amongſt other particular Cuſtoms of our ancient *Gauls*, this, as *Cæſar* reports, was one, *That the Sons never preſented themſelves before their Fathers, nor durſt ever appear in their Company in publick, till they began to bear Arms*; as if they would intimate by that, that it was alſo time for their Familiarity and Acquaintance. I have obſerv'd yet another ſort of Indiſcretion in Fathers of my Time, That not contented with having depriv'd their Children during their own long Lives, of the Share they naturally ought to have had in their Fortunes, they after leave to their Wives the ſame Authority over their Eſtates, and Liberty to diſpoſe of them according to their own Fancy: and I have known a certain Lord, one of the principal Officers of the Crown, who having in his Proſpect, by Right of Succeſſion, above Fifty thouſand Crowns yearly Revenue, dy'd neceſſitous, and overwhelm'd with Debt, at above 50 Years of Age; his Mother, in his extreameſt Decrepitude and Neceſſity, being yet in Poſſeſſion of all his Goods by the Will of his Father, who had, for his part, liv'd till near 80 Years old. This appears by no means reaſonable to me: And therefore I think it of very little Advantage to a Man, whoſe Affairs are well enough, to ſeek a Wife that will charge his Eſtate with too great a Jointure: There being no ſort of foreign Debt or Incumbrance, that brings greater and more frequent Ruin to Eſtates and Families than that. My Predeceſſors have ever been aware of that Danger, and provided againſt it, and ſo have I: But thoſe who diſſuade us from Rich Wives, for fear they ſhould be leſs tractable and kind, are out in their Advice, to make a Man loſe a real Convenience for ſo frivolous a Conjecture. It coſts a reaſonable Woman no more to paſs over one Wrong, than another. They love but where they have the moſt Reaſon. Injuſtice

The ancient Gauls *never permitted their Sons to preſent themſelves before them till they came to bear Arms.*

juſtice allures them, as the Honour of their virtuous Actions does the good; and the more Riches they bring with them, they are thereby ſo much the more gentle and ſweet-natur'd; as Women who are fair, are more inclin'd, and proud to be chaſte. 'Tis reaſonable to leave the Adminiſtration of Affairs to the Mothers during the Minority of the Children; but the Father has brought them up very ill, if he cannot hope, that when they come to Maturity, they will have more Wiſdom and Dexterity in the Management of Affairs than his Wife, conſidering the ordinary Weakneſs of the Sex. It were notwithſtanding, to ſay the Truth, more againſt Nature, to make the Mothers depend upon the Diſcretion of their Children: They ought to be plentifully provided for, to maintain themſelves according to their Quality and Age, by reaſon that Neceſſity is much more indecent and inſupportable to them, than to Men; and therefore the Son is rather to be cut ſhort, than the Mother. In general, the moſt judicious Diſtribution of our Goods, when we come to die, is, in my Opinion, to let them be diſtributed according to the Cuſtom of the Country. The Laws have conſider'd it better than we know how to do, and 'tis better to let them fail in their Election, than raſhly to run the Hazard of miſcarrying in ours. Neither are they properly ours, ſince, by a civil Preſcription, and without us, they are all judg'd to certain Succeſſors. And altho' we have ſome Liberty beyond that, yet I think we ought not, without great and manifeſt Cauſe, to take away that from one, which his Fortune has allotted him, and to which the Publick Equity gives him Title; and that it is againſt Reaſon to abuſe this Liberty, in making it ſerve our own frivolous and private Fancies. My Deſtiny has been kind to me, in not furniſhing me with Occaſions to tempt and divert my Affection from the common and legitimate Inſtitution. I ſee well enough, with whom 'tis Time loſt, to employ a long Diligence of good Offices: a Word ill taken obliterates ten Years Merit; and he is happy, who is in a Condition to oil their Good Will at this laſt Paſſage. The laſt Action carries it: Not the beſt, and moſt frequent Offices, but the moſt recent and preſent to the Work. Theſe are People that play with their Wills, as with Apples and Rods, to gratify or chaſtiſe every Action of thoſe, that pretend to an Intereſt in them.

'Tis

'Tis a Thing of two great Weight and Conſequence to be ſo tumbled and toſs'd, and alter'd every Moment: And wherein the wiſe Men of the World determine once for all, having therein, above all Things, a Regard to Reaſon, and is what is publickly obſerv'd. We alſo lay theſe Maſculine Subſtitutions too much to Heart, propoſing a ridiculous Eternity to our Names. We are, moreover, too ſuperſtitious in the vain Conjectures of Futurity, which we derive from thoſe little Obſervations we make of the Words and Actions of Children. Perhaps, they might have done me an Injuſtice, in diſpoſſeſſing me of my Right, for having been the moſt dull and heavy, the moſt ſlow and unwilling at my Book, not of all my Brothers only, but of all the Boys in the whole Province: Whether about learning my Leſſon, or any bodily Exerciſe. 'Tis a Folly to make an extraordinary Election upon the Credit of theſe Divinations, wherein we are ſo often deceiv'd. If the Rule of Primogeniture were to be violated, and the Deſtinies corrected in the Choice they have made of our Heirs, one might more plauſibly do it, upon the Account of ſome enormous perſonal Deformity; a conſtant and incorrigible Vice, in the Opinion of us *French*, who are great Admirers of Beauty, of important Prejudice. The pleaſant Dialogue betwixt *Plato*'s Legiſlator and his Citizens, will be an Ornament to this Place. *What*, ſaid they, feeling themſelves about to die, *may we not diſpoſe of our own to whom we pleaſe? Good God, what Cruelty! That it ſhall not be lawful for us, according as we have been ſerv'd and attended in our Sickneſs, in old Age, and other Affairs, to give more or leſs to thoſe whom we have found moſt diligent about us, at our own Fancy and Diſcretion!* To which the Legiſlator anſwers thus: *My Friends, who are now, without Queſtion, very ſoon to die, it is hard for you, in the Condition you are, either to know your ſelves, or what is yours, according to the* Delphick *Inſcription. I, who make the Laws, am of Opinion, that you neither are your ſelves your own, neither is that yours of which you are poſſeſs'd. Both your Goods and you belong to your Families, as well thoſe paſt as thoſe to come; but yet, both your Family and Goods do much more appertain to the Publick. Wherefore, leſt any Flatterer in your Age, or in your Sickneſs, or any Paſſion of your own, ſhould unſeaſonably prevail with you to make an unjuſt Will, I ſhall take Care to prevent that Inconve-*

Inconvenience. But having Reſpect both to the univerſal Intereſt of the City, and that of your particular Family, ſhall eſtabliſh Laws, and make it by lively Reaſons appear, that a particular Convenience ought to give Place to the common Benefit. Go then chearfully where human Neceſſity calls you. It belongs to me, who have no more Reſpect to one thing than another; and who, as much as in me lies, am careful of the publick Concern, to take Care of what you leave behind you.

To return to my Subject; it appears to me, that ſuch Women are very rarely born to whom the Prerogative over Men, the Maternal and Natural excepted, is in any ſort due; unleſs it be for the Puniſhment of ſuch as in ſome luſtful Humour have voluntarily ſubmitted themſelves to them: But that does nothing concern the old ones, of which we are now ſpeaking. This Conſideration it is which has made us ſo willing to forge and give Force to a Law which was never yet ſeen by any one; and by which Women are excluded the Succeſſion to this Crown; and there is hardly a Government in the World where it is not pleaded as 'tis here, by meer Reaſon of the Thing that gives it Authority, tho' Fortune has given it more Credit in ſome Places than in others. 'Tis dangerous to leave the Diſpoſal of our Succeſſion to their Judgment, according to the Choice they ſhall make of Children, which is often fantaſtick and unjuſt; for the irregular Appetite and deprav'd Taſte they have, during the Time of their being with Child, they have at all other Times in the Mind. We commonly ſee them fond of the moſt weak, ricketty, and deform'd Children; or of thoſe, if they have ſuch, as are hanging at their Breaſts. For not having ſufficient Force of Reaſon to chuſe and embrace that which is moſt worthy, they the more willingly ſuffer themſelves to be carry'd away, where the Impreſſions of Nature are moſt alone: Like Animals that know their Young no longer than they give them ſuck. As to what remains, it is eaſy by Experience to be diſcern'd, that this natural Affection, to which we give ſo great Authority, has but a very weak and ſhallow Root. For a very little Profit we every Day raviſh their own Children out of their Mothers Arms, and make them take ours in their room: We make them abandon their own to ſome pitiful Nurſe, to which we diſdain to commit ours, or to ſome She-Goat:

The Salick Law never ſeen by any.

Forbidding

Forbidding them, not only to give them ſuck, what Danger ſoever they run thereby, but moreover, to take any Manner of Care of them, that they may wholly be taken up with the Care of, and Attendance upon, ours. And we ſee in moſt of them an adulterate Affection, begot by Cuſtom toward the Foſter Children, more vehement than the natural; and greater Solicitude for the Preſervation of thoſe they have taken Charge of, than their own. And that which I was ſaying of Goats, was upon this Account; that it is ordinary, all about where I live, to ſee the Country-women, when they want ſuck of their own, to call Goats to their Aſſiſtance. And I have, at this Hour, two Footmen that never ſuck'd Women's Milk more than eight Days after they were born. Theſe Goats are immediately taught to come to ſuckle the little Children, well knowing their Voices when they cry, and come running to them; when if any other than that they are acquainted with be preſented to them, they refuſe to let it ſuck; and the Child to any other Goat will do the ſame. I ſaw one the other Day, from whom they had taken away the Goat that us'd to nouriſh it, by reaſon the Father had only borrow'd it of a Neighbour, that would not touch any other they could bring, and doubtleſs dy'd of Hunger. Beaſts do as eaſily alter and corrupt their natural Affections as we: I believe, that in what *Herodotus* relates of a certain Place of *Lybia*, there are very many Miſtakes; he ſays, *That the Women are there in common, but that the Child, ſo ſoon as it can go, finds him out in the Crowd for his Father, to whom he is firſt led by his natural Inclination.* Now, let us conſider how ſimple a Reaſon it is to love our Children, or call them our Second-Selves, only becauſe we have begot them. It appears, methinks, that there is another kind of Production proceeding from us, that ſhould no leſs recommend them to our Love: For that which we engender by the Soul, the Iſſue of our Underſtanding, Courage and Abilities, ſprings from nobler Parts than thoſe of the Body, and that are much more our own. We are both Father and Mother in this Generation; theſe coſt us a great deal more, and bring us more Honour, if they have any Thing of Good in them. For the Value of other Children is much more theirs than ours; the Share we have in them is very little;

Goats train'd to give ſuck to Children.

little; but of theſe, all the Beauty, all the Grace and Value is ours; as alſo, they more lively repreſent and reſemble us than the reſt. *Plato* adds, that thoſe are Immortal Children that immortalize and deify their Fathers, as *Lycurgus*, *Solon* and *Minos*. Now Hiſtories being full of Examples of the common Affection of Fathers to their Children, it ſeems not altogether improper to introduce ſome few alſo of this other kind. *Heliodorus*, that good Biſhop of *Tricea*, rather choſe to loſe the Dignity, Profit and Devotion of ſo venerable a Prelacy, than to loſe his Daughter; a Daughter that continues to this Day very graceful and comely; but notwithſtanding, peradventure, a little too curiouſly and wantonly ſet off, and too amorous for an Eccleſiaſtic and Sacerdotal Daughter. There has been one *Labienus* at *Rome*, a Man of great Valour and Authority; and, amongſt other good Qualities, excellent in all Sorts of Literature; who was, as I take it, the Son of that Great *Labienus*, the chiefeſt of *Cæſar*'s Captains, in the Wars of *Gaul*; and who, afterwards ſiding with *Pompey* the Great, ſo valiantly maintain'd his Cauſe, 'till he was by *Cæſar* defeated in *Spain*. This *Labienus*, of whom I am now ſpeaking, had ſeveral Enemies, who were emulous of his Virtue; and 'tis likely the Courtiers and Minions of the Emperor of his Time, who were very angry at, and diſpleas'd with his Freedom and Paternal Humours, which he yet retain'd againſt Tyranny, with which, it is to be ſuppos'd, he had tinctur'd his Books and Writings. His Adverſaries, before the Magiſtracy of *Rome*, proſecuted ſeveral Pieces he had publiſh'd, and prevail'd ſo far againſt him, as to have them condemn'd to the Fire. It was in him that this new Example of Puniſhment was begun, which was afterwards contiuu'd againſt ſeveral others at *Rome*, to puniſh even Writing and Studies with Death. There would not be Means and Matter enough of Cruelty, did we not mix with them Things that Nature has exempted from all Senſe and Suffering; as Reputation, and the Products of Wit; and communicate corporeal Puniſhments to the Learning and Monuments of the *Muſes*. Now *Labienus* could not ſuffer this Loſs, nor ſurvive theſe his ſo dear Iſſue; and therefore caus'd himſelf to be convey'd and ſhut up alive in the

Books Immortal Children.

His Romance of Theagines *and* Cariclea.

the Monument of his Anceſtors, where he made ſhift to kill and bury himſelf at once. 'Tis hard to ſhew a more violent Paternal Affection than this. *Caſſius Severus*, a Man of great Eloquence, and his very intimate Friend, ſeeing his Books burn, cry'd out, *That by the ſame Sentence they ſhould as well condemn him to the Fire too, being that he carry'd in his Memory all that they contain'd.* The like Accident befel *Geruntus Cordus*, who being accus'd for having in his Books commended *Brutus* and *Caſſius*; that dirty, ſervile and degenerated Senate, and worthy a worſe Maſter than *Tiberius*, condemn'd his Writings to the Flame. He was willing to bear them Company, and kill'd himſelf with faſting. The good *Lucan* being condemn'd by that Monſter *Nero*, at the laſt Gaſp of his Life, when the greater Part of his Blood was already gone by the Veins of his Arms, which he had caus'd his Phyſician to open to make him dye, and that the Cold had ſeiz'd on all his Extremities, and began to approach his vital Parts; the laſt thing he had in his Memory, was, ſome of his Verſes of the Battle of *Pharſalia*, which he repeated and dy'd with them in his Mouth. What was this but taking a tender and Paternal Leave of his Children, in Imitation of the Farewell Bleſſings and Embraces wherewith we part with ours, when we come to die; and an Effect of that Natural Inclination that ſuggeſts to our Remembrance in this Extremity, thoſe Things which were deareſt to us during the Time of our Life? Can we believe that *Epicurus*, who, as he ſays himſelf, dying of intolerable Pains of the Colick, had all his Conſolation in the Beauty of the *Doctrine* he left behind him, could have receiv'd the ſame Satisfaction from many Children, tho' never ſo well educated, had he had them, as he did from the Iſſue of ſo many rich and admirable Writings? Or that, had it been in his Choice to have left behind him a deform'd and untoward Child, or a fooliſh and ridiculous Book, he, or any other Man of his Underſtanding, would not rather have choſe to have run the firſt Misfortune than the other? It had been (for Example) perhaps, an Impiety in St. *Auſtin*, if on the one Hand, it had been propos'd to him to bury his Writings, from which Religion has receiv'd ſo great Advantage; or on the other, to bury his Children, had he had them, had he

Cordus's Writings condemn'd to the Fire.

he not rather chose to bury his Children? And I know not whether I had not much rather have begot a very beautiful one, thro' my Society with the *Muses*, than by laying with my Wife. To this, such as it is, what I give it, I give it absolutely and irrevocably, as Men do to their bodily Children. That little I have done for it, is no more at my own Disposal. It may know many things that are gone from me, and from me keep that which I have not retain'd: And that, as a Stranger, I might borrow thence, should I stand in need. If I am wiser than my Book, it is richer than I. There are few Men addicted to Poetry, who would not be much prouder to be Father to the *Æneid*, than to the handsomest and best made Youth of *Rome*, and that would not much better bear the Loss of the one than the other. For, according to *Aristotle*, the Poet, of all Sorts of Artificers, is fondest of his Work. 'Tis hard to believe, that *Epaminondas*, who boasted, that in Lieu of all Posterity, he left two Daughters behind him, which would one Day do their Father Honour (meaning the two Victories he obtain'd over the *Lacedæmonians*) would willingly have consented to exchange those for the most beautiful Creature of all *Greece*: Or that *Alexander*, or *Cæsar*, ever wish'd to be depriv'd of the Grandeur of their glorious Exploits in War, for the Conveniency of Children and Heirs, how perfect and accomplish'd soever. Nay, I make no great Question, whether *Phidias*, or any other excellent Statuary, would be so solicitous of the Preservation and Continuance of his Natural Children, as he would be of a rare Statue, which with long Labour and Study, he had perfected according to Art. And to those furious and irregular Passions that have sometimes flam'd in Fathers towards their own Daughters, and in Mothers towards their own Sons; the like is also found in this other Sort of Parentry: Witness what is related of *Pygmalion*, who having made the Statue of a Woman of singular Beauty, fell so passionately in love with this Work of his, that the Gods, in Favour of his Passion, must inspire it with Life.

Tentatum mollescit ebur, positoque rigore,
Subsidit digitis *.

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 10.

Two of theſe Heroes, that I name, had on
Each his bright Helm, and ſtrong Habergeon,
And Night nor Day, not one poor Minute's Space,
Once laid them by, whilſt here they were in Place.
Theſe heavy Arms, by a long Practice, were
So very eaſy grown, and light to bear.

Arms of Roman *Infantry, and their Military Diſcipline.*

The Emperor *Caracalla* was wont continually to march on Foot, compleatly arm'd, at the Head of his Army. The *Roman* Infantry always carry'd not only a Morion, a Sword and a Shield; for as to Arms, ſays *Cicero*, they were ſo accuſtom'd to have them always on, that they were no more Trouble to them than their own Limbs: *Arma enim, membra militis eſſe dicunt* †; but moreover, fifteen Days Proviſion, together with a certain Number of Piles, or Stakes, wherewith to fortify their Camp to ſixty Pounds Weight. And *Marius*'s Soldiers, loaden at the ſame rate, were inur'd to march in Battalia five Leagues in five Hours; and ſometimes, upon an urgent Occaſion, ſix. Their Military Diſcipline was much ruder than ours, and accordingly produced much greater Effects. The Younger *Scipio* reform'd his Army in *Spain*, order'd his Soldiers to eat ſtanding, and nothing that was dreſt. The Jeer that was given a *Lacedæmonian* Soldier, is marvellouſly put upon this Account, who, in an Expedition of War, was reproach'd to have been ſeen under the Roof of a Houſe: They were ſo inur'd to Hardſhip, that, let the Weather be what it would, it was a Shame to be ſeen under any other Cover than the Roof of Heaven. We ſhould not march our People very far at that rate. As to what remains, *Marcellinus*, a Man bred up in the *Roman* Wars, curiouſly obſerves the Manner of the *Parthians* arming themſelves; and rather, for being ſo different from that of the *Romans*. *They had*, ſays he, *Armour ſo artificially woven, as to have the Scoliups fall over one another like ſo many little Feathers; which did nothing hinder the Motion of the Body, and yet was of ſuch Reſiſtance, that our Darts hitting*

Arms of the Parthians.

† *Cicero, Tuſc. lib.* 2.

upon

upon it would rebound: Which were the Coats of Mail our Fore-fathers were ſo conſtantly wont to uſe.) And in another Place; *They had,* ſays he, *ſtrong and able Horſes, cover'd with thick tann'd Hides of Leather, and were themſelves armed* Cap-a-pe *with great Plates of Iron, ſo artificially order'd, that in all Parts of the Limbs, which required bending, they aſſiſted Motion.* One would have ſaid, that they had been Men of Iron; having Armour for the Head ſo neatly fitted, and ſo naturally repreſenting the Form of a Face, that they were no where vulnerable, ſave at two little round Holes that gave them a little Light; and certain ſmall Chinks about their Mouth and Noſtrils, thro' which they did, with great Difficulty, breathe.

Flexilis inductis animatur lamina membris,
Horribilis viſu, credas ſimulacra moveri
Ferrea, cognatoque viros ſpirare metallo.
Par veſtitus equis, ferrata fronte minantur,
Ferratoſque movent ſecuri vulneris armos *.

Stiff Plates of Steel over the Body laid,
By Armorers Skill ſo flexible were made,
That dreadful to be ſeen, you would think theſe
Not living Men, but moving Images:
The Horſe, like arm'd, Spikes wore in Fronts above,
And fearleſs, on their Iron Shoulders move.

A Deſcription very near reſembling the Equipage of the Men at Arms in *France,* with their Barbed Horſes. *Plutarch* ſays, *That* Demetrius *caus'd two compleat Suits of Armour to be made for himſelf and for* Alcinus, *a Captain of the greateſt Note and Authority about him, of ſix Score Pounds Weight each, whereas the ordinary Suits weighed but half ſo much.*

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* *Claud. in Ruff. lib.* 2.

CHAP. X.

Of BOOKS.

I Make no doubt, but that I often happen to ſpeak of Things that are much better, and more truly handled by thoſe who are Maſters of the Trade. This here is purely an Eſſay of my natural, and not acquired, Parts: And whoever ſhall take me tripping in my Ignorance, will not in any ſort diſpleaſe me; for I ſhould be very unwilling to become reſponſible to another for my Writings, who am not ſo to myſelf, nor ſatisfied with them. Whoever goes in Queſt of Knowledge, let him fiſh for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I ſo little profeſs. Theſe are Fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to diſcover Things, but to lay open myſelf: They may, perhaps, one Day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as my Fortune has been able to bring me in Place where they have been explain'd; but I have utterly forgot them: And if I am a Man of ſome Reading, I am a Man of no Retention; ſo that I can promiſe no Certainty, if not to make known to what certain Mark the Knowledge I now have does riſe. Therefore let no body inſiſt upon the Matter I write, but my Method in Writing: Let them not obſerve in what I borrow, if I have known how to chuſe what is proper to raiſe, or relieve the Invention, which is always my own: For I make others ſay for me, what, either for want of Language, or want of Senſe, I cannot ſo well myſelf expreſs. I do not number my Borrowings, I weigh them. And, had I deſign'd to raiſe their Value by their Number, I had made them twice as many. They are all, or within a very few, ſo fam'd and ancient Authors, that they ſeem, methinks, themſelves ſufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the Trouble. In Reaſons, Compariſons and Arguments, if I tranſplant any into my own Soil, and confound them amongſt my own, I purpoſely conceal the Author to awe the Temerity of

of thoſe forward Cenſurers, that fall upon all Sorts of Writings; particularly the late ones, of Men yet living, and in the vulgar Tongue. which put every one into a Capacity of Cenſuring, and which ſeem to convince the Authors themſelves of vulgar Conception and Deſign. I will have them wound *Plutarch* through my Sides, and rail againſt *Seneca* when they think they rail at me. I muſt ſhelter my own Weakneſs under theſe great Reputations; I ſhall love any one that can plume me, that is, by Clearneſs of Underſtanding and Judgment, and by the ſole Diſtinction of the Force and Beauty of Diſcourſe. For I, who, for Want of Memory, am at every Turn at a Loſs to pick them out of their National Livery, am yet wiſe enough to know, by the Meaſure of my own Abilities, that my Soil is incapable of producing any of thoſe rich Flowers that I there find ſet and growing; and that all the Fruits of my own Growth are not worth any one of them. For this, indeed, I hold myſelf very reſponſible, though the Confeſſion makes againſt me; if there be any Vanity and Vice in my Writings, which I do not of myſelf perceive, nor can diſcern, when pointed out to me by another; for many Faults eſcape the Eye, but the Infirmity of Judgment conſiſts in not being able to diſcern them, when, by another, laid open to us. Knowledge and Truth may be in us without Judgment, and Judgment alſo without them; but the Confeſſion of Ignorance is one of the faireſt and ſureſt Teſtimonies of Judgment that I know; I have no other Officer to put my Writings in Rank and File but only Fortune. As Things come into my Head, I heap them one upon another, which ſometimes advance in whole Bodies, ſometimes in ſingle Files: I am content that every one ſhould ſee my natural and ordinary Pace, as ill as it is. I ſuffer myſelf to jog on at my own Rate and Eaſe. Neither are theſe Subjects which a Man is not permitted to be ignorant in, or caſually, and at a Venture, to diſcourſe of. I could wiſh to have a more perfect Knowledge of Things, but I will not buy it ſo dear as it will coſt. My Deſign is to paſs over eaſily and not laboriouſly, the Remainder of my Life. There is nothing that I will break my Brains about; no, not Knowledge, of what Price ſoever. I ſeek, in the Reading of Books, only to pleaſe myſelf, by an irreproachable Diverſion: Or, if I ſtudy, it is for no other Science

than what treats of the Knowledge of myſelf, and inſtructs me how to live and die well.

Has meus ad metas ſudet oportet equus.

——————— I to this only *Courſe*
Train up, and in it only breathe my Horſe.

I do not bite my Nails about the Difficulties I meet with in my Reading; after a Charge or two I give them over. Should I inſiſt upon them, I ſhould both loſe myſelf and Time; for I have an impatient Underſtanding that muſt be ſatisfy'd at firſt: What I do not diſcern at firſt, is, by Perſiſtency, rendred more obſcure. I do nothing without Gaiety; Continuation, and a too obſtinate Endeavour, darkens, ſtupifies and tires my Judgment. My Sight is confounded, and diſſipated with poring; I muſt withdraw it, and refer my Diſcovery to new Attempts: Juſt, as to judge rightly of the Luſtre of Scarlet, we are taught to paſs it lightly with the Eye, in running it over at ſeveral ſudden and reiterated Views and Glances. If one Book does not pleaſe me, I take another, and never meddle with any but at ſuch Times as I am weary of doing nothing. I care not much for new ones, becauſe the old ſeem fuller, and of ſtronger Reaſons; neither do I much tamper with *Greek* Authors, my Knowledge in that Language being too ſuperficial to read them with any Delight. Amongſt thoſe that are ſimply pleaſant of the Moderns, *Boccace*'s *Decameron*, *Rabelais*, and the *Baſia* of *Johannes Secundus* (if thoſe may be ranged under that Title) are worth reading. As to *Amadis de Gaul*, and ſuch Kind of Stuff, they had not the Credit to take me, ſo much as in my Childiſh Years. And I will moreover ſay (whether boldly, or raſhly) that this old, heavy Soul of mine is now no longer delighted with *Arioſto*; no, nor with *Ovid*; and that his Facility and Invention, with which I was formerly ſo raviſh'd, are now of no more Reliſh, and I can hardly have the Patience to read him. I ſpeak my Opinion freely of all Things, even of thoſe that, perhaps, exceed my Capacity, and that I do not conceive to be, in any wiſe, under my Juriſdiction. And accordingly, the Judgment I deliver, is to ſhew the Meaſure of my own Sight, and not of the Things I make ſo bold to cenſure: when I find myſelf diſguſted with *Plato*'s *Axiochus*, as with a Work (with due Reſpect to ſuch an Author be

be it ſpoken) without Force, my Judgment does not believe itſelf: It is not ſo arrogant as to oppoſe the Authority of ſo many other famous Judgments of Antiquity, which it conſiders as its Regents and Maſters, and with whom it is rather content to err. In ſuch a Caſe it condemns itſelf, either for ſtopping at the outward Bark, not being able to penetrate to the Heart, or for conſidering it by ſome falſe Light, and is content with ſecuring itſelf from Trouble and Error only; and, as to its own Weakneſs, does frankly acknowledge and confeſs it. It thinks it gives a juſt Interpretation, according to the Appearances, by its Conceptions preſented to it; but they are weak and imperfect. Moſt of the Fables of *Æſop* have in them ſeveral Senſes and Meanings, of which the *Mythologiſts* choſe ſome one that quadrates well to the Fable; but, for the moſt Part, 'tis but the firſt Face that preſents itſelf, and is ſuperficial only. There yet remain others more lively, eſſential and profound, into which they have not been able to penetrate; and juſt ſo do I.

But to purſue the Buſineſs of this Eſſay, I have always thought, that in Poeſy, *Virgil*, *Lucretius*, *Catullus* and *Horace*, do many Degrees excel the reſt; and ſignally, *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, which I look upon for the moſt finiſh'd Piece of Poetry; and, in Compariſon of which, a Man may eaſily diſcern, that there are ſome Places in his *Æneids* to which the Author would have given a little more of the File, had he had Leiſure: And the fifth Book of his *Æneids* ſeems to me the moſt perfect. I alſo love *Lucan*, and willingly read him; not ſo much for his Style, as for his own Worth, and the Truth and Solidity of his Opinions and Judgments. As for *Terence*, I find the Queintneſs and Eloquencies of the *Latin* Tongue ſo admirable lively to repreſent our Manners and the Movements of the Soul, that our Actions throw me, at every Turn, upon him; and cannot read him ſo oft, that I do not ſtill diſcover ſome new Grace and Beauty. Such as lived near *Virgil*'s Time were ſcandaliz'd, that ſome ſhould compare him with *Lucretius*. I am, I confeſs, of Opinion, that the Compariſon is, in Truth, very unequal; a Belief that, nevertheleſs, I have much ado to aſſure myſelf in, when

Cenſure of Virgil.

Of Lucan.

Of Terence.

Of Lucretius.

when I meet with ſome excellent Paſſages in *Lucretius*: But if they were ſo angry at this Compariſon, what would they have ſaid of the brutiſh and barbarous Stupidity of thoſe, who, at this Hour, compare him with *Arioſto*? Or would not *Arioſto* himſelf ſay?

O ſæclum inſipiens, & infacetum * !

I think the Ancients had more Reaſon to be angry with thoſe who compared *Plautus* with *Terence*, than *Lucretius* with *Virgil*. It makes much for the Honour and Preference of *Terence*, that the Father of the *Roman* Eloquence had him ſo often in his Mouth; and the Sentence that the beſt Judge of *Roman* Poets has paſs'd upon the other. I have often obſerv'd, that thoſe of our Times, who take upon them to write Comedies (in Imitation of the *Italians*, who are happy enough in that Way of Writing) take in three or four Arguments of thoſe of *Plautus* or *Terence*, to make one of theirs, and crowd five or ſix of *Boccace*'s Novels into one ſingle Comedy. And that which makes them ſo load themſelves with Matter, is the Diffidence they have of being able to ſupport themſelves with their own Strength. They muſt find out ſomething to lean to; and having not of their own wherewith to entertain the Audience, bring in the Story, to ſupply the Defect of Language. It is quite otherwiſe with my Author; the Elegancy and Perfection of his Way of Speaking makes us loſe the Appetite of his Plot. His fine Expreſſion, Elegance and Queintneſs is every where taking: He is ſo pleaſant throughout.

Of Terence.

Liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni †.

Liquid, and like a Cryſtal running Stream.

And does ſo poſſeſs the Soul with his Graces, that we forget thoſe of his *Fable*. This very Conſideration carries me further: I obſerve, that the beſt and moſt ancient Poets have avoided the Affectation and hunting after, not only of fantaſtic *Spaniſh*, and *Petrarchick* Elevations, but even the ſofteſt and moſt gentle Touches, which are the only Ornaments of ſucceeding Poeſy. And yet there is no good

* *Catullus, Epig.* 40. † *Hor. lib.* 2. *Epiſt.* 2.

Judgment

Judgment that will condemn this in the Ancients, and that does not incomparably more admire the equal Politeneſs, and that perpetual Sweetneſs and flouriſhing Beauty, that appears in *Catullus*'s Epigrams, than all the Stings with which *Martial* arms the Tails of his. This is by the ſame Reaſon that I gave before, and as *Martial* ſays of himſelf; *Minus illi ingenio laborandum fuit, in cujus locum materia ſucceſſerat* *. Theſe firſt, without being mov'd, or making themſelves angry, make themſelves ſufficiently felt; they have Matter enough of Laughter throughout, they need not tickle themſelves: The others have need of Foreign Aſſiſtance; as they have the leſs Wit, they muſt have the more Body; they mount on Horſeback, becauſe they are not able to ſtand on their own Legs. As in our Balls, thoſe mean Fellows that teach to Dance, not being able to repreſent the Preſence and Decency of our Nobility and Gentry, are fain to ſupply it with dangerous Leaps and other ſtrange Motions and Fantaſtick Tricks. And the Ladies are leſs put to it in Dances where there are ſeveral *Coupees*, Changes and quick Motions of Body, than in ſome other of a more ſolemn Kind, where they are only to move a natural Pace, and to repreſent their ordinary Grace and Preſence. And, as I have alſo ſeen good Tumblers, who, in their own every Day Cloaths, and with the ſame Face they always wear, give us all the Pleaſure of their Art, when their Apprentices, not yet arriv'd to ſuch a Pitch of Perfection, are fain to meal their Faces, put themſelves into ridiculous Diſguiſes, and make a hundred Mimick Faces, to prepare us for Laughter. This Conception of mine is no where more demonſtrable than in comparing the *Æneid* with *Orlando Furioſo*; of which, we ſee the Firſt, by Dint of Wing, flying in a brave and lofty Height, and always following his Point; the latter, fluttering and hopping from Tale to Tale, as from Branch to Branch, not daring to truſt his Wings but in very ſhort Flights, and perching at every Turn, leſt his Breath and Force ſhould fail.

Comparison betwixt Catullus *and* Martial.

Excurſuſque breves tentat †.

* *Mart. præ. lib.* 8. † *Virg. Georg.* 4.

Theſe

Theſe then, as to this Sort of Subjects, are the Authors that beſt pleaſe me. As to what concerns my other Reading, that mixes a little more Profit with the Pleaſure, and from whence I learn how to marſhal my Opinions and Qualities; the Books that ſerve me to this purpoſe, are *Plutarch* (ſince tranſlated into *French*) and *Seneca:* Both of which have this great Convenience ſuited to my Humour, that the Knowledge I there ſeek, is diſcourſed in looſe Pieces, that do not engage me in any great Trouble of reading long, of which I am impatient. Such are the *Opuſculums* of the firſt, and the *Epiſtles* of the latter, which are alſo the beſt, and moſt profiting of all their Writings. 'Tis no great Attempt to take one of them in Hand, and I give over at pleaſure; for they have no Chain or Dependance upon one another. Theſe Authors, for the moſt Part, concur in uſeful and true Opinions: And there is this Parallel betwixt them, that Fortune brought them into the World about the ſame Age: They were both Tutors to two *Roman* Emperors: Both ſought out from Foreign Countries: Both rich, and both great Men. Their Inſtruction is the Cream of Philoſophy, and delivered after a plain and pertinent Manner. *Plutarch* is more uniform and conſtant; *Seneca* more various and wavering. The laſt toil'd, ſet himſelf, and bent his whole Force to fortify Virtue againſt Frailty, Fear and vitious Appetites: The other ſeems more to ſlight their Power; he diſdains to alter his Pace, and ſtand upon his Guard. *Plutarch*'s Opinions are *Platonick*, ſweet, and accommodated to Civil Society: Thoſe of the other are *Stoical* and *Epicurean*, more remote from common Uſe; but, in my Opinion, more eſpecially proper, and more firm. *Seneca* ſeems to lean a little to the Tyranny of the Emperors of his Time, and only ſeems; for I take it for granted, that he ſpake againſt his Judgment, when he condemns the generous Action of thoſe who aſſaſſinated *Cæſar*. *Plutarch* is frank throughout; *Seneca* abounds with briſk Touches and Sallies: *Plutarch* with Things that heat and move you more; this contents and pays you better. This guides us, the other puſhes us on. As to *Cicero*, thoſe of his Works that are moſt uſeful to my Deſign, are they that treat of Philoſophy, eſpecially Moral: But boldly to confeſs

The *Characters of* Plutarch *and* Seneca.

Cenſure of Cicero.

confeſs the Truth, his way of Writing, and that of all other long-winded Authors, appears to me very tedious: For his Preface, Definitions, Divſions and Etymologies take up the greateſt part of his Work: Whatever there is of Life and Marrow, is ſmother'd and loſt in the Preparation. When I have ſpent an Hour in reading him (which is a great deal for me) and recollect what I have thence extracted of Juice and Subſtance; for the moſt Part I find nothing but Wind; for he is not yet come to the Arguments that ſerve to his Purpoſe, and the Reaſons that ſhould properly help to looſe the Knot I would untie. For me, who only deſire to become more Wiſe, not more Learned or Eloquent, theſe Logical or *Ariſtotelian* Diſpoſitions of Parts are of no uſe. I would have a Man begin with the main Propoſition; and that wherein the Force of the Argument lies: I know well enough what Death and Pleaſure are, let no Man give himſelf the trouble to anatomize them to me; I look for good and ſolid Reaſons at the firſt Daſh to inſtruct me how to ſtand the Shock, and reſiſt them; to which purpoſe, neither Grammatical Subtilties nor the quaint Contexture of Words and Arguments are of any uſe at all: I am for Diſcourſes that give the firſt Charge into the Heart of the Doubt; His languiſh about his Subjects, and delay our Expectation. Thoſe are proper for the Schools, for the Bar, and for the Pulpit, where we have Leiſure to nod, and may awake a Quarter of an Hour after, Time enough to find again the Thread of the Diſcourſe. It is neceſſary to ſpeak after this manner to Judges, whom a Man has a Deſign, Right or Wrong, to incline to Favour his Cauſe; to Children and Common-people, to whom a Man muſt ſay all he can, and try what Effects his Eloquence can produce. I would not have an Author make it his Buſineſs to render me attentive? Or that he ſhould cry out fifty times, *O yes*, as the Clerks and Heralds do. The *Romans* in their Religious Exerciſes, began with *Hoc age:* As we in ours do with *Surſum corda*, which are ſo many Words loſt to me: I come thither already fully prepared from my Chamber, I need no Allurement, no Invitation, no Sauce; I eat the Meat raw, ſo that, inſtead of whetting my Appetite by theſe Preparatives, they tire, and pall it. Will the Licence of the Time excuſe the ſacrilegious Boldneſs

Cenſure of Plato.

neſs to cenſure the *Dialogiſms* of *Plato* himſelf, for as dull and heavy as the other beforenamed, whilſt he too much ſtifles his Matter? And to lament ſo much Time loſt by a Man who had ſo many better Things to ſay, in ſo many long and needleſs Preliminary Interlocutions: My Ignorance will better excuſe me in that I underſtand not *Greek* ſo well, as to diſcern the Beauty of his Language. I would generally chuſe Books that uſe Sciences, not ſuch as only lead to them. The two firſt, and *Pliny*, and their like, have nothing of this *Hoc age*, they will have to do with Men already inſtructed; or if they have, 'tis a ſubſtantial *Hoc age*, and that has a Body by itſelf. I alſo delight in reading his Epiſtles *ad Atticum*; not only becauſe they contain a great deal of Hiſtory and the Affairs of his Time; but much more becauſe I therein diſcover much of his own private Humour: For I have a ſingular Curioſity (as I have ſaid elſewhere) to pry into the Souls, and the natural and true Judgments of the Authors with whom I converſe. A Man may indeed judge of their Parts, but not of their Manners, nor of themſelves, by the Writings they expoſe upon the Theater of the World. I have a thouſand times lamented the Loſs of the Treatiſe *Brutus* writ upon Virtue; for it is beſt learning the *Theory* of thoſe who beſt know the *Practice*. But ſeeing the Thing preached, and the Preacher are different Things, I would as willingly ſee *Brutus* in *Plutarch*, as in a Book of his own. I would rather chuſe to be certainly inform'd of the Conference he had in his Tent, with ſome particular Friends of his, the Night before a Battle, than of the Harangue he made the next Day to his Army; and of what he did in his Cloſet and his Chamber, than what he did in the publick Place, and in the Senate. As to *Cicero*, I am of the common Opinion that (Learning excepted) he had no great natural Parts. He was a good Citizen, of an affable Nature, as all fat, heavy Men, ſuch as he was, uſually are: But given to Eaſe, and had a mighty ſhare of Vanity and Ambition. Neither do I know how to excuſe him for thinking his Poetry fit to be publiſh'd. 'Tis no great Imperfection to make ill Verſes; but it is an Imperfection, not to be able to judge how unworthy his Verſes were of the Glory of his Name. For what concerns his Eloquence, that is totally out of Compariſon,

pariſon, and I believe it will never be equall'd. The younger *Cicero*, who reſembled his Father in nothing but in Name, whilſt commanding in *Aſia* had ſeveral Strangers one Day at his Table, and among the reſt, *Ceſtius* ſeated at the lower End, as Men often intrude to the open Tables of the Great: *Cicero* aſk'd one of Waiters *who that Man was?* Who preſently told him his Name: But he, as one who had his Thoughts taken up with ſomething elſe, and that he had forgot the Anſwer made him, aſking three or four times, over and over again the ſame Queſtion; the Fellow to deliver himſelf from ſo many Queſtions, and to make him know him by ſome particular Circumſtance: *'Tis that* Ceſtius, ſaid he, *of whom it was told you, that he makes no great account of your Father's Eloquence in Compariſon of his own.* At which *Cicero* being ſuddenly nettled, commanded poor *Ceſtius* preſently to be ſeized, and caus'd him to be very well whipt in his own Preſence; a very diſcourteous Entertainer! Yet even amongſt thoſe, who, all Things conſider'd, have reputed his Eloquence incomparable, there have been ſome however, who have not ſtuck to obſerve ſome Faults in his Writing: As that Great *Brutus* his Friend, for Example, who ſaid *'twas a broken and feeble Eloquence, fractam & elumbem.* The Orators alſo neareſt to the Age wherein he liv'd, reprehended in him the Care he had of a certain long Cadence in his Periods, and particularly took notice of theſe Words, *eſſe videatur*, which he there ſo oft makes uſe of. For my Part, I better approve of a ſhorter Stile, and that comes more roundly off. He does nevertheleſs, ſometimes ſhuffle his Parts more briſkly together, but 'tis very ſeldom. I have myſelf taken notice of this one Paſſage, *Ego verò me minus diu ſenem mallem, quam eſſe ſenem, antequam eſſem.* The Hiſtorians are my true Province, for they are pleaſant and eaſy; where immediately Man in general, the Knowledge of whom I hunt after, does there appear more lively and entire than any where beſides: The Variety and Truth of his internal Qualities, in groſs and piece-meal, the Diverſity of Means by which he is united and knit, and the Accidents that threaten him. Now thoſe that write Lives, by reaſon they inſiſt more upon Counſels than Events, more upon what ſallies from within, than upon that which happens without, are the moſt proper for my reading;

and

and therefore above all others, *Plutarch* is the Man for me. I am very sorry we have not a Dozen *Laertii*, or that he was not further extended, and better understood. For I am equally curious to know the Lives and Fortunes of these great Instructors of the World, as to know the Diversities of their Doctrines and Opinions. In this Kind of Study (the Reading of Histories) a Man must tumble over, without Distinction, all Sorts of Authors, both antique and modern; as well barbarous and obsolete, as those of current Language, there to know the Things of which they variously treat; But *Cæsar*, in my Opinion, particularly deserves to be study'd, not for the Knowledge of the History only, but for himself, so great an Excellence and Perfection he has above all the rest, tho' *Sallust* be one of the Number. In earnest, I read this Author with more Reverence and Respect than is usually allow'd to human Writings; I one while considering him in his Person, by his Actions and miraculous Greatness, and another in the Purity and inimitable Neatness of his Language and Style, wherein he not only excels all other Historians, as *Cicero* confesses, but peradventure, even *Cicero* himself; speaking of his Enemies with so much Sincerity in his Judgment, that the false Colours with which he strives to palliate his ill Cause, and the Ordure of his pestilent Ambition excepted, I think there is no Fault to be objected against him, saving this, *that he speaks too sparingly of himself*, seeing so many great Things could not have been perform'd under his Conduct, but that his own Personal Valour must necessarily have had a greater Share in the Execution than he attributes to himself. I love Historians, who are either very sincere or very excellent. The Sincere, who have nothing of their own to mix with it, and who only make it their Business to make a faithful Collection of all that comes to their Knowledge, and faithfully to record all Things without Choice or Prejudice leaving to us the entire Judgment of discerning the Truth of Things. Such, for example amongst others, as honest *Froissard*, who has proceeded in his Undertaking with so frank a Plainness, that having committed an Error, he is not asham'd to confess, and correct it in the Place where the Finger has been laid, and who represents to us even the Variety of Rumors that

Cæsar's *Commentaries commended.*

that were then ſpread abroad, and the different Reports that were made to him; which is the naked and unaffected Matter of Hiſtory, and of which every one may make his Profit according to his Proportion of Underſtanding. The more excellent Sort of Hiſtorians have Judgment to pick out what is moſt worthy to be known; and of two Reports, to examine which is the moſt likely to be true: From the Condition of Princes and their Humours, they conclude the Counſels, and attribute to them Words proper for the Occaſion; and ſuch have Title to aſſume the Authority of regulating our Belief to what they themſelves believe; but certainly this Privilege belongs not to every one. For the middle Sort of Hiſtorians (of which the moſt Part are) they ſpoil all; they will chew our Meat for us, they take upon them to judge of, and conſequently, to incline the Hiſtory to their own liking; for if the Judgment partially lean to one Side, a Man cannot avoid wreſting and writhing his Narrative to that Biaſs. They undertake to chuſe Things worthy to be known, and yet very often conceal from us ſuch a Word, ſuch a private Action, as would much better inſtruct us; omit, as incredible, ſuch Things as they do not underſtand, and, perhaps, ſome becauſe they cannot expreſs them well in good *French* or *Latin*. Let them, in God's Name, diſplay their Eloquence, and judge according to their own Fancy: But let them, withal, leave us ſomething to judge of after them, and neither alter nor diſguiſe by their Abridgments, and at their own Choice, any thing of the Subſtance of the Matter; but deliver it to us pure and entire in all its Dimenſions. For the moſt part, and eſpecially in theſe latter Ages, Perſons are cull'd out for this Work from amongſt the common People, upon the ſole Conſideration of Well-ſpeaking, as if we were to learn Grammar from thence; and the Men ſo choſen have alſo Reaſon, being hired for no other End, and pretending to nothing but Babble, not to be very ſolicitous of any Part but that, and ſo, with a fine Gingle of Words, prepare us a pretty Contexture of Reports they pick up in the Streets. The only good Hiſtories are thoſe that have been writ by the Perſons themſelves who commanded in the Affairs whereof they write, or who have participated in the Conduct of them, or, at leaſt, who have had the Conduct of others of the ſame Nature. Such almoſt are all the

Greek and *Roman*: For ſeveral Eye-witneſſes having writ of the ſame Subject (in the Time when Grandeur and Learning frequently met in the ſame Perſon) if there happens to be an Error, it muſt of neceſſity be a very ſlight one, and upon a very doubtful Accident. What can a Man expect from a *Phyſician*, who will undertake to write of War; or from a meer Scholar, treating upon the Deſigns of Princes? if we could take notice how religious the *Romans* were in this, there would need but this Example: *Aſinius Pollio* found in the Hiſtory of *Cæſar* himſelf, ſomething miſ-reported; a Miſtake occaſioned, either by reaſon he could not have his Eye in all Parts of his Army at once, and had given credit to ſome particular Perſon, who had not delivered him a very true Account; or elſe, for not having had too perfect Notice given him by his Lieutenants, of what they had done in his Abſence. By which we may ſee, whether the Inquiſition after Truth be not very delicate, when a Man cannot believe the Report of a Battle from the Knowledge of him who there commanded, nor from the Soldiers who were engaged in it, unleſs, after the Method of Judicatory Information, the Witneſſes be confronted, and the Challenges received upon the Proof of the Punctilio's of every Accident. The Knowledge we have of our own private Affairs, is, indeed, ſtill much weaker and more obſcure: But that has been ſufficiently handled by *Bodin*, and according to my own Sentiment. A little to relieve the Weakneſs of my Memory (a Weakneſs ſo extreme, that it has happen'd to me more than once, to take Books again into my Hand for new, and unſeen, which I had carefully read over a few Years before, and ſcribbled with my Notes) I have taken a Cuſtom of late, to fix at the End of every Book (that is, of thoſe I never intended to read again) the Time when I made an End of it, and the Judgment I had made of it, to the End that that might, at leaſt, repreſent to me the Air and general Idea I had conceived of the Author in reading it: And I will here tranſcribe ſome of thoſe Annotations. I writ this, ſome ten Years ago, in my *Guicciardin* (in what Language ſoever my Books ſpeak to me in, I always ſpeak to them in my own): *He is a diligent Hiſtoriographer, and from whom, in my Opinion, a Man may learn the Truth of the*

Cenſure of Guicciardin.

the Affairs of his Time, as exactly as from any other; in the moſt of which he was himſelf alſo a perſonal Actor, and in honourable Command. 'Tis not to be imagined, that he ſhould have diſguiſed any Thing, either upon the Account of Hatred, Favour, or Vanity; of which, the liberal Cenſure he paſſes upon the Great Ones, and particularly thoſe by whom he was advanced, and employed in Commands of great Truſt and Honour (as Pope Clement *the Seventh) give ample Teſtimony. As to that Part, which he thinks himſelf the beſt at, namely, his Digreſſions and Diſcourſes, he has indeed very good Ones, and enriched with fine Expreſſions; but he is too fond of them: For to leave nothing unſaid, having a Subject ſo plain, ample, and almoſt infinite, he degenerates into Pedantry, and reliſhes a little of the Scholaſtick Prattle. I have alſo obſerved this in him, that of ſo many Perſons, and ſo many Effects; ſo many Motives, and ſo many Counſels as he judges of, he never attributes any one of them to Virtue, Religion, or Conſcience; as if all thoſe were utterly extinct in the World: And of all the Actions, how brave and outward Shew ſoever they make themſelves, he always throws the Cauſe and Motive upon ſome vicious Occaſion, or ſome Proſpect of Profit. It is impoſſible to imagine but that, amongſt ſuch an infinite Number of Actions, as he makes mention of, there muſt be ſome one produced by the Way of Reaſon. No Corruption could ſo univerſally have infected Men, that ſome of them would not have eſcaped the Contagion: Which makes me ſuſpect that his own Taſte was vicious; from whence it might happen, that he judged other Men by himſelf.* In my *Philip de Comines*, there is this written: *You will here find the Language ſweet and delightful, of a native Simplicity, the Narration pure, in which the Veracity of the Author evidently ſhines; free from Vanity, when ſpeaking of himſelf, and from Affection or Envy, when ſpeaking of Others: His Diſcourſes and Exhortations more accompanied with Zeal and Truth, than with any exquiſite Self-ſufficiency; and throughout, with Authority and Gravity, which ſpeak him a Man of Extraction, and bred up in great Affairs.* Upon the Memoirs of Monſieur *du Bellay*, I find this; *'Tis always pleaſant to read Things writ by thoſe that have experienced how they ought to be carried on; but withal, it cannot be deny'd but there is a manifeſt Fall in theſe two Lords from the Freedom and Liberty of Writing,*

Cenſure of Philip de Comines.

that ſhines in the ancient Hiſtorians: Such as the Sire de Jounville, a *Domeſtick to* St. Louis: Eginard, *Chancellor to* Charlemain; *and of later Date, in* Philip de Comines. *This here is rather an Apology for King* Francis, *againſt the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth, than an Hiſtory. I will not believe that they have falſified any Thing, as to Matter of Fact; but they make a common Practice of wreſting the Judgment of Events (very often Contrary to Reaſon) to our Advantage, and of omitting every Thing that is nice to be handled in the Life of their Maſter; witneſs the Relations of* Meſſieurs de Montmorency, *and* de Brion, *which were here omitted: Nay, ſo much as the very Name of Madam* d'Eſtampes *is not here to be found. Secret Actions an Hiſtorian may conceal; but to paſs over in Silence what all the World knows, and Things that have drawn after them publick Conſequences, is an inexcuſable Defect. In fine, Whoever has a Mind to have a perfect Knowledge of King* Francis, *and the Revolution of his Reign, let him ſeek it elſewhere, if my Advice may prevail. The only Profit a Man can reap from* Guicciardin *and* Bellay *is, from the particular Narrative of Battles and other Exploits of War, wherein thoſe Gentlemen were perſonally engaged; ſome Words, and private Actions of the Princes of their Time, and the Practices and Negotiations carried on by the Seigneur* de Lancy; *where, indeed, there are, every where, Things worthy to be known, and Diſcourſes above the vulgar Strain.*

CHAP. XI.

Of Cruelty.

Inclinations to Goodneſs.

I Take Virtue to be diſtinct from, and ſomething more noble, than thoſe Inclinations to Generoſity, and that good Nature which we are born with. Well diſpos'd and well deſcended Souls purſue, indeed, the ſame Methods, and repreſent the ſame Face that Virtue itſelf does: But the Word *Virtue* imports, I know not how, ſomething more great and active, than meerly for a Man to ſuffer himſelf, by a happy Diſpoſition, to be gently and quietly drawn to the Rule of Reaſon.

Reaſon. He who, by a natural Sweetneſs and Facility, ſhould deſpiſe Injuries receiv'd, would, doubtleſs, do a very great, and a very laudable Thing; but he who, provoked, and nettled to the Quick, by an Offence, ſhould fortify himſelf with the Arms of Reaſon, againſt the furious Appetite of Revenge, and, after a great Conflict, maſter his own Paſſion, would doubtleſs do a very great deal more. The firſt would do well; and the latter virtuouſly: One Action might be called Bounty, and the other Virtue; for methinks the very Name of Virtue preſuppoſes Difficulty and Contention; and 'tis for this Reaſon, perhaps, that we call God Good, Mighty, Liberal and Juſt; but we do not give him the Attribute of Virtuous, being that all his Operations are natural, and without Endeavour. It has been the Opinion of many Philoſophers, not only *Stoicks*, but *Epicureans*, that it is not enough to have the Soul ſeated in a good Place, of a good Temper, and well diſpoſed to Virtue. It is not enough to have our Reſolutions fixed above all the Power of Fortune, but we are, moreover, to ſeek Occaſions wherein to put them to the Proof: We are to covet Pain, Neceſſity and Contempt, to contend with them, and to keep the Soul in Breath, *Multum ſibi adjicit virtus laceſſita* *. 'Tis one of the Reaſons why *Epaminondas*, who was yet of a third Sect, refuſed the Riches which Fortune preſented to him by very lawful Means; becauſe, ſaid he, *I am to contend with Poverty:* In which Extream he maintain'd himſelf to the laſt. *Socrates* put himſelf, methinks, upon a rough Trial; keeping for his Exerciſe a termagant ſcolding Wife, which was fighting at Sharps. *Metellus* having, of all the Senators, alone attempted, by the Power of Virtue, to withſtand the Violence of *Saturninus*, Tribune of the People at *Rome*, who would, forcibly, cauſe an unjuſt Law to paſs in Favour of the Commons, and by ſo doing have incurr'd the Capital Penalties that *Saturninus* had eſtabliſh'd againſt the Diſſenters, entertain'd thoſe, who in this Extremity led him to Execution, with Words to this Effect: *That it was a thing too eaſy and too baſe to do Ill: and that to do well*

That Virtue cannot be exerciſed without ſome Difficulty.

* *Sen. Epiſt.* 25.

where there was no Danger, was a common thing; but that to do well where there was Danger, was the proper Office of a Man of Virtue. Theſe Words of *Metellus* very clearly repreſent to us, what I would make out, *viz. That Virtue refuſes Facility for a Companion; and that that eaſy, ſmooth and deſcending Way, by which the regular Steps of a ſweet Diſpoſition of Nature are conducted, is not that of a true Virtue:* She requires a rough and ſtormy Paſſage; ſhe will have either outward Difficulties to wreſtle with (like that of *Metellus*) by means of which Fortune delights to interrupt the Speed of her Career; or internal Difficulties, which the inordinate Appetites and Imperfections introduce to diſturb her. I am come thus far at my Eaſe; but here it comes into my Head, that the Soul of *Socrates*, the moſt perfect that ever came to my Knowledge, ſhould, by this Rule, be of very little Account; for I cannot conceive in that Perſon any the leaſt Motion of a vicious Inclination: I cannot imagine there could be any Difficulty, or Conſtraint, in the Courſe of his Virtue: I know his Reaſon to be ſo powerful and ſovereign over him, that ſhe would never have ſuffer'd a vicious Appetite ſo much as to ſpring in him. To a Virtue ſo elevated, as his, I have nothing to oppoſe. Methinks I ſee him march, with a victorious and triumphant Pace, in Pomp, and at his Eaſe, without Oppoſition or Diſturbance. If Virtue cannot ſhine bright, but by the Conflict of contrary Appetites, ſhall we then ſay, that ſhe cannot ſubſiſt without the Aſſiſtance of Vice; and that it is from her, that ſhe derives her Reputation and Honour? What then alſo would become of that brave and generous *Epicurean* Pleaſure, which ſuppoſes that it nouriſhes Virtue tenderly in her Lap, and there makes it play and wanton, giving it for Toys to play withal, Shame, Fevers, Poverty, Death and Torments? If I preſuppoſe that a perfect Virtue manifeſts itſelf in contending, in patiently enduring Pain, and undergoing the utmoſt Extremity of the Gout, without being moved in her Seat: If I give her Auſterity and Difficulty for her Neceſſary Objects: What will become of a Virtue elevated to ſuch a Degree, as, not only to deſpiſe Pain, but moreover, to rejoice in it, and to be tickled with the Daggers of a ſharp Colick, ſuch as the *Epicureans* have eſtabliſhed, and of which, many of them, by their Actions, have given moſt manifeſt Proofs?

Proofs? As have likewiſe ſeveral others, who I find to have ſurpaſſed, in effect, even the very Rules of their own Diſcipline: Witneſs the younger *Cato*; when I ſee him die, and tearing out his own Bowels, I am not ſatisfy'd ſimply to believe, that he had then his Soul totally exempt from all Troubles and Horror: I cannot think that he only maintained himſelf in the Steadineſs that the Stoical Rules preſcribed him; temperate without Emotion, and undiſturbed: There was, methinks, ſomething in the Virtue of this Man, too ſprightly and youthful to ſtop there; I do believe that, without doubt, he felt a Pleaſure and Delight in ſo noble an Action, and was more pleaſed in it, then in any other of his Life: *Sic abiit è vita, ut cauſam moriendi nactum ſe eſſe gauderet* *. I believe ſo far, that I queſtion whether he would have been content to have been deprived of the Occaſion of ſo brave an Execution. And if the Sincerity that made him embrace the Publick Concern more than his own, withheld me not, I ſhould eaſily fall into an Opinion that he thought himſelf obliged to Fortune for having put his Virtue upon ſo brave a Tryal, and for having favoured that *Thief* †, in treading under foot the ancient Liberty of his Country. Methinks I read, in this Action, I know not what Exultation in his Soul, and an extraordinary and manly Emotion of Pleaſure, when he looked upon the Generoſity and Height of his Enterprize.

The noble Death of Cato *accompanied with Pleaſure.*

† Cæſar.

Deliberata morte ferocior ‡.

Not ſtimulated with any Hope of Glory, as the popular and effeminate Judgments of ſome have concluded; for that Conſideration had been too mean and low to poſſeſs ſo generous, ſo haughty, and ſo obſtinate a Heart as his: But for the very Beauty of the Thing in itſelf, which he, who had the handling of the Springs, diſcern'd more clearly, and in its Perfection, than we are able to do. Philoſophy has obliged me in determining, that ſo brave an Action had been indecently placed in any other Life, than that of *Cato*; and that it only belonged to his, to end ſo. Notwithſtanding,

* *Cic. Tuſc. lib.* 1. ‡ *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 37.

and according to Reaſon, he commanded his Son, and the Senators that accompanied him, to take another Courſe in their Affairs *Catoni, quum incredibilem natura tribuiſſet gravitatem, eamque ipſe perpetua conſtantia roboraviſſet ſemperque in propoſito conſilio permanſiſſet, moriendum potius quam Tyranni vultus aſpiciendus erat* *. *Nature having endued* Cato *with an incredible Gravity, which he had alſo fortified with a perpetual Conſtancy, without ever flagging in his Reſolution, he muſt of neceſſity rather die, than ſee the Face of the Tyrant.* Every Death ought to hold proportion with the Life before it. We do not become others for dying. I always interpret the Death by the Life preceeding; and if any one tells me of a Death ſtrong and conſtant in Appearance, annexed to a feeble Life, I conclude it produced by ſome feeble Cauſe, and ſuitable to the Life before. The Eaſineſs then of this Death, and the Facility of dying, he had acquir'd by the Vigour of his Soul; ſhall we ſay that it ought to abate any thing of the Luſtre of his Virtue? And who, that has his Brain never ſo little tinctur'd with the true Philoſophy, can be content to imagine *Socrates* only free from Fear and Paſſion, in the Accident of his Priſon, Fetters and Condemnation? and that will not diſcover in him, not only Stability and Conſtancy (which was his ordinary Compoſure) but moreover (I know not what) new Satisfaction, and frolick Cheerfulneſs in his laſt Words and Actions; at the Start he gave, with the Pleaſure of ſcratching his Leg, when his Irons were taken off, does he not diſcover an equal Serenity and Joy in his Soul for being freed from paſt Inconveniencies, and at the ſame time to enter into the Knowledge of Things to come? *Cato* ſhall pardon me, if he pleaſes; his Death, indeed is more tragical, and more taken notice of, but yet this (I know not how) methinks finer. *Ariſtippus* ſaid, to one that was lamenting his Death; *The Gods grant me ſuch a one,* ſaid he. A man diſcerns in the Souls of theſe two great Men, and their Imitators (for I very much doubt, whether there was ever their like) ſo perfect a Habitude to Virtue, that it was turn'd to a Complection. It is no more a laborious Virtue, nor the Precepts of Reaſon,

Virtue turn'd into Habit in Cato *and* Socrates.

* *Cic. de Offic. lib.* 1.

to

to maintain which, the Soul is ſo racked; but, the very Eſſence of their Souls, their natural and ordinary Habit. They have rendred it ſuch by a long Practice of Philoſophical Precepts, having light upon a rich and ingenuous Nature. The vicious Paſſions that ſpring in us, can find no Entrance into them. The Force and Vigour of their Souls ſtifle and extinguiſh irregular Deſires, ſo ſoon as they begin to move. Now, that it is not more noble, by a high and divine Reſolution, to hinder the Birth of Temptations, and to be ſo form'd to Virtue, that the very Seeds of Vice be rooted out, than to hinder their Progreſs; and having ſuffer'd themſelves to be ſurprized with the firſt Motions of Paſſions, to arm themſelves, and to ſtand firm to oppoſe their Progreſs, and overcome them; and that this ſecond Effect is not alſo much more generous, than to be ſimply endowed with a frail and affable Nature, of itſelf diſaffected to Debauchery and Vice, I do not think can be doubted; for this third and laſt Sort of Virtue ſeems to render a Man innocent, but not virtuous; free from doing ill, but not apt enough to do well: Conſidering alſo, that this Condition is ſo near Neighbour to Imperfection and Cowardice, that I know not very well how to ſeparate the Confines, and diſtinguiſh them: The very Name of Good-Nature and Innocence are, for this Reaſon, in ſome ſort grown into Contempt. I very well know, that ſeveral Virtues, as Chaſtity, Sobriety and Temperance, may come to a Man through perſonal Defects. Conſtancy in Danger, if it muſt be ſo called, the Contempt of Death, and Patience in Misfortunes, may oft-times be found in Men, for want of well judging of ſuch Accidents, and not apprehending them for ſuch as they are. Want of Apprehenſion and Sottiſhneſs, do ſometimes counterfeit virtuous Effects: As I have often obſerved it happen, that Men have been commended for what really deſerved Blame. An *Italian* Lord once ſaid this in my Preſence, to the Diſadvantage of his own Nation; *That the Subtilty of the* Italians, *and the Vivacity of their Conceptions were ſo great, that they foreſaw the Dangers and Accidents that might befall them, ſo far off, that it muſt not be thought ſtrange, if they were often in War obſerved to provide for their Safety, even before they had diſcover'd the Peril: That we*

Italians *ſubtile and quick of Apprehenſion.*

we French *and* Spaniards, *who are not ſo cunning, went on further; and that we muſt be made to ſee and feel the Danger before we would take the Alarm; and that even then we had no Apprehenſion: But the* Germans *and* Swiſs, *more heavy and Thick-ſkull'd, had not the Senſe to look about them, even then, when the Blows were falling about their Ears.* Perhaps, he only talk'd ſo for Mirth Sake; and yet it is moſt certain that, in War, raw Soldiers ruſh into Danger with more Precipitation, than after they have been well beaten.

Germans *and* Suiſſes *Logger-heads.*

——*Haud ignarus, quantum nova gloria in armis,*
Et prædulce decus primo certamine poſſit *.

Not ign'rant in the firſt Eſſay of Arms,
How Hope of Glory the raw Soldier warms.

For this Reaſon it is, that when we judge of a Particular Action, we are to conſider ſeveral Circumſtances and the whole Man by whom it is perform'd, before we give it a Name. To inſtance in myſelf; I have ſometimes known my Friends call that Prudence in me which was merely Fortune, and repute that Courage and Patience, which was Judgment and Opinion: And attribute to me one Title for another, ſometimes to my Advantage, and ſometimes otherwiſe. As to the reſt, I am ſo far from being arriv'd at the firſt and moſt perfect Degree of Excellence, where Virtue is turned into Habit, that even of the ſecond I have made no great Tryal. I have not been very ſolicitous to curb the Deſires by which I have been importun'd. My Virtue is a Virtue, or rather an Innocence, caſual and accidental. If I had been born of a more irregular Complection, I am afraid I ſhould have made ſcurvy Work; for I never obſerved any great Stability in my Soul to reſiſt Paſſions, if they were never ſo little vehement. I have not the Knack of nouriſhing Quarrels and Debates in my own Boſom, and conſequently owe myſelf no great Thanks that I am free from ſeveral Vices:

Si vitiis mediocribus, & mea paucis
Mendoſa eſt natura, alioqui recta velut ſi
Egregio inſperſos reprehendas corpore nævos †.

† *Æneid.* 11. † *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 6.

If

If of ſmall Crimes, and few, my Nature be
To be accus'd, and from the great ones free,
Thoſe venial Faults will no more ſpot my Soul,
Than a fair Body's blemiſh'd with a Mole.

I owe it rather to my Fortune than my Reaſon: She has made me to be deſcended of a Race famous for Integrity; and of a very good Father; I know not whether or no he has infus'd into me Part of his Humours; or whether Domeſtick Examples and the good Education of my Infancy, hath inſenſibly aſſiſted in the Work, or if I was otherwiſe born ſo;

Seu Libra *ſeu me* Scorpius *aſpicit*
Formidoloſus, pars violentior
Natalis horæ, ſeu tyrannus,
Heſperiæ Capricornus *undæ* †.

Whether by *Balance* weigh'd my future Fate;
Or *Scorpio*, Lord of my Aſcendant, ſate;
Or Tyrant *Capricorn*, that rudely ſways,
And ruffles up the Occidental Seas.

But ſo it is, that I have naturally an Horror for moſt Vices. The Anſwer of *Antiſthenes* to him who aſk'd him, *Which was the beſt Apprentiſhip, To unlearn Evil*, ſeems to point at this. I have them in Horror, I ſay, with a Deteſtation ſo natural and ſo much my own, that the ſame Inſtinct and Impreſſion I brought with me from my Nurſe I yet retain, no Temptation whatever had the Power to make me alter it. Not ſo much as my own Diſcourſes, which in ſome Things laſhing out of the common Road of modeſt Speaking, might eaſily licenſe me to Actions that my natural Inclination makes me hate. I will ſay a prodigious Thing, but I will ſay it however; I find myſelf in many Things more curb'd and retain'd by my Manners than my Opinion, and my Concupiſence is leſs debauch'd than my Reaſon. *Ariſtippus* inſtituted Opinions ſo bold, in Favour of Pleaſure and Riches, as made all the Philoſophers murmer at him: But as to his Manners, *Dionyſius*, the Tyrant, having preſented three beautiful Women before him to take his

† *Hor. lib. 2. Ode 17.*

Choice;

Choice; he made Anſwer, *That he would chuſe them all, and that it had happened ill to* Paris, *in having preferr'd one before the other two:* But having taken them home to his Houſe, he ſent them back untouch'd. His Servant finding himſelf overloaded upon the Way, with the Money he carry'd after him, he order'd him to pour it out, and throw away that which troubled him. And *Epicurus*, whoſe Doctrines were ſo irreligious and effeminate, was in his Life very laborious and devout: He writ to a Friend of his, *That he lived only upon Biſcuit and Water, intreating him to ſend him a little Cheeſe to lie by him againſt he had a Mind to make a Feaſt.* Muſt it be true, that to be a perfect good Man, we muſt be ſo by an occult, natural and univerſal Propriety, without Law, Reaſon or Example? The Debauches wherein I have been engaged, have not been (I thank God) of the worſt Sort, and I have condemn'd them myſelf; for my Judgment was never infected by them. On the contrary, I accuſe them more ſeverely in myſelf than in any other. But that is all; for, as to the reſt, I oppoſe too little Reſiſtance, and ſuffer myſelf to incline too much to the other Side of the Ballance, excepting that I moderate them, and prevent them from mixing with other Vices, which, for the moſt Part, will cling together if a Man have not a Care. I have contracted and curtail'd mine, to make them as ſingle as I can:

——Nec ultra
Errorem foveo †.

For as to the Opinion of the *Stoicks*, who ſay, *That the wiſe Man, when he works, works by all the Virtues together, tho' one be moſt apparent, according to the Nature of the Action*; (and of this the Similitude of a human Body might ſerve them to ſome Inſtance; for the Action of Anger cannot work, but that all the Humours muſt aſſiſt, tho' Choler predominate) if from thence they will draw a like Conſequence, that when the wicked Man does wickedly, he does it by all the Vices together, I do not believe it to be ſimply ſo, or elſe I underſtand them not; for I effectually find the contrary. Theſe are witty and ſubſtantial Subtil-

† *Juv. Sat.* 8.

ties,

ties, which Philoſophy ſometimes inſiſts upon. I follow ſome Vices, but I fly others as much as a Saint would do. The *Peripateticks* alſo diſown this indiſſoluble Connection; and *Ariſtotle* is of opinion, *That a prudent and juſt Man may be intemperate and laſcivious.* *Socrates* confeſſed to ſome who had diſcover'd a certain Inclination to Vice in his Phyſiognomy, *That it was, in Truth, his natural Propenſity, but that he had by Diſcipline corrected it.* And ſuch as were familiar with the Philoſopher *Stilpo*, hath ſaid, *That being born ſubject to Wine and Women, he had by Study render'd himſelf very abſtinent both from the one and the other.* What I have in me of Good, I have quite contrary by the Chance of my Birth; and hold it not either by Law, Precept, or any other Inſtruction. The Innocency that is in me is a ſimple and unexpected one; little Vigour and leſs Art. Amongſt other Vices, I mortally hate *Cruelty*, both by Nature and Judgment, as the very Extream of all Vices; but with ſo much Tenderneſs withal, that I cannot ſee a Chicken's Neck pull'd off without Trouble, and cannot, without Impatience, endure the Cry of a Hare in my Dog's Teeth, tho' the Chace be a violent Pleaſure: Such as have Senſuality to encounter, willingly make uſe of this Argument (to ſhew that it is altogether vicious and unreaſonable) that when it is at the Height, it ſubjects us to that Degree, that a Man's Reaſon can have no Acceſs, and inſtance our own Experience in the Act of Love. Wherein they conceive, that the Pleaſure doth ſo tranſport us, that our Reaſon cannot perform its Office whilſt we are ſo benumb'd and extaſy'd in Delight; I know very well it may be otherwiſe, and that a Man may ſometimes, if he will, gain this Point over himſelf to ſway his Soul, even in the Critical Moment, to think of ſomething elſe: But then he muſt leiſurely incline and ply it to that Bent. I know, that a Man may triumph over the utmoſt Effort of this Pleaſure: I have experienc'd it in myſelf, and have not found *Venus* ſo imperious a Goddeſs, as many, and ſome more reform'd than I, declare. I do not conſider it as a Miracle, as the Queen of *Navarre* does, in one of the Tales of her *Heptameron* (which is a marvellous pretty Book of that kind) nor for a thing of extreme Difficulty to paſs over whole Nights, where a Man has all the Convenience and Liberty he can deſire, with a long-coveted Miſtreſs,

Miſtreſs, and yet be juſt to his Faith, firſt given to ſatisfy himſelf with Kiſſes and innocent Embraces, without preſſing any further. I conceive that the Example of the Pleaſure of the Chace would be more proper; wherein, tho' the Pleaſure be leſs, yet the Raviſhment and the Surprize are more, by which the Reaſon being aſtoniſh'd, has not ſo much Leiſure to prepare itſelf for the Encounter; when after a long Queſt, the Game ſtarts up on a ſudden in a Place where, perhaps, we leaſt expected: Which ſudden Motion, with the Ardour of the Shouts and Cries of the Hunters, ſo ſtrikes us, that it would be hard, for ſuch as are eager of the Chace, immediately to turn their Thoughts another Way; and alſo the Poets make *Diana* triumph over the Torch and Shafts of *Cupid.*

The Pleaſure of the Chace what.

Quis non malarum quas amor curas habet
Hæc inter obliviſcitur *?

Who amongſt ſuch Delights would not remove
Out of his Thoughts the anxious Cares of Love?

But to return to what I was ſaying before, I am tenderly compaſſionate of others Afflictions, and ſhould eaſily cry for company, if upon any occaſion whatever I could cry at all. Nothing tempts my Tears but Tears, and not only thoſe that are real and true, but whatever they are, either feign'd or painted: I do not much lament the Dead, and ſhould envy them rather; but I very much lament the Dying. The Savages do not ſo much offend me in roaſting and eating the Bodies of the Dead, as they do who torment and perſecute the Living. Nay, I cannot ſo much as look upon the ordinary Executions of Juſtice, how reaſonable ſoever, with a ſteady Eye. Some one being to give Teſtimony of *Julius Cæſar*'s Clemency, ſays he, *He was, mild and moderate in his Revenges: For having compell'd the Pirates to yield, by whom he had before been taken Priſoner, and put to ranſom: foraſmuch as they had threatned him with the Croſs, he indeed condemn'd them to it, but it was after they were firſt ſtrangled.* He puniſh'd his Secretary *Philomon*, who

Julius Cæſar's *Clemency.*

* *Hor. Ep.* 2.

had

had attempted to poiſon him, with no greater Severity than a ſingle Death. Without naming that *Latin* Author, that dare alledge for a Teſtimony of Mercy, the killing only of thoſe by whom we have been offended; it is eaſy to gueſs, that he was ſtruck with the horrid and inhuman Examples of *Cruelty*, practis'd by the *Roman* Tyrants. For my Part, even in Juſtice itſelf, all that exceeds a ſimple Death, appears to me perfect *Cruelty*; eſpecially in us, who ought to have Regard to their Souls, to diſmiſs them in a good and calm Condition: Which cannot be, when we have diſcompos'd them by inſufferable Torments. Not long ſince, a Soldier, who was a criminal Priſoner, perceiving from a Tower where he was ſhut up, that the People began to aſſemble to the Place of Execution, and that the Carpenters were buſy erecting a Scaffold, he preſently concluded that the Preparation was for him; and therefore enter'd into a Reſolution to kill himſelf, but could find no Inſtrument to aſſiſt him in his Deſign, except an old ruſty Cart-Nail that Fortune preſented to him: With this he firſt gave himſelf two great Wounds about his Throat; but finding thoſe would not do, he preſently after gave himſelf a third in the Belly, where he left the Nail ſticking up to the Head. The firſt of his Keepers that came in found him in this Condition, yet alive, but ſunk down and near expiring by his Wounds. Therefore, to make Uſe of Time, before he ſhould die and defeat the Law, they made haſte to read his Sentence, which having done, and he hearing that he was only condemn'd to be Beheaded, he ſeem'd to take new Courage, accepted of Wine, which he had before refuſed, and thanked his Judges for the unhoped-for Mildneſs of their Sentence; ſaying, *That indeed he had taken a Reſolution to diſpatch himſelf, for fear of a more ſevere and inſupportable Death; having entertained an Opinion, by the Preparations he had ſeen in the Place, that they were reſolved to torment him with ſome horrible Execution:* And ſeem'd to be deliver'd from Death, for having it chang'd from what he apprehended. I ſhould adviſe, that theſe Examples of *Severity*, by which 'tis deſign'd to retain the People in their Duty, might be exercis'd upon the dead Bodies of *Criminals*; for to ſee them depriv'd of Sepulture, to ſee them boil'd and divided into Quarters, would almoſt work as much upon the Vulgar, as the Pain they

they make the Living endure: Tho' that, in Effect, be little or nothing, as God himself says, *Who kill the Body, and after that have no more that they can do* *. I happen'd to come by one Day accidentally at *Rome* just as they were upon executing *Catena*, a notorious Robber: He was strangled without any Emotion of the Spectators; but when they came to cut him in Quarters, the Hangman gave not a Blow that was not follow'd by a doleful Cry from the People, and an Exclamation as if every one had lent his Feeling to the miserable Carcase. Those inhuman Excesses ought to be exercised upon the Bark, and not upon the Quick. *Artaxerxes*, in almost a like Case, moderated the Severity of the ancient Laws of *Persia*, ordering, *That the Nobility who had committed a Fault, instead of being whipped, as they were us'd to be, should be stripped only, and their Cloaths whipped for them; and that, whereas they were wont to tear off their Hair, they should only take off their high-crown'd* Tiara. The so devout *Ægyptians* thought they sufficiently satisfy'd the Divine Justice in sacrificing Hogs in Effigy and Representation; a bold Invention to pay God, so essential a Substance in Picture only, and in Show. I live in a Time, wherein we abound in incredible Examples of this Vice, thro' the Licence of our Civil Wars; and we see nothing in ancient Histories more extreme than what we have Proof of every Day. I could hardly persuade myself, before I saw it with my Eyes, that there could be found out Men so cruel and fell, who, for the sole Pleasure of Murther, would commit, hack and lop off the Limbs of others; sharpen their Wits to invent unusual Torments, and new kinds of Death without Hatred, without Profit, and for no other End, but only to enjoy the pleasant Spectacle of the Gestures and Motions, the lamentable Groans and Cries of a Man in Anguish. For this is the utmost Point to which Cruelty can arrive, *Ut hominem non iratus, non timens, tantum spectaturus occidat: That a Man should kill*

The severe Laws of Persia *moderated by* Artaxerxes

Hogs sacrificed in Figure to the Divine Justice by the Ægyptians.

The Cruelties exercised in Civil Wars.

* *St. Luke, chap.* xii. *ver.* 40.

a Man

a Man without being angry, or without Fear, only for the Pleaſure of the Spectacle. For my own Part, I cannot, without Grief, ſee ſo much as an innocent Beaſt purſu'd and kill'd, that has no Defence, and from whom we have receiv'd no Offence at all. And that which frequently happens, that the Stag we hunt, finding himſelf weak and out of Breath, ſeeing no other Remedy, ſurrenders himſelf to us who purſue him, imploring Mercy by his Tears,

———queſtuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis *.

That bleeding by his Tears does Mercy crave,

has ever been to me a very unpleaſing Sight; and I hardly ever take any Beaſt or Bird alive, that I do not preſently turn looſe. *Pythagoras* bought them and Fiſhes of Huntſmen, Fowlers, and Fiſhermen to do the ſame.

Beaſts bought alive by Pythagoras *to turn out.*

———primoque a cæde ferarum,
Incaluiſſe puto maculatum ſanguine ferrum †.

I think, 'twas Slaughter of wild Beaſts that made,
Too docile Man firſt learn the Killing Trade.

Thoſe Natures that are ſanguinary towards Beaſts, diſcover a natural Propenſity to Cruelty. After they had accuſtom'd themſelves, at *Rome* to Spectacles of the Slaughter of Animals, they proceeded to thoſe of the Slaughter of Men, the Gladiators. Nature has herſelf, I doubt, imprinted in Man a Kind of Inſtinct to Inhumanity; no body takes Pleaſure in ſeeing Beaſts play and careſs one another, but every one is delighted with ſeeing them diſmember and tear one another to Pieces. And that I may not be laugh'd at for the Sympathy I have with them, Theology itſelf enjoins us ſome Favour in their Behalf: and conſidering, that one and the ſame Maſter has lodg'd us together in this Palace for his Service, and that they as well as we are of his Family, it has Reaſon to enjoyn us ſome Affection and Regard to them. *Pythagoras* borrow'd the *Metempſycoſis* from the *Ægyptians*, but it has ſince been receiv'd by ſeveral Nations, and particularly by our *Druids*.

Pythagoras's *Tranſmutation of Souls.*

* *Æneid. l.* 7. † *Ovid. Met. lib.* 15.

Morte carent animæ, ſemperque priore relicta
Sede, novis domibus vivunt, habitantque receptæ *.

Souls never die, but, having left one Seat,
Into new Houſes they Admittance get.

The Religion of our ancient *Gauls* maintain'd, that Souls being eternal, never ceas'd to remove and ſhift their Places from one Body to another; Mixing moreover, with this Fancy ſome Conſideration of Divine Juſtice. For according to the Behaviour of the Soul, whilſt it had been in *Alexander*, they ſaid, that God order'd it another Body to inhabit, more or leſs painful, and proper for its Conditions.

——muta ferarum
Cogit vincla pati, truculentos ingerit urſis,
Prædoneſque lupis, fallaces vulpibus addit,
Atque ubi per varios annos per mille figuras
Egit, Lætheo purgatos flumine tandem
Rurſus ad humanæ revocat primordia formæ †.

The ſilent Yoak of *Brutes* he made them wear,
The Bloody Souls he did encloſe in Bears,
The Ravenous in Wolves he wiſely ſhut,
The Sly and Cunning he in Foxes put;
Where after having, thro' ſucceſſive Years
And thouſand Figures, finiſh'd their Careers,
Purging them all in *Lethe*'s Flood, at laſt
In human Bodies he the Souls replac'd.

If it had been valiant, he lodg'd it in the Body of a Lion; if voluptuous, in that of a Hog; if timorous, in that of a Hart or Hare; if ſubtile, in that of a Fox; and ſo of the reſt, 'till having purify'd it by this Chaſtiſement, it again enter'd into the Body of ſome other Man;

Ipſe ego, nammemini, Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram ‡.

For I myſelf remember in the Days
O' th' *Trojan* War, that I *Euphorbus* was.

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* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 15. † *Claud. in Ruff. lib.* 2.
‡ *Ovid. Met. lib.* 15.

As

As to the Relation betwixt us and Beaſts, I do not much admit of it, nor allow what ſeveral Nations, and thoſe the moſt ancient and moſt noble, have practis'd, who have not only receiv'd *Brutes* into their Society, but have given them a Rank infinitely above them; eſteeming them one while Familiars and Favourites of the Gods, and having them in more than human Reverence and Reſpect; others knowing no other Divinity but they. *Belluæ à Barbaris propter beneficium conſecratæ: The* Barbarians *conſecrated Beaſts, out of Opinion of ſome Benefit receiv'd by them.*

Beaſts rever'd for Gods by ſome of the Ancients.

——————Crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet ſaturam ſerpentibus Ibin,
Effigies ſacri hic nitet aurea Cercopitheci.
——————Hic piſcem fluminis, illic
Oppida tota canem venerantur *.

One Country thus adores the Crocodile,
Th' Inhabitant of Monſter-breeding *Nile*,
While other Nations long-bill'd Ibis dread,
With Poiſonous Fleſh of ugly Serpents fed.
And in ſome Cities too, you may behold,
The Statue of a Monkey ſhine in Gold;
Here Men, from monſtrous Fiſhes Aid implore,
And there, whole Towns a grinning Dog adore.

And the very Interpretation, that *Plutarch* gives to this Error, which is very well taken, is advantageous to them: *For, he* ſays, *That it was not the Cat, or the Ox,* for Example, *that the* Ægyptians *ador'd: But that they in thoſe Beaſts ador'd ſome Image of the Divine Faculties; in this the Patience and Utility, in that the Vivacity, or, as our Neighbours, the* Burgundians *with the* Germans, *the Impatience to ſee itſelf ſhut up; by which, they repreſented the Liberty they lov'd and ador'd, above all other Divine Faculties, and ſo of the reſt.* But when, amongſt the more moderate Opinions, I meet with Arguments, that endeavour to demonſtrate the near Reſemblance betwixt us and Animals, how much they ſhare in our greateſt Privileges, and with how great Probability they compare

* *Juven. Sat.* 15.

and couple us together, in earneſt; I abate a great deal of our Preſumption, and willingly let fall the Title of that imaginary Sovereignty, that ſome attribute to us over other Creatures. But ſuppoſing all this were true, there is nevertheleſs a certain Reſpect, and a general Duty of Humanity, that ties us not only to Beaſts that have Life and Senſe, but even to Trees and Plants. We owe Juſtice to Men, and Grace and Benignity to other Creatures that are capable of it. There is a certain natural Commerce, and mutual Obligation betwixt them and us; neither ſhall I be afraid to diſcover the Tenderneſs of my Nature ſo childiſh, that I cannot well refuſe to play with my Dog, when he the moſt unſeaſonably importunes me ſo to do. The *Turks* have Alms and Hoſpitals for Beaſts. The *Romans* had a publick Regard to the Nouriſhment of Geeſe, by whoſe Vigilancy their Capitol had been preſerv'd: The *Athenians* made a Decree, that the Mules and Moyles which ſerv'd at the building of the Temple call'd *Hecatompedon*, ſhould be free, and ſuffer'd to paſture at their own Choice without Hindrance. The *Agrigentines* had a common Cuſtom ſolemnly to inter the Beaſts, they had a Kindneſs for; as Horſes of ſome extraordinary Qualities, Dogs and Birds of whom they had had Profit, and even thoſe that had only been kept to divert their Children. And the Magnificency that was common with them in all other Things, did alſo particularly appear in the Sumptuouſneſs and Numbers of Monuments, erected to this very End, that remain'd in their Beauty ſeveral Ages after. The *Ægyptians* bury'd Wolves, Bears, Crocodiles, Dogs and Cats in Sacred Places, embalm'd their Bodies, and put on Mourning at their Death. *Simon* gave an honourable Sepulture to the Mares, with which he had three times gain'd the Prize of the Courſe at the *Olympick* Games. The ancient *Xantippus* caus'd his Dog to be interr'd on an Eminence near the Sea, which has ever ſince retain'd the Name. And *Plutarch* ſays, *That he made Conſcience of ſelling to the Slaughter, an Ox, that had been long in his Service.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Apology for Raimond de Sebonde.

LEarning is, indeed, a very great, and a very uſeful Accompliſhment; and thoſe who deſpiſe it, ſufficiently diſcover their own want of Underſtanding: But yet I do not prize it at the exceſſive Rate that ſome others do. As *Herillus*, the Philoſopher, for one, who therein places the Sovereign Good, and maintain'd, *That it was only in her to render us wiſe and contented*, which I do not believe; no more than I do what others have ſaid, That Learning is the Mother of all Virtue, and that all Vice proceeds from Ignorance, which, if it be true, requires a very long Interpretation. My Houſe has long been open to Men of Knowledge, and is very well known to be ſo; for my Father, who govern'd it Fifty Years, and upwards, inflam'd with the new Ardour with which *Francis* the Firſt embraced Letters, and brought them into eſteem, with great Diligence and Expence hunted after the Acquaintance of Learned Men, receiving them into his Houſe, as Perſons Sacred, and that had ſome particular Inſpiration of Divine Wiſdom; collecting their Sayings and Sentences as ſo many Oracles, and with ſo much the greater Reverence and Religion, as he was the leſs able to judge; for he had no knowledge of Letters, no more than his Predeceſſors. For my Part, I love them well, but I do not adore them. Amongſt others, *Peter Bunel*, a Man of great Reputation for Knowledge in his Time, having, with ſome others of his Sort, ſtaid ſome days at *Montaigne*, in my Father's Company; he preſented him, at his Departure, with a Book intituled, *Theologia naturalis; ſive Liber Creaturarum Magiſtri Raimondi de Sebonde.* And as that the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Tongues were familiar to my Father; and this Book being

Learning brought into eſteem by Francis *the Firſt, in* France.

wrote in *Spaniſh*, ſuſtain'd with *Latin* Terminations, he hop'd, that with a little Help, he might be able to underſtand it, and therefore recommended it to him for a very uſeful Piece, and proper for the Time wherein he gave it to him; which was, when the Novel *Doctrines* of *Martin Luther* began to be in Vogue, and in many Places to ſtagger our ancient Belief: Wherein he was very well advis'd, wiſely, in his own Reaſon, foreſeeing, that the Beginning of this Diſtemper would eaſily run into an execrable *Atheiſm*, for the Vulgar not having the Faculty of judging of Things, ſuffering themſelves to be carried away by Appearance, after, having once been inſpired with the Boldneſs to deſpiſe and controul thoſe Opinions which they had before had in extreme Reverence, ſuch as thoſe wherein their Salvation is concerned, and that ſome of the *Articles* of their *Religion* were brought into Doubt and Diſpute; they afterwards throw all other Parts of their Belief into the ſame Uncertainty, they having in them no other Authority or Foundation, than the other they had already diſcompos'd; and ſhake off all the Impreſſions they had receiv'd from the Authority of the Laws, or the Reverence of the Ancient Cuſtom, as a Tyrannical Yoak;

Nam cupide conculcatur nimis ante metutum *.

For with moſt Eagerneſs they ſpurn the Law,
By which they were before moſt kept in awe.

Reſolving to admit nothing for the future, to which they had not firſt interpos'd their own Decrees, and given their particular Conſent. It happen'd that my Father a little before his Death having accidentally found this Book under a Heap of other neglected Papers, commanded me to tranſlate it for him into *French*. It is good to tranſlate ſuch Authors as this, where there is little but the Matter itſelf to expreſs; but ſuch wherein the Ornament of Language and Elegancy of Style is the main Endeavour, are dangerous to attempt; eſpecially, when a Man is to turn them into a weaker Idiom. It was a ſtrange and a new Undertaking for me: But having, by chance, at that Time, little elſe to do, and not being

What Books are proper to tranſlate.

* *Lucr. lib.* 5.

able

able to reſiſt the Command of the beſt Father that ever was, I did it as well as I could; and he was ſo well pleas'd with it, as to order it to be printed; which alſo after his Death, was perform'd. I found the Imagination of this Author exceeding fine, the Contexture of his Work well followed, and his Deſign full of Piety; and becauſe many Peoplè take a Delight to read it, and particularly the Ladies to whom we owe the moſt Service, I have often been ready to aſſiſt them to clear the Book of two principal Objections. His *Deſign* is bold and daring, for he undertakes, by human and natural Reaſons, to eſtabliſh, and make good againſt the Atheiſts, all the *Articles* of the *Chriſtian Religion:* Wherein (to ſpeak the Truth) he is ſo firm, and ſo ſucceſsful, that I do not think it poſſible to do better upon that Subject; nay, I believe he has been equall'd by none. This Work ſeeming to me to be too beautiful, and too rich for an Author whoſe Name is ſo little known, and of whom all that we know is, that he was a *Spaniard*,, who profeſſed Phyſick at *Thoulouſe* about two hundred Years ago; I enquir'd of *Adrian Turnebus*, who knew all Things, what he thought of that Book; who made anſwer, *That he thought it was ſome Abſtract drawn from St.* Thomas *of* Aquin; *for that, in Truth, his Wit full of infinite Learning, and abſolute Subtilty, was only capable of thoſe Thoughts.* So it is, that, whoever was the Author and Inventor (and 'tis not reaſonable, without greater Certainty, to deprive *Sebonde* of that Title) he was a Man of great Judgment, and moſt admirable Parts. The firſt thing they reprehend in his Work is, *That* Chriſtians *are to blame to repoſe their Belief upon human Reaſon, which is only conceiv'd by Faith, and the particular Inſpiration of Divine Grace.* In which Objection, their appears to be ſomething of Zeal to Piety, and therefore we are to endeavour to ſatisfy thoſe who put it forth with the greater Mildneſs and Reſpect. This were a Taſk more proper for a Man well read in Divinity, than for me who know nothing of it; nevertheleſs, I conceive that, in a Thing ſo Divine, ſo high, and ſo far tranſcending all human Intelligence, as this Truth, with which it has pleaſed the Bounty of Almighty God to enlighten us, it is very neceſſary that he ſhould, moreover, lend us his Aſſiſtance after a very extraordinary Method of Favour, to conceive and imprint it in our Underſtandings: And do not believe, that

Means purely human, are in any ſort capable of doing it: For, if they were, ſo many rare and excellent Souls, and ſo abundantly furniſh'd with natural Force, in former Ages, could not have fail'd by their Reaſon, to arrive at this Knowledge. 'Tis *Faith* alone, that livelily and certainly comprehends the deep Myſteries of our Religion; but withal, I do not ſay, that it is not a brave, and a very laudable Attempt, to accommodate thoſe natural and human Utenſils with which God has endowed us, to the Service of our Faith: It is not to be doubted, but that it is the moſt noble Uſe we can put them to; and that there is not a Deſign in a Chriſtian Man more noble, than to make it the Aim and End of all his Studies, to extend and amplify the Truth of his Belief. We do not ſatisfy ourſelves with ſerving God with our Souls and Underſtandings only, we moreover owe and render him a Corporal Reverence, and apply our Limbs and Motions, and external Things, to do him Honour; we muſt here do the ſame, and accompany our Faith with all the Reaſon we have, but always with this Reſervation, not to fancy that it is upon us that it depends, nor that our Arguments and Endeavours can arrive at ſo ſupernatural and Divine a Knowledge. If it enters not into us by an extraordinary Infuſion; if it only enters, not only by Arguments of Reaſon, but moreover, by human Ways, it is not in us in its true Dignity and Splendour: and yet, I am afraid we only have it by this way. If we laid hold upon God by the Meditation of a lively *Faith:* If we laid hold upon God by him, and not by us: If we had a Divine Baſis and Foundation, human Accidents would not have the Power to ſhake us as they do; our *Fortreſs* would not ſurrender to ſo weak a Battery; the Love of Novelty, the Conſtraint of Princes, the Succeſs of one Party, and the raſh and fortuitous Change of our Opinions, would not have the Power to ſtagger and alter our Belief: We ſhould not then leave it to the Mercy of every new Argument, nor abandon it to all the Rhetorick in the World: We ſhould withſtand the Fury of theſe Waves with an immovable and unyielding Conſtancy.

The marvellous Effects of lively Faith.

Illiſos fluctus rupes ut vaſta refundit,
Et varias circum latrantes, diſſipat undas
Mole ſua.

As

As a vaſt Rock repels the rowling Tides,
That foam and bark about her Marble Sides,
From the ſtrong Mole.

If we were but touched with this Ray of Divinity, it would appear throughout; not only our Words, but our Works alſo, would carry its Brightneſs and Luſtre; whatever proceeded from us, would be ſeen illuminated with this noble Light. We ought to be aſhamed, that, in all the human Sects, there never was any of the Faction, what Difficulty and ſtrange Novelty ſoever his Doctrine impos'd upon him, that did not, in ſome Meaſure, conform his Life and Behaviour to it, whereas ſo Divine and Heavenly an Inſtitution, does only diſtinguiſh *Chriſtians* by the Name. Will you ſee the Proof of this? Compare our Manners to thoſe of a *Mahometan* or *Pagan*, you will ſtill find that we fall very ſhort; whereas out of regard to the Reputation and Advantage of our Religion, we ought to ſhine in Virtue, and that it ſhould be ſaid of us; Are they ſo Juſt, ſo Charitable, ſo Good? Then they are *Chriſtians*. All other Signs are common to all Religions; Hope, Truſt, Events, Ceremonies, Penance and Martyrs. The peculiar Mark of our Truth ought to be our Virtue, as it is alſo the moſt Heavenly and difficult, and the moſt worthy Product of Truth. For this our good St. *Lewis* was in the right; when the King of the *Tartars*, who was become *Chriſtian*, deſign'd to come to *Lyons* to kiſs the Pope's Feet, and there to be an Eye-witneſs of the Sanctity he hoped to find in our Manners, immediately to divert him from his Purpoſe; for fear leſt our inordinate Way of Living ſhou'd on the contrary put him out of conceit with ſo holy a Belief, and yet it happen'd quite otherwiſe ſince to this other, who going to *Rome* to the ſame End, and there ſeeing the Diſſoluteneſs of the *Prelates*, and People of that Time, ſettled himſelf ſo much the more firmly in our *Religion*, conſidering how great the Force and Divinity of it muſt neceſſarily be, that could maintain its Dignity and Splendour among ſo much Corruption, and in ſo vicious Hands. *If we had but one ſingle Grain of Faith, we ſhould remove Mountains from their Places*, ſaith the Sacred

Virtue, the particular Mark of the Chriſtian Religion.

cred Word; our Actions, that would then be directed and accompanied by the Divinity, would not be meerly human, they would have in them ſomething of miraculous, as well as our Belief: *Brevis eſt inſtitutio vitæ honeſtæ, beatæque, ſi credas.* Some impoſe upon the World that they believe that which they do not; others, more in number, make themſelves believe that they believe, not being able to penetrate into what it is to believe. We think it ſtrange, if in the Civil War, which at this Time diſorders our State, we ſee Events float, and vary after a common and ordinary Manner; which is, becauſe we bring nothing to it but our own. *Juſtice*, which is in one Party, is only there for Ornament and Palliation; it is indeed pretended, but 'tis not there receiv'd, ſettled and eſpouſed: It is there, as in the Mouth of an *Advocate*, not as in the Heart and Affection of the Party. God owes his extraordinary Aſſiſtance to *Faith* and *Religion*; but not to our *Paſſions*. Men there are the Conductors, and therein ſerve themſelves with *Religion*, which ought to be quite contrary. Obſerve, if it be not by our own Hands that we guide and train it, and draw it like Wax into ſo many contrary Figures, from a Rule in itſelf ſo direct and firm. When and where was this more manifeſt, than in *France* in our Days? They who have taken it on the Left-hand, they who have taken it on the Right; they who call it black, they who call it white, alike employ it to their violent and ambitious Deſigns, conduct it with a Progreſs, ſo conform in Riot and Injuſtice, that they render the Diverſity they pretended in their Opinions, in a Thing whereon the Conduct and Rule of our Life depends, doubtful and hard to believe. Can a Man ſee, even from the ſame School and Diſcipline, Manners more united, and more the ſame? Do but obſerve with what horrid Impudence we toſs Divine Arguments to and fro, and how irreligiouſly we have both rejected and retaken them, according as *Fortune* has ſhifted our Places in theſe Inteſtine Storms. This ſo ſolemn Propoſition, *Whether it be lawful for a Subject to rebel, and take up Arms againſt his Prince for the Defence of his Religion?*

God aſſiſts our Faith and Religion, not our Paſſions.

Propoſition, Whether it be lawful to take Arms againſt the King in Defence of Religion?

ligion? Do you remember in whoſe Mouths the laſt Year, the Affirmative of it was the Prop of one Party, and the Negative the Pillar of another? And hearken now from what Quarter comes the Vote, and Inſtruction of both the one and the other; and if Arms make leſs Noiſe and Rattle for this Cauſe, that for that. We condemn thoſe to the Fire, who ſay, *That Truth muſt be made to bear the Yoak of our Neceſſity*; and how much more does *France* then ſay it? Let us confeſs the Truth; whoever ſhould draw out the Army lawfully rais'd by the King's Authority, thoſe who take up Arms out of pure Zeal to Religion, and alſo thoſe who only do it to protect the Laws of their Country, or for the Service of their Prince, could hardly, out of both theſe put together, make one compleat Company of *Gens de Armes*. Whence does this proceed, that there are ſo few to be found who have maintain'd the ſame Will and the ſame Progreſs in our Civil Commotions, and that we ſee them one while move but a Foot-pace, and another run full Speed? and the ſame Men one while endamage our Affairs by their violent Heat and Auſterity, and another by their Coldneſs, Gentleneſs and Slowneſs; but that they are puſh'd on by particular and caſual Conſiderations, according to the Variety whereof they move? I evidently perceive, that we do not willingly afford Devotion any other Offices but thoſe that beſt ſuit with our own Paſſions. There is no Hoſtility ſo admirable as the *Chriſtian*. Our Zeal performs Wonders, when it ſeconds our Inclinations to Hatred, Cruelty, Ambition, Avarice, Detraction and Rebellion: But when it moves againſt the Hair towards Bounty, Benignity and Temperance, unleſs, by Miracle, ſome rare and virtuous Diſpoſition prompts us to it, we ſtir neither Hand nor Foot. Our Religion is intended to extirpate Vices; whereas it ſkreens, nouriſhes and incites them. We muſt not mock God. If we did believe in him, I do not ſay by Faith, but with a ſimple Belief, that is to ſay (and I ſpeak it to our great Shame) if we did believe him as we do any other Hiſtory; or as we would do one of our Companions, we ſhould love him above all other Things, for the infinite Bounty and Beauty that ſhines in him: At leaſt he would go equal into our Affection, with Riches, Pleaſures, Glory, and our Friends. The Beſt of us is not ſo much afraid to injure him, as he is afraid to injure his Neighbour, his Kinſman,

man, or his Maſter. Is their any Underſtanding ſo weak, that having on one Side the Object of one of our vicious Pleaſures, and on the other (in equal Knowledge and Perſuaſion) the State of an immortal Glory, would diſpute for the firſt againſt the other? and yet we often renounce this out of meer Contempt; for what Luſt tempts us to blaſpheme, if not, perhaps, the very Deſire to offend? The Philoſopher *Antiſthenes*, as the *Prieſt* was initiating him in the *Myſteries* of *Orpheus*, telling him, *That thoſe who profeſs'd themſelves of that Religion were certain to receive perfect and eternal Felicities after Death. If thou believeſt that*, anſwer'd he, *why doſt not thou die thyſelf? Diogenes* more rudely, according to his Manner, and more remote from our Purpoſe, to the *Prieſt* that in like Manner preached to him, *to become of his Religion, that he might obtain the Happineſs of the other World: What*, ſaid he, *thou wouldeſt have me to believe, that* Ageſilaus *and* Epaminondas, *who were ſo great Men, ſhall be miſerable, and that thou, who art but a Calf, and canſt do nothing to Purpoſe, ſhall be happy, becauſe thou art a* Prieſt? Did we receive theſe great Promiſes of Eternal Beatitude with the ſame Reverence and Reſpect that we do a Philoſophical *Lecture*, we ſhould not have Death in ſo great Horror.

Non jam ſe moriens diſſolvi conquereretur,
Sed magis ire foras, veſtemque relinquere ut anguis
Gauderet, prælonga ſenex: ut cornua Cervus *,

We ſhould not then dying, repine to be
Diſſolv'd, but rather ſtep out chearfully
From our old Hut, and with the Snake be glad
To caſt the old uneaſy Slough we had:
Or with th' old Stag, rejoice to be now clear
From the large Head, too pond'rous grown too bear.

I deſire to be diſſolv'd, we ſhould ſay, and to be with *Jeſus Chriſt*. The Force of *Plato*'s Arguments, concerning the Immortality of the Soul, ſent ſome of his Diſciples to untimely Graves, that they might the ſooner enjoy the Things he had made them hope for. All which is a moſt evident Sign, that we only receive our Religion after our own Faſhion, by our own Hands, and no otherwiſe than other *Re-*

* *Lucret. lib.* 3.

ligions

ligions are receiv'd. Either we are come into the Country where it is in Practice, or we bear a Reverence to the Antiquity of it, or to the Authority of the Men who have maintained it, or fear the Menaces it fulminates againſt Miſcreants, or are allur'd by its Promiſes. Theſe Conſiderations ought, 'tis true, to be apply'd to our Belief, but as Subſidaries only, for they are human Obligations. Another Religion, other Witneſſes, the like Promiſes and Threats, might, by the ſame Way, imprint a quite contrary Belief. We are *Chriſtians* by the ſame Title that we are *Perigordins* and *Germans*. And what *Plato* ſays, *That there are few Men ſo obſtinate in their* Atheiſm, *that a preſſing Danger will not reduce to an Acknowledgement of the Divine Power*, does not concern a true *Chriſtian*; 'Tis for mortal and human Religions to be receiv'd by human Recommendation. What Kind of Faith can we expect that ſhould be, that Cowardice and want of Courage eſtabliſhes in us? A pleaſant *Faith*, that does not believe what it believes, but for Want of Courage to diſbelieve it. Can a vicious Paſſion, ſuch as Inconſtancy and Aſtoniſhment, cauſe any regular Product in our Souls? *They are confident, in their own Judgment*, ſays he, *That what is ſaid of* Hell *and future Torments, is all feign'd: But an Occaſion of making the Experiment preſenting itſelf, that old Age or Diſeaſes bring them to the Brink of the Grave, the Terror of Death, by the Horror of that future Condition, inſpires them with a new Belief.* And by Reaſon that ſuch Impreſſions render them timorous, he forbids in his Laws all ſuch threatning *Doctrines*, and all Perſuaſions that any Thing of Ill can befall a Man from the Gods, excepting for his great Good, when they happen to him, and for a medicinal Effect. They ſay of *Bion*, that infected with the *Atheiſm* of *Theodorus*, he had long had religious Men in great Scorn and Contempt, but that Death ſurprizing him, he gave himſelf up to the moſt extreme Superſtition; *as if the Gods withdrew and return'd according to the Neceſſities of* Bion. *Plato* and his Examples would conclude, that we are brought to a Belief of God, either by Reaſon or by Force. *Atheiſm* being a Propoſition as unnatural as monſtrous, ſo difficult alſo and hard to ſink into human Underſtanding, how arrogant and irregular ſoever; there are Men enough ſeen, out

Bion *an* Atheiſt.

What Atheiſm *is.*

out of Vanity and Pride, to be the Authors of extraordinary and reforming Opinions, and outwardly to affect the Profeſſion of them; who, if they are ſuch Fools, have, nevertheleſs, not the Power to plant them in their own Conſcience. Yet will they not fail to lift up their Hands towards Heaven, if you give them a good Thruſt with a Sword into the Breaſt; and when Fear or Sickneſs has abated, and ſuppreſs'd the licentious Fury of this giddy Humour, they will eaſily re-unite, and very diſcreetly ſuffer themſelves to be reconcil'd to the publick Faith and Examples. A Doctrine ſeriouſly digeſted is one thing, and thoſe ſuperficial Impreſſions another; which ſpringing from the Diſorder of an unhinged Underſtanding, float at random and great Uncertainty in the Fancy. Miſerable and ſenſeleſs Men who ſtrive to be worſe than they can! The Error of Paganiſm and the Ignorance of our Sacred Truth! Let this great Soul, but great only in human Greatneſs, fall yet into this other Miſtake, *That Children and Old Men were moſt ſuſceptible of Religion*, as if it ſprung and deriv'd its Reputation from our Weakneſs. The Knot that ought to bind the Judgment, and the Will that ought to reſtrain the Soul and join it to the Creator, muſt be a Knot that derives the Foldings and Strength not from our Conſiderations, from our Reaſons and Paſſions; but from a Divine and Supernatural Conſtraint, having but one Form, one Face and one Luſtre, which is the Authority of God and his Divine Grace. Now the Heart and Soul being govern'd and commanded by Faith, 'tis but Reaſon that they ſhould muſter all their other Faculties, foraſmuch as they are able to perform to the Service and Aſſiſtance of their Deſign. Neither is it to be imagin'd, that all this *Machine* has not ſome Marks imprinted upon it by the Hand of the mighty *Architect*, and that there is not in the Things of this World, ſome Image, that in ſome Meaſure reſembles the Workman, who has built and form'd them. He has, in his ſtupendous Works, left the Character of his Divinity, and 'tis our own Weakneſs only that hinders us from diſcerning it. 'Tis what he himſelf is pleaſed to tell us, *That he manifeſts his inviſible Operations to us by thoſe that are viſible*. *Sebonde* applied himſelf to this laudable and noble Study, and demonſtrates to us, that there is not any Part or Member of

Divinity imprinted in the outward Fabrick of the World.

of the World that diſclaims or derogates from its Maker. It were to do wrong to the Divine Bounty, did not the Univerſe conſent to our Belief: The *Heavens*, the *Earth*, the *Elements*, our *Bodies* and our *Souls*; all theſe concur to this, if we can but find out the Way to uſe them. For this World is a ſacred *Temple*, into which Man is introduced, there to contemplate *Statues*, not the Works of a mortal Hand, but ſuch as the Divine Purpoſe has made the Objects of Senſe; the *Sun*, the *Stars*, the *Water*, and the *Earth*, to repreſent thoſe that are intelligible to us. *The inviſible Things of God*, ſays St. *Paul*, *appear by the Creation of the World, his Eternal Wiſdom and Divinity being conſidered by his Works.*

The World a ſacred Temple

Atque adeo faciem cœli non invidet orbi
Ipſe Deus, vultuſque ſuus corpuſque recludit
Semper volvendo, Seq; ipſum inculcat & offert,
Ut bene cognoſci poſſit doceatque videndo,
Qualis erat, doceatque ſuas attendere leges *.

And God himſelf envies not Men the Grace
Of ſeeing and admiring Heaven's Face:
But rowling it about, does ſtill anew
Object its Face and Body to our View;
And int' our Minds himſelf inculcate ſo,
That we may well the mighty *Mover* know;
Inſtructing us, by ſeeing him the Cauſe
Of all, to rev'rence and obey his Laws.

Now our Prayers and human Diſcourſes are but as ſteril and undigeſted Matter: The Grace of God is the Form: 'Tis that which gives Faſhion and Value to it. As the virtuous Actions of *Socrates* and *Cato* remain vain and fruitleſs, for not having had the Love and Obedience of the true *Creator* of all Things for their End and Object, and for not having known God: So is it with our Imaginations and Diſcourſes, they having a kind of Body, but it is an inform Maſs without Faſhion, and without Light, if *Faith* and *Grace* be not added to it, *Faith* coming to tinct and illuſtrate it. *Sebonde*'s Arguments render them firm and ſolid, and to that De-

* *Manil. l.* 4.

gree,

gree, that they are capable of ſerving for Directions, and of being the firſt Guides to an Elementary *Chriſtian*, to put him into the Way of this Knowledge: They in ſome Meaſure form him to, and render him capable of the *Grace of God*, by which Means he afterward compleats and perfects himſelf in the true Belief. I know a Man of Authority, bred up to Letters, who has confeſs'd to me, to have been *reduc'd from the Errors of Unbelief by* Sebonde's *Arguments*. And ſhould they be ſtripped of this Ornament, and of the Aſſiſtance and Approbation of the Holy Faith, and be looked upon as meer human Fancies only, to contend with thoſe who are precipitated into the dreadful and horrible Darkneſs of Irreligion, they will even there find them as ſolid and firm as any others of the ſame Quality that can be oppos'd againſt them; ſo that we ſhall be ready to ſay to our Opponents,

Si melius quid habes, accerſe, vel imperium fer.

If you have Arguments more fit,
Produce them, or to theſe ſubmit.

Let them admit the Force of our Reaſons; or let them ſhew us others, and upon ſome other Subject better woven and a finer Thread. I am unawares half engaged in the ſecond Objection, to which I propoſed to make anſwer in the Behalf of *Sebonde*. Some ſay, *That his Arguments are weak, and unable to make good what he intends*; and undertake with great Eaſe to confute them. Theſe are to be a little more roughly handled; for they are more dangerous and malicious than the Firſt. Men willingly wreſt the Sayings of others to favour their own prejudicate Opinions; to an *Atheiſt* all Writings tend to *Atheiſm*; he corrupts the moſt innocent Matter with his own Venom; theſe have their Judgments ſo pre-poſſeſs'd, that they cannot reliſh *Sebonde*'s Reaſons. As to the reſt, they think we give them very fair Play, in putting them into the Liberty of our Religion with Weapons meerly human, which in her *Majeſty*, full of Authority and Command, they durſt not attack. The means that I ſhall uſe, and that I think moſt proper to ſubdue this Frenzy, is, to cruſh and ſpurn under Foot Pride and human Fierceneſs; to make them ſenſible of the Inanity, Vanity and Vileneſs of Man, to wreſt the wretched Arms of their Reaſon out of their Hands, to make them bow down

and

and bite the Ground under the Authority and Reverence of the Divine *Majeſty*. 'Tis to that alone that Knowledge and Wiſdom appertain, that alone, that can make a true Eſtimate of itſelf, and from which we purloin whatever we value ourſelves upon,

Wiſdom only belongs to the Divinity.

Οὐ γὰρ ἐᾷ φρονεῖν ὁ Θεὸς μέγα τ' ἄλλον ἑαυτόν *.

God not permits, that any one ſhould be
More wiſe than he.

Let us ſubdue this Preſumption: The firſt Foundation of this Tyranny of the Evil Spirit. *Deus ſuperbis reſiſtit: Humilibus autem dat gratiam. Gods reſiſts the Proud; but gives Grace to the Humble* †. *Underſtanding is in the Gods,* ſays *Plato, and not at all, or very little, in Men.* Now it is in the mean Time a great Conſolation to a *Chriſtian* Man, to ſee our frail and mortal Parts ſo fitly ſuited to our Holy and Divine Faith, that when we employ them to the Subjects of their own mortal and frail Nature, they are not even there more equally or more firmly adjuſted. Let us ſee then, if Man has in his Power other more forcible and convincing Reaſons, than thoſe of *Sebonde*; that is to ſay, if it be in him to arrive at any Certainty by Arguments and Reaſons. For St. *Auguſtin*, diſputing againſt theſe People, has good Cauſe to reproach them with Injuſtice, *in that they maintain the Part of our Belief to be falſe, that our Reaſon cannot eſtabliſh.* And to ſhew that a great many Things may be, and may have been, of which our Nature could not ſound the Reaſon and Cauſes, he propoſes to them certain known and undoubted Experiments, wherein Men confeſs they ſee nothing; and this he does, as all other Things, with a curious and ingenious Inquiſition. We muſt do more than this, and make them know, that to convince the Weakneſs of their Reaſon, there is no Neceſſity of culling out uncommon Examples: And that it is ſo defective and ſo blind, that there is no Faculty clear enough for it; that to it the eaſy and the hard are all one; that all Subjects equally, and Nature in general, diſclaim its Authority, and reject its Mediation. What does Truth mean when

* *Horacum Adagium.* † 1 *Pet.* v. 5.

ſhe preaches to us to fly Worldly *Philoſophy*, when ſhe ſo often inculcates to us, *That our Wiſdom is but Folly in the Sight of God: That the vaineſt of all Vanities is Man: That the Man who preſumes upon his Wiſdom, does not yet know what Wiſdom is*; and *that Man, who is nothing if he thinks himſelf to be any Thing, does ſeduce and deceive himſelf?* Theſe Sentences of the *Holy Ghoſt* do ſo clearly and lively expreſs that which I would maintain, that I ſhould need no other Proof againſt Men, who would with all Humility and Obedience ſubmit to his Authority: But theſe will be whipp'd at their own Expence, and will not ſuffer a Man to oppoſe their Reaſon, but by itſelf. Let us then, for once, conſider a Man alone, without Foreign Aſſiſtance, arm'd only with his own proper Arms, and unfurniſh'd of the Divine Grace and Wiſdom, which is all his Honour, Strength, and the Foundation of his Being. Let us ſee what Certainty he has in his fine Equipage. Let him make me underſtand, by the Force of his Reaſon, upon what Foundations he has built thoſe great Advantages he thinks he has over other Creatures: Who has made him believe, that this admirable Motion of the Celeſtial Arch, the Eternal Light of thoſe Tapers that roll over his Head, the wonderful Motions of that infinite Ocean, ſhould be eſtabliſh'd and continue ſo many Ages for his Service and Convenience? Can any Thing be imagin'd ſo ridiculous, that this miſerable and wretched Creature, who is not ſo much as Maſter of himſelf, but ſubject to the Injuries of all Things, ſhould call himſelf Maſter and Emperor of the World, of which he has not Power to know the leaſt Part, much leſs to command the Whole? And the Privilege which he attributes to himſelf, of being the only Creature in this vaſt Fabrick, that has the Underſtanding to diſcover the Beauty and the Parts of it; the only one who can return Thanks to the Architect, and keep Account of the Revenues and Diſburſements of the World; who, I wonder, ſeal'd him this Patent? Let us ſee his Commiſſion for this great Employment. Was it granted in favour of the Wiſe only? Few People will be concern'd in it. Are Fools and wicked Perſons worthy ſo extraordinary a Favour? And being the worſt Part of the World, to be preferr'd before the reſt? Shall we believe *Cicero?* *Quorum igitur cauſa quis dixerit*

The Wiſdom of the World Folly with God.

effectum

effectum esse mundum? Eorum scilicet animantium, quæ ratione utuntur. Hi sunt Dii & Homines, quibus profecto nihil est melius *. *For whose Sake shall we therefore conclude, that the World was made? For theirs who have the Use of Reason: These are Gods and Men, than whom certainly nothing can be better.* We can never sufficiently decry the Impudence of this Conjunction. But wretched *Creature*, what has he in himself worthy of such an Advantage? To consider the incorruptible Existency of the Celestial Bodies, their Beauty, Magnitude and continual Revolution, by so exact a Rule:

——— *Cum suspicimus magni Cælestia mundi*
Templa super, stelliscque micantibus Æthera fixum,
Et venit in mentem Lunæ, Solisque viarum †.

When we Above the Heavenly Arch behold,
And the vast Roof studded with Stars of Gold,
And call to Mind, the Courses that the Sun
And Moon in their alternate Office run.

To consider the Dominion and Influence those Bodies have, not only over our Lives and Fortune;

Facta etenim, & vitas hominum suspendit ab astris ‖.

Men's Lives and Actions on the Stars depend.

But even over our Inclinations, our Thoughts and Wills, which they govern, incite and agitate at the Mercy of their Influences,

——— *Speculataque longe*
Deprendit tacitis dominantia legibus astra,
Et totum alterna mundum ratione moveri,
Fatorumque vices certis discernere signis §.

Contemplating the Stars, he finds that they
Rule by a secret and a silent Sway;
And that the enamell'd Spheres which rule above,
Do ever by alternate Causes move.
And studying these, he also can foresee,
By certain Signs, the Turns of Destiny.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 2. † *Lucret. l.* 5.
‖ *Manil. l.* 3. § *Id. lib.* 1.

To ſee that there is not ſo much as a Man, no not a King, exempt from this Dominion, but that Monarchies, Empires, and all this lower World follow the Influence of the Celeſtial Motions,

Quantaq; quam parvi faciant diſcrimina motus:
Tantum eſt hoc regnum, quod Regibus imperat ipſis *.

How great a Change a little Motion brings;
So great the Kingdom is, that governs Kings.

If our Virtue, our Vices, our Knowledge, and this very Diſcourſe we are upon, of the Power of the Stars, and the Compariſon, we are making betwixt them and us, proceed, as our Reaſon ſuppoſes, from their Favour:

——————Furit alter amore,
Et pontum tranare poteſt & vertere Trojam.
Alterius ſors eſt ſcribendis legibus apta:
Ecce patrem nati perimunt: Nataſque parentes,
Mutuaque armati coeunt in vulnera fratres,
Non noſtrum hoc bellum eſt; coguntur tanta movere,
Inque ſuas ferri pœnas lacerandaque membra †.

One mad in Love may croſs the raging Seas,
T'oreturn proud *Iliums*'s lofty Palaces;
Another's Fate inclines him more by far,
To ſpend his Time at the litigious Bar,
Sons kill their Fathers, Fathers kill their Sons,
And one arm'd Brother againſt another runs.
This War's not theirs, but *Fate*'s that ſpurs them on,
To ſhed the Blood, which ſhed, they muſt bemoan.

If we derive this little Portion of *Reaſon* we have from the Bounty of Heaven, how is it poſſible that *Reaſon* ſhould ever make us equal to it? How ſubject its Eſſence and Condition to our Knowledge? Whatever we ſee in that Body does aſtoniſh us; *Quæ molitio, quæ ferramenta, qui vectes, quæ machinæ, qui miniſtri tanti operis fuerunt? What Contrivance, what Tools, what Materials, what Engines, were employed about ſo ſtupendious a Work?* Why do we deprive it of Soul, of Life and Diſcourſe? Have we diſcovered in it any immote or inſenſible Stupidity, we who have no Commerce with the Heavens, but by Obedience? Shall we

* *Manil. l.* 1. † *Id. Ibidem.*

ſay

ſay that we have diſcover'd in no other Creature, but Man, the Uſe of a reaſonable Soul? What, have we ſeen any Thing like the Sun? Does he ceaſe to be, becauſe we have ſeen nothing like him? And do his Motions ceaſe, becauſe there are no other like them: If what we have not ſeen, is not, our Knowledge is wonderfully contracted. *Quæ ſunt tantæ animi anguſtiæ? How narrow are our Underſtandings?* Are they not Dreams of human Vanity, to make the *Moon* a Celeſtial Earth? There to fancy Mountains and Vales, as *Anaxagoras* did? There to fix Habitations and human Abodes, and plant Colonies for our Convenience, as *Plato* and *Plutarch* have done? Of our Earth to make a beautiful and reſplendent Star? *Inter cætera mortalitatis incommoda, & hoc eſt, fuligo mentium: Nec tantum neceſſitas errandi, ſed errorum amor. Corruptibile corpus aggravat animam, & deprimit terrena inhabitatio ſenſum multa cogitantem *. Amongſt the other Inconveniencies of Mortality, this is one, to have the Underſtanding clouded, and not only a Neceſſity of Erring, but a Love of Error. The Corruptible Body ſtupifies the Soul, and the Earthly Habitation dulls the Faculties of the Imagination.* Preſumption is our natural and original Diſeaſe. The moſt wretched and frail of all Creatures, is Man, and withal the proudeſt. He feels, and ſees himſelf lodged here in the Dirt and Filth of the World, nailed and rivetted to the worſt and deadeſt Part of the Univerſe, in the loweſt Story of the Houſe, and moſt remote from the Heavenly Arch, with Animals of the worſt Condition of the three; and yet in his Imagination will be placing himſelf above the Circle of the *Moon*, and bringing the Earth under his Feet. 'Tis by the ſame Vanity of Imagination, that he equals himſelf to God, attributes to himſelf Divine Qualities, withdraws and ſeparates himſelf from the Croud of other Creatures, cuts out the Shares of Animals his Fellows and Companions, and diſtributes to them Portions of Faculties and Force, as himſelf thinks fit. How does he know by the Strength of his Underſtanding, the ſecret and internal Motions of Animals? And from what Compariſon betwixt them and us, does he conclude the Stupidity he attributes to them? When I play with my Cat, who knows whether I do not

* *Sen. de ira, lib. 2. cap. 9.*

make her more Sport, than ſhe makes me? We mutually divert one another with our Play. If I have my Hour to begin, or to refuſe, ſhe alſo has hers. *Plato* in his Picture of the Golden Age, under *Saturn*, reckons, amongſt the chief Advantages that *a Man then had, his Communication with Beaſts, of whom enquiring and informing himſelf, he knew the true Qualities and Differences of them all*, by which he acquir'd a very perfect Intelligence and Prudence, and led his Life more happily than we could do. Need we a better Proof to condemn a human Imprudence in the concern of Beaſts? This great Author was of Opinion, that *Nature*, for the moſt Part, in the corporal Form ſhe gave them, had only Regard to the Cuſtom of Prognoſticks that were derived from thence in his own Time. The Defect that hinders Communication betwixt them and us, why may it not be in our Part as well as theirs? 'Tis yet to determine, where the Fault lies, that we underſtand not one another; for we underſtand them no more, than they do us, and by the ſame Reaſon, they may think us to be Beaſts, as we think them. 'Tis no great wonder if we underſtand not them, when we do not underſtand a *Baſque*. And yet ſome have boaſted, that they underſtood them, as *Apollonius Tyanæus, Melampus, Tireſias, Thales* and others. And ſeeing it is ſo, as *Coſmographers* report, that there are Nations that receive a *Dog* for their King, they muſt of neceſſity be able to interpret his Voice and Motions. We muſt obſerve the Parity betwixt us: We have ſome competent Apprehenſions of their Senſe, and ſo have Beaſts of ours, and much by the ſame Reaſon: They careſs us, threaten us, and beg of us, and we do the ſame to them.

Communication of Beaſts amongſt themſelves.

As to the reſt, we manifeſtly diſcover, that they have a full and abſolute Communication amongſt themſelves, and that they perfectly underſtand one another, not only thoſe of the ſame but of divers Kinds.

Et mutæ pecudes, & denique ſepta ferarum
Diſſimiles ſolent voces, variaſque ciere
Cum metus, aut dolor eſt, aut cum jam gaudia gliſcunt *.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

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The tamer Herds, and wilder Sort of Brutes,
Though we, and rightly too, conclude them Mutes,
Yet utter diſſonant and various Notes,
From gentler Lungs, or more diſtended Throats,
As Fear, or Grief, or Anger do them move,
Or as they more approach the Joys of Love.

In one Kind of Barking of a Dog, the Horſe knows he is angry; of another Sort of Bark he is not afraid. Even in the very Beaſts that have no Voice at all, we eaſily conclude from the Society of Offices, we obſerve amongſt them, ſome other Sort of Communication; their very Motions diſcover it.

Non alia longè ratione, atque ipſa videtur
Protrahere ad geſtum pueros infantia linguæ.

As we may ſee in Tongue-ty'd Infancy,
Children by Signs, their Want of Speech ſupply.

And why not, as well as our *Mutes* diſpute, conteſt, and tell Stories by Signs? Of which I have ſeen ſome by Practice, ſo ſubtil and active that Way, that in earneſt, they wanted nothing of the Perfection of making themſelves underſtood. Lovers are angry, reconcil'd, intreat, thank, appoint, and finally ſpeak all Things, by their Eyes.

El ſilentio ancor ſuole
Haver prieghi, & parole *.

Even Silence in a Lover,
Love and Courtſhip can diſcover.

What with the Hands? We require, promiſe, call, diſmiſs, threaten, pray, ſupplicate, deny, refuſe, interrogate, admire, number, confeſs, repent, fear, confound, doubt, inſtruct, command, incite, encourage, ſwear, teſtify, accuſe, condemn, abſolve, injure, deſpiſe, defy, provoke, flatter, applaud, bleſs, ſubmit, mock, reconcile, recommend, exalt, entertain, congratulate, complain, grieve, deſpair, wonder, exclaim, and what not? And all this with a Variation, and Multiplication, even to the Emu-

* *Aminto del Taſſo.*

lation of Speech. With the Head we invite, remand, confeſs, deny, give the lye, welcome, honour, reverence, diſdain, demand, rejoice, lament, reject, careſs, rebuke, ſubmit, huff, encourage, threaten, aſſure, and enquire. What with the Eyebrows? What with the Shoulders? There is not a Motion that does not ſpeak, and in an intelligible Language without Diſcipline, and a publick Language that every one underſtands: From whence it ſhould follow, the Variety and Uſe diſtinguiſh'd from others conſider'd, that theſe ſhould rather be judg'd the Propriety of human Nature. I omit what Neceſſity particularly does ſuddenly ſuggeſt to thoſe who are in need; the Alphabets upon the Fingers, Grammars in Geſture, and the Sciences which are only by them exercis'd and expreſs'd with the Nations that *Pliny* reports have no other Language. An Embaſſador of the City of *Abdera*, after a long Conference with *Agis*, King of *Sparta*, demanded of him, *Well, Sir, What Anſwer muſt I return to my Fellow Citizens? That I have given thee leave* (ſaid he) *to ſay what thou wouldeſt, and as much as thou wouldeſt, without ever ſpeaking a Word.* Is not this a ſilent Speaking, and very eaſy to be underſtood? As to the reſt, what is there in us, that we do not ſee in the Operations of Animals? Is there a Polity better order'd, the Offices better diſtributed, and more inviolably obſerv'd and maintain'd, than that of *Bees?* Can we imagine that ſuch, and ſo regular a Diſtribution of Employments, can be carry'd on without Conſideration and Prudence?

His quidam ſignis, atque hæc exempla ſequuti,
Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, & hauſtus
Æthereos dixere.

Having contemplated the working *Bees,*
Their Civil Regiment, and Policies,
Some have not ſtuck preſently to conclude,
That they in part with Reaſon are endu'd.

The Swallows that we ſee at the Return of the Spring, ſearching all the Corners of our Houſes for the moſt commodious Places wherein to build their Neſt; do they ſee, without Judgment, and amongſt a thouſand, chuſe out the moſt proper for their Purpoſe, without Diſcretion? In that elegant and admirable Contexture of their Building, can Birds rather make choice of a ſquare Figure than a round,

round, of an obtuſe than of a right Angle, without knowing their Properties and Effects? Do they bring Water, and then Clay, without knowing that the Hardneſs of the latter grows ſofter by being wet? Do they mat their Palace with Moſs or Down, without foreſeeing, that their tender Young will lye more ſafe and eaſy? Do they ſecure themſelves from the wet and rainy Winds, and place their Lodgings towards the Eaſt, without knowing the different Qualities of thoſe Winds, and conſidering that one is more comfortable than the other: Why does the Spider make her Web ſtreighter in one Place, and ſlaker in another? Why now make one Sort of Knot, and then another, if ſhe has not Deliberation, Thought, and Concluſion? We ſufficiently diſcover in moſt of their Works, how much Animals excel us, and how unable our Art is to imitate them. We ſee nevertheleſs in more groſs Performances, that we employ all our Faculties, and apply the utmoſt Power of our Souls; why do we not conclude the ſame of them? Why ſhould we attribute to I know not what natural and ſervile Inclinations the Works that excel all we can do by Nature and Art? Wherein, before we are aware, we give them a mighty Advantage over us, in making Nature, with a maternal Sweetneſs, to accompany and lead them, as it were, by the Hand, to all the Actions and Commodities of their Life, whilſt ſhe leaves us to Chance and Fortune, and to ſeek out by Art, the Things that are neceſſary to our Conſervation, at the ſame time denying us the Means of being able, by any Inſtruction or Contention of Underſtanding, to arrive at the natural Sufficiency of Beaſts: So that their Brutiſh Stupidity ſurpaſſes, in all Conveniences, all that our Divine Intelligence can do. Really, at this rate, we might with great Reaſon call her an unjuſt Step-Mother: But it is nothing ſo, our Polity is not ſo irregular and deform'd. Nature has been generally kind to all her Creatures, and there is not one, ſhe has not amply furniſhed with all Means neceſſary for the Conſervation of his Being. For the common Complaints I hear Men make (as the Liberty of their Opinions, do one while lift them up to the Clouds, and then again depreſs them to the Antipodes) that we are the only Animal abandon'd naked upon the bare Earth, ty'd and bound, not having wherewithal to arm and cloath us, but by the Spoil of others; whereas Nature has cover'd all

other

other Creatures, either with Shells, Huſks, Bark, Hair, Wool, Prickles, Leather, Down, Feathers, Scales, and Silk, according to the Neceſſities of their Being; has arm'd them with Talons, Teeth and Horns, wherewith to aſſault and defend, and has herſelf taught them, that which is moſt proper for them, to ſwim, to run, to fly, and ſing, whereas Man neither knows how to walk, ſpeak, eat, or do any thing but weep, without teaching.

Tum porro puer ut ſævis projectus ab undis,
Navita, nudus humi jacet infans, indigus omni
Vitali auxilio, cùm primùm in luminis oras
Nixibus ex alvo matris Natura profudit,
Vagitúque locum lugubri complet, æquum eſt
Cui tantùm in vita reſtet tranſire malorum:
At variæ creſcunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,
Nec crepitacula eis opus eſt, nec cuiquam adhibenda eſt
Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela:
Nec varias quærunt veſtes pro tempore cœli:
Denique non armis opus eſt, non mœnibus altis,
Queis ſua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia largè
Tellus ipſa parit, naturaque dædala rerum *.

Like to the wretched Mariner when toſt
By raging Seas upon the deſart Coaſt,
The tender Babe lies naked on the Earth,
Of all Supports of Life, ſtript by his Birth:
When Nature firſt preſents him to the Day,
Free'd from the Womb where he impriſon'd lay,
He fills the ambient Air with doleful Cries,
Foretelling thus Life's future Miſeries;
But Beaſts, both wild and tame, greater and leſs,
Do of themſelves in height and bulk increaſe:
They need no Rattle, nor the broken Chat,
By which the Nurſe firſt teaches Boys to prate,
They look not out for diff'rent Robes to wear,
According to the Seaſons of the Year:
And need no Arms nor Walls their Goods to ſave,
Since Earth and liberal Nature ever have,
And will in all abundance ſtill produce,
All Things whereof they can have need or uſe.

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

Thoſe

Thoſe Complaints are falſe; there is in the Polity of the World a greater Equity and more uniform Relation. Our Skins are as ſufficient to defend us from the Injuries of the Weather, as theirs are them; witneſs ſeveral Nations that yet know not the Uſe of Cloaths. Our ancient *Gauls* were but ſlenderly clad no more than the *Iriſh*, our Neighbours, in ſo cold a Climate: But we may better judge of this by ourſelves: For all thoſe Parts, that we are pleaſed to expoſe to the Air, are found very able to endure it: If there be a tender Part about us, and that ſeems to be in danger of Cold, it ſhould be the Stomach where the Digeſtion is; and yet our Forefathers wore them always open, and our Ladies, as tender and delicate as they are, go ſometimes bare as low as the Navel. Neither is the binding or ſwathing of Infants more neceſſary; and the *Lacedæmonian* Mothers brought up theirs in all liberty of Motion of Members, without any Ligature at all. Our Crying is common with the greateſt part of other Animals, and there are but few Creatures, that are not obſerv'd to groan, and bemoan themſelves a long time after they come into the World; foraſmuch as it is a Behaviour ſuitable to the Weakneſs wherein they find themſelves. As to the Cuſtom of Eating, it is, as in them, natural, and without Inſtruction.

The Skin of a Man ſufficient Proof againſt Weather.

The Ancients us'd to wear their Bojoms open.

The ſwathing of Infants not neceſſary.

Sentit enim vim quiſque ſuam quam poſſit abuti *.

For every one ſoon finds his natural Force,
Which he, or better may employ, or worſe.

Who doubts but an Infant, arriv'd to the Strength of feeding himſelf, may make ſhift to get his Living? And the Earth produces and offers him wherewithal to ſupply his Neceſſity without other Culture and Artifice; and if not at all times, no more does ſhe do it to Beaſts, witneſs the Proviſion we ſee *Ants* and other Creatures hoard up againſt the dead Seaſons of the Year. The late diſcover'd Nations, ſo abundantly furniſh'd with Meat, and natural Drink,

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

without

without Care, or without Cookery, may give us to underſtand, that Bread is not our only Food, and that without Tillage, our Mother Nature has provided us ſufficiently of all we ſtand in need of; nay, it appears more fully and plentifully than ſhe does at preſent, now that we have added our own Induſtry:

Et tellus nitidas fruges, vinetaque læta
Sponte ſua primum mortalibus ipſa creavit,
Ipſa dedit dulces fœtus, & pabula læta,
Quæ nunc vix noſtro grandeſcunt aucta labore,
Conterimuſque boves, & vires agricolarum *.

The Earth ſpontaneouſly did firſt afford
Choice Fruits and Wines to furniſh out the Board:
She pretty Off-ſprings gave and verdant Fields,
Which ſcarce, by Art, a better Harveſt yields;
Tho' Men and Oxen mutually have ſtrove,
With all their utmoſt Force, the Soil t'improve.

The Debauchery and Irregularity of our Appetites, outſtrip all the Inventions we can contrive to ſatisfy it. As to Arms, we have more that are natural, than the moſt Part of other Animals, more various Motions of Members, and naturally and without Leſſon; and extract more Service from them: Thoſe that are trained up to fight naked, are ſeen to throw themſelves into the like Hazards that we do. If ſome Beaſts ſurpaſs us in this Advantage, we ſurpaſs them in ſeveral others; and the Induſtry of fortifying the Body, and covering it by acquir'd Means, we have by Inſtinct and natural Precept. That it is ſo the *Elephant* ſharpens and whets the Teeth he makes uſe of in War (for he has particular ones for that Service, which he ſpares, and never employs them at all to any other Uſe); when *Bulls* go to fight, they toſs and throw the Duſt about them; *Boars* whet their Tuſks; and the *Ichneumon*, when he is to engage with the *Crocodile*, fortifies his Body, covers and cruſts it all over with a certain cloſe-wrought, and well-temper'd Slime, as with a Cuiraſs: Why ſhall we not ſay, That it is alſo natural for

The natural Arms of Men.

The Elephants Teeth.

* *Lucret. l.* 2.

us

us to arm ourſelves with Wood and Iron? As to Speech, it is certain, that if it be not natural, it is not neceſſary. Nevertheleſs, I believe that a Child, which had been brought up in an abſolute Solitude, remote from all Society of Men (which would be a Tryal very hard to make) would have ſome Kind of Speech to expreſs his Meaning by: And 'tis not to be ſuppoſed, that Nature ſhould have deny'd that to us, which ſhe has given to ſeveral other Animals: For, what is this Faculty, we obſerve in them, of complaining, rejoycing, calling to one another for Succour, and the ſofter Murmerings of Love, which they perform with the Voice, other, than Speech? And why ſhould they not ſpeak to one another? They ſpeak to us, and we to them. In how many ſeveral *Tones* do we ſpeak to our *Dogs*, and they anſwer us? We converſe with them in another Sort of Language, and other Appellations, than we do with *Birds*, *Hogs*, *Oxen*, and *Horſes*; and alter the *Idiom* according to the Kind.

Coſi per entro loro ſchiera bruna
S' ammuſa l'una con l' altra formica,
Forſe àſpiar lor via, & lor fortuna.

Of provident Ants thus do the ſable Bands,
'Gainſt one another Head to Head make ſtands,
T'obſerve each others Ways perhaps, and ſome
Perhaps to ſpy what Prizes are brought home.

Rifibility attributed to Beaſts.

Lactantius ſeems to attribute to Beaſts, not only Speech but Riſibility alſo. And the Difference of Language, which is manifeſt amongſt us, according to the Variety of Countries, is alſo obſerv'd in Animals of the ſame Kind. *Ariſtotle*, in Proof of this inſtances the various Calls of *Partridges*, according to the Situations of Places:

——————Variæque Volucres
Longè alias alio jaciunt in tempore voces,
Et partim mutant cum tempeſtatibus una
Rauciſonos cantus *.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

And

And ſeveral Birds do from their warbling Throats,
At ſeveral Times utter quite different Notes,
And ſome their hoarſe Songs with the Seaſons change.

But it is yet to be known what Language this Child would ſpeak; and of that, what is ſaid by gueſs, has no great Appearance. If a Man will alledge to me, in Oppoſition to this Opinion, that thoſe who are naturally Deaf ſpeak not: I anſwer, that that follows, not only becauſe they could not receive the Inſtruction of ſpeaking by Ear; but rather becauſe the Senſe of Hearing, of which they are depriv'd, relates to that of Speaking, and hold together by a natural and inſeparable Tye; in ſuch manner, that what we ſpeak, we muſt firſt ſpeak to ourſelves within, and make it ſound in our own Ears, before we can utter it to others. All this I have ſaid to prove the Reſemblance there is in human Things; and to bring us back, and join us to the Crowd. We are neither above, nor below the reſt. All that is under Heaven (ſays the wiſe Man) runs one Law, and one Fortune.

Impedita ſuis fatalibus omnia vinclis *.

——————All Things remain,
Kept ſhort and bound in the ſame fatal Chain.

There, is indeed, ſome difference, there are ſeveral Orders and Degrees; but it is under the Aſpect of one and the ſame Nature.

——*Res quæque ſuo ritu procedit, & omnes*
Fœdere Naturæ certo diſcrimina ſervant †.

All Things by their own Rites proceed, and draw
Towards their Ends, by Nature's certain Law.

Man muſt be compell'd, and reſtrain'd within the Bounds of this Polity. Miſerable Creature! he is not in a Condition really to ſtep over the Rail: He is fetter'd and circumſcribed, he is ſubjected to the ſame Neceſſity that the other Creatures of his Rank and Order are; and of a very mean Condition without any Prerogative, or true and real Preheminence. That which he attributes to himſelf

* *Lucr. l.* 5. † *Ibid.*

by

by vain Fancy and Opinion, has neither Body nor Taſte: And if it be ſo, that he only of all the Animals hath this Privilege of Imagination and Irregularity of Thoughts, repreſenting to him that which is, that which is not; and that he would have the Falſe, and the True; 'Tis an Advantage dearly bought, and of which he has very little Reaſon to be proud: Seeing that from thence ſprings the principal and original Fountain of all the Evils that befal him; Sin, Sickneſs, Irreſolution, Affliction and Deſpair. I ſay then (to return to my Subject) that there is no appearance to induce a Man to believe, that Beaſts ſhould, by a natural and forced Inclination, do the ſame Things that we by our Choice and Induſtry do. We ought from like Effects to conclude like Faculties, and from greater Effects greater Faculties: aud conſequently confeſs, that the ſame Meditation, and the very ſame Ways by which we operate, are common with them, or that they have others that are better. Why ſhould we imagine this natural Conſtraint in them, who experiment no ſuch Effect in ourſelves? Conſidering that it is more honourable to be guided, and obliged to act regularly by a natural and irreſiſtable Diſpoſition, and nearer ally'd to the Divinity, than to act regularly by a temerarious and fortuitous Liberty; and more ſafe to entruſt the Reins of our Conduct in the Hands of Nature, than our own. The Vanity of our Preſumption is the Cauſe, that we had rather owe our Sufficiency to our own Induſtry, than to her Bounty, and that we enrich the other Animals with natural Goods, and abjure them in their Favour, to honour and ennoble ourſelves with Goods acquired, very fooliſhly in my Opinion; for I ſhould as much value Parts and Virtues, naturally and purely my own, as thoſe I had begg'd and obtain'd from Education. It is not in our Power to obtain a nobler Reputation, than to be favour'd of God and Nature. For this Reaſon ſhould we ſee the *Fox*, the People of *Thrace* make uſe of, when they will attempt to paſs over the Ice of ſome frozen River, and turn him out before them to that Purpoſe, lay his Ear upon the Bank of the River, down to the Ice, to liſten if from a more remote or nearer Diſtance, he can hear the Noiſe of the Waters Current; and, according as he finds by that, the Ice to be of a leſs or greater Thickneſs, to retire or advance; have we not Reaſon

Reaſon to believe from thence, that he had ſome Thoughts that we ſhould have upon the like Occaſions; and that it is a Ratiocination and Conſequence drawn from natural Senſe; that, that which makes a Noiſe, runs; that which runs, is not frozen; what is not frozen, is liquid; and that which is liquid, yields to impreſſion? For to attribute this to a Vivacity of the Senſe of Hearing, without Meditation and Conſequence, is a *Chimæra* that cannot enter into the Imagination. We are to ſuppoſe the ſame of ſo many Sorts of Subtilties and Inventions, with which Beaſts ſecure themſelves from, and fruſtrate the Enterprizes we complot againſt them. And if we will make an Advantage even of this, that it is in our Power to ſeize them, to employ them in our Service, and to uſe them at our Pleaſure, 'tis but ſtill the ſame Advantage we have over one another. We have our Slaves upon theſe Terms; and the *Climacidæ*, were they not Women in *Syria*, who being on all Four, ſerved for a Ladder and half Pace, by which the Ladies mounted the Coach? And the greateſt part of free Perſons ſurrender for very trivial Conveniencies, their Life and Being into the Power of another. The Wives and Concubines of the *Thracians* contend who ſhall be choſen to be ſlain upon their Huſbands Tomb. Have Tyrants ever fail'd of finding Men enough vow'd to their Devotion: Some of them moreover adding this Neceſſity of accompanying them in Death, as well as Life? Whole Armies have obliged themſelves after this Manner to their Captains. The Form of the Oath in the rude School of *Fencers*, who were to fight it out to the laſt, was in theſe Words: *We ſwear to ſuffer ourſelves to be chain'd, burnt, hurt and kill'd with the Sword, and to endure all that true Gladiators ſuffer from their Maſter*, religiouſly engaging both Bodies and Souls in his Service:

Ure meum ſi vis flamma caput, & pete ferro,
Corpus, & intorto verbere terga ſeca *.

Wound me with Steel, burn off my Head with Fire.
Or ſcourge my Shoulders with well-twiſted Wire.

* *Tib. l.* 1. *Eleg.* 10.

This

This was an Obligatien indeed, and yet there were ſome Years, ſome Thouſands who entred into it, and loſt themſelves in it. When the *Scythians* interr'd their King, they ſtrangled upon his Body the moſt beloved of his Concubines, his Cup-bearer, the Maſter of his Horſe, his Chamberlain, the Uſher of his Chamber, and his Cook. And upon his Anniverſary, they kill'd fifty Horſes, mounted by fifty Pages, that they had empal'd all up the Spine of the Back to the Throat, and there left them fixt in Triumph about his Tomb. The Men that ſerve us, do it cheaper, and for a leſs curious and favourable Uſage than what we treat our *Hawks*, *Horſes*, and *Dogs* withal. To what Solicitude do we not ſubmit for their Convenience. I do not think, that Servants of the moſt abject Condition, would willingly do that for their Maſters, that Princes think it an Honour to do for their Beaſts. *Diogenes* ſeeing his Relations ſolicitous to redeem him from Servitude: *They are Fools*, ſaid he, *'tis that which treats and nouriſhes, and that ſerves me*; and they who make ſo much of Beaſts, ought rather to be ſaid to ſerve them, than to be ſerved by them. And withal, they have ſomething more generous, that one *Lion* never ſubmitted to another *Lion*, nor one *Horſe* to another, for want of Courage. As we go the Chace of Beaſts, ſo do *Tygers* and *Lions* to the Chace of Men; and do the ſame Execution upon one another, *Dogs* upon *Hares*, *Pikes* upon *Tenches*, *Swallows* upon *Flies*, and *Spar-hawks* upon *Black-birds* and *Larks*:

Obſequies of the Scythian *Kings.*

> ———*Serpente Ciconia pullos*
> *Nutrit, & inventa per devia rura lacerta,*
> *Et Leporem, aut Capream famulæ* Jovis *& generoſæ*
> *In ſaltu venantur Aves* *.

> The *Stork* her young ones nouriſhes with *Snakes*
> And *Lizards*, found in Meadows and in Lakes:
> *Jove*'s *Eagle* treſſes *Hares*, and Birds of Prey
> Hawk in the Woods.

We divide the Quarry, as well as the Pains and Labour of the Chace with our *Hawks* and *Hounds*. And above *Amphipolis*, in *Thrace*, the *Hawkers* and wild *Faulcons* equally

* *Juven. Sat.* 14.

divide the Prey in the Middle: As alſo along the Lake *Mæotis*, if the *Fiſherman* do not honeſtly leave the *Wolves* an equal Share of what he has caught, they preſently go and tear his Nets in pieces. And as we have a Way of *Fiſhing* that is carried on more by Subtilty than Force, namely *Angling* with Lines and Hooks, there is alſo the like amongſt other Animals. *Ariſtotle* ſays, that the *Cuttle-Fiſh* caſts a Gut out of his Throat as long as a Line, which he extends and draws back at pleaſure; and as ſhe perceives ſome little Fiſh approach her, ſhe lets it nibble upon the End of this Gut, lying herſelf conceal'd in the Sand, or Mud, and by little and little draws it in, till the little Fiſh is ſo near her, that at one Spring ſhe may ſurprize it. As to what concerns Strength, there is no Creature in the World expoſed to ſo many Injuries, as Man: We need not a *Whale*, an *Elephant*, or a *Crocodile*, nor any ſuch like Animals (of which one alone is ſufficient to defeat a great Number of Men) to do our Buſineſs: *Lice* are ſufficient to vacate *Sylla*'s Dictatorſhip; and the Heart and Life of a great and triumphant Emperor, is the Breakfaſt of a little contemptible *Worm*. Why ſhould we ſay, that it is only for Man, by Knowledge improv'd by Art and Meditation, to diſtinguiſh the Things commodious for his Being, and proper for the Cure of his Diſeaſes, and to know the Virtues of *Rhubarb* and *Polypody*; when we ſee the *Goats* of *Candie*, when wounded with an Arrow, among a Million of Plants, chooſe out *Dittanie* for their Cure; and the *Tortiſe*, when ſhe has eaten of a *Viper*, immediately go to look out for *Origanum* to purge her; the *Dragon* to rub, and clear his Eyes with *Fennel*; the *Storks* to give themſelves Clyſters of *Sea-Water*; the *Elephants* to draw not only out of their own Bodies, and thoſe of their Companions, but out of the Bodies of their Maſters too (witneſs the Elephant of King *Porus*, whom *Alexander* defeated) the Dart and Javelins thrown at them in Battle, and that ſo dextrouſly, that we ourſelves could not do it with ſo little Pain to the Patient; why do we not ſay the ſame, that this is Knowledge and Prudence? For to alledge to their Diſparagement, that 'tis by the ſole Inſtruction and Dictate of *Nature*, that they know all this, is not to take from them the Dignity of Knowledge and Prudence; but with greater Argument to attribute it to them, than to us;

for

for the Honour of ſo infallible a Miſtreſs. *Chryſippus* tho' in all other Things as ſcornful a Judge of the Condition of Animals, as any other *Philoſopher* whatever, conſidering the Motions of a *Dog*, who coming to a Place where three Ways met, either to hunt after his Maſter he has loſt, or in purſuit of ſome Game that flies before him, goes ſnuffing firſt in one of the Ways, and then in another, and after having made himſelf ſure of two, without finding the Trace of what he ſeeks, throws himſelf into the third without Examination; he is forc'd to confeſs, that this Conſideration is in the *Dog*, *I have followed my Maſter by the Foot to this Place, he muſt of neceſſity be gone one of theſe three Ways, he is not gone this Way, nor that, he muſt then infallibly be gone this other:* And that aſſuring himſelf by this Concluſion, he makes no uſe of his Noſe in the third Way, nor ever lays it to the Ground, but ſuffers himſelf to be carried on by the Force of Reaſon. This Sally, which is purely logical, and this Manner of ſtating Propoſitions divided and conjoin'd, and the right Enumeration of Parts, is it not every whit as good, that the *Dog* know all this of himſelf, as to have learnt it by Rules of Art? And Animals are not incapable however, of being inſtructed after our Method. We teach *Blackbirds*, *Ravens*, *Pies* and *Parots* to ſpeak; and the Facility and Complacency wherewith we ſee they lend us their Voices, and render both them and their Breath ſo ſupple and pliant, to be form'd and confin'd within a certain Number of Letters and Syllables, does evince, that they have an Examination of Things within, which renders them ſo docile and willing to learn. Every body, I believe, is glutted with the ſeveral Sorts of Tricks that *Tumblers* teach their *Dogs*, the Dances, where they do not miſs any one Cadence of the Sound they hear, the ſeveral various Motions and Leaps they make them perform by the Command of a Word: But I obſerve this Effect with the greateſt Admiration, which nevertheleſs is very common, of the *Dogs* that lead the *Blind*, both in the Country and in Cities: I have taken notice how they ſtop at certain Doors, where they were wont to receive Alms; how they avoided the Encounter of Coaches and Carts, even there were they have had ſufficient Room to paſs; and have ſeen them by the Trench of a Town, forſake a plain and even Path, and take a worſe, only to keep their Maſ-

ters further from the Ditch. How could a Man have made this *Dog* underſtand, that it was his Office to look to his Maſter's Safety only, and to deſpiſe his own Conveniency to ſerve him? And how had he the Knowledge, that a Way was large enough for him, that was not ſo for a blind Man? Can all this be apprehended without Ratiocination; I muſt not omit what *Plutarch* ſays he ſaw of a *Dog* at *Rome* with the Emperor *Veſpaſian*, the Father, at the Theatre of *Marcellus*. *This Dog ſerv'd a Player, that play'd a Farce of ſeveral Geſtures, and had therein his Part. He was, amongſt other Things, to counterfeit himſelf for ſome Time dead, by reaſon of a certain Drug he muſt be ſuppos'd to have eaten: After he had ſwallow'd a Piece of Bread, which muſt paſs for the Drug, he began, after a while, to tremble and ſtagger, as if he was aſtoniſh'd: At laſt, ſtretching himſelf out ſtiff, as if he had been dead, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be drawn and drag'd from Place to Place, as it was his Part to do; and afterward, when he knew it to be Time, he began firſt gently to ſtir, as if newly awak'd out of ſome profound Sleep, and lifting up his Head, look'd about him after ſuch a Manner, as aſtoniſh'd all the Spectators.* The *Oxen* that ſerv'd in the Royal Gardens of *Suſa*, to water them and turn certain great Wheels to draw Water for that Purpoſe, to which Buckets were faſten'd (ſuch as there are many in *Languedoc*) being order'd every one to draw a hundred Turns a Day: They were ſo accuſtom'd to this Number, that it was impoſſible, by any Force, to make them draw one Turn more; but, their Taſk being perform'd, they would ſuddenly ſtop and ſtand ſtill. We are almoſt Men before we can count a Hundred, and have lately diſcovered Nations that have no Knowledge of Numbers at all. There is more Underſtanding requir'd in the teaching of others, than in being taught. But ſetting aſide what *Democritus* held and prov'd, *that moſt of the Arts we have were taught us by other Animals:* As the *Spider*, to weave and ſew; the *Swallow* to build; the *Swan* and *Nightingale*, Muſick; and ſeveral Animals, by their Imitation, to make Medicines. *Ariſtotle* is of Opinion, *that the Nightingales teach their young ones to ſing, and ſpend a great deal of Time and Care in it*; from whence it happens, that thoſe we bring up in Cages, and have not had Time to learn of their Dams, want much of the Grace of their Singing

Singing. We may judge by this, that they improve by Diſcipline and Study: And even amongſt the Wild, it is not all one and every one alike, every one has learnt to do better or worſe, according to their Capacity. And ſo jealous are they one of another, whilſt learning, that they contend with Emulation, and by ſo vigorous a Contention, that ſometimes the vanquiſh'd fall dead upon the Place, the Breath rather failing than the Voice. The Younger ruminate, are penſive, and begin to mutter ſome broken Notes; the Diſciple liſtens to the Maſter's Leſſon, and gives the beſt Account he is able; they are ſilent by Turns, one may hear Faults corrected, and obſerve ſome Reprehenſions of the Teacher. *I have formerly ſeen* (ſays *Arius*) *an* Elephant *having a Cymbal hung at each Leg, and another faſten'd to his Trunk, at the Sound of which all the others danced round about him, riſing and falling at certain Cadences, as they were guided by the Inſtrument, and took a Delight in Harmony.* In the Spectacles of *Rome* there were ordinarily ſeen Elephants taught to move and dance to the Sound of the Voice, Dances wherein were ſeveral Changes and Cadences very hard to learn. And ſome have been privately ſo intent upon their Leſſon, as to practiſe it by themſelves, that they might not be chidden nor beaten by their Maſters. But this other Story of the *Pie*, of which we have *Plutarch* himſelf for warrant, is very ſtrange: *She was in a Barber's Shop at* Rome, *and did Wonders, in imitating with her Voice whatever ſhe heard. It happened one Day, that certain Trumpeters ſtood a good while ſounding before the Shop: After that, and all the next Day, the* Pie *was penſive, dumb, and melancholick; which every Body wonder'd at, and thought the Noiſe of the Trumpets had ſo ſtupify'd and aſtoniſh'd her, that her Voice was gone with her Hearing: But they found at laſt, that it was a profound Meditation, and a retiring into herſelf, her Thoughts exerciſing and preparing her Voice to imitate the Sound of thoſe Trumpets; ſo that the firſt Voice ſhe utter'd was perfectly to imitate their Strains, Stops and Changes; having by this new Leſſon quitted and diſdained all ſhe had learned before.* I will not omit this other Example of a *Dog* alſo, which the ſame *Plutarch* ſays he ſaw being

Elephants wearing Cymbals.

Elephants taught to dance.

The Story of a Magpy at Rome.

The Cunningneſs of a Dog to get the Oil out of a Jar.

on Shipboard. *This Dog being puzzled how to get the Oil that was in the Bottom of a Cruiſe, which he could not reach with his Tongue, by reaſon of the narrow Mouth of the Veſſel, went and fetch'd Stones and let them fall into the Jar, 'till he made the Oil riſe ſo high, that he could reach it.* What is this but an Effect of a very ſubtile Capacity? 'Tis ſaid, that the *Ravens* of *Barbary* do the ſame, when the Water they would drink is too low. This Action is ſomething a-kin to what *Juba*, a King of their Nations, relates of the *Elephants*; *That, when by the Craft of the Hunter, one of them is trapt in certain deep Pits prepared for them, and cover'd over with Bruſh to deceive them, all the reſt, in great Diligence, bring a great many Stones and Logs of Wood to raiſe the Bottom, ſo that he may get out.* But this Animal, in ſeveral other Effects, comes ſo near to human Capacity, that ſhould I particularly relate all that Experience hath deliver'd to us, I ſhould eaſily have, what I uſually maintain, granted; namely, that there is more Difference betwixt ſuch and ſuch a Man, than betwixt ſuch a Beaſt and ſuch a Man. *The Keeper of an* Elephant, *in a private Houſe of* Syria, *rob'd him every Meal of the Half of his Allowance: One Day his Maſter would himſelf feed him, and poured the full Meaſure of Barley he had order'd for his Allowance into his Manger; at which, the* Elephant *caſting an angry Look at his Keeper, with his Trunk ſeparated the one Half from the other, and thruſt it aſide, by that declaring the Wrong was done him.* And another, *having a Keeper that mixed Stones with his Corn, to make up the Meaſure, came to the Pot where he was boiling Fleſh for his own Dinner, and fill'd it with Aſhes.* Theſe are particular Effects: But that which all the World has ſeen, and all the World knows, that in all the Armies of the *Levant*, one of the greateſt Forces conſiſted in *Elephants*, with whom they did, without Compariſon, much greater Execution than we now do with our Artillery; which is, as it were, in their Stead in a Day of Battle (as may eaſily be ſuppos'd by ſuch as are well read in ancient Hiſtory.)

The Subtilty of Elephants to diſengage one another.

An Elephant diſcovers the Cheat of his Keeper.

——*Siquidem*

———*Siquidem Tyrio ſervire ſolebant*
Annibali, & noſtris ducibus, Regique Moloſſo
Horum Majores, & dorſo ferre Cohortes,
Partem aliquam Belli, & euntem in prælia turmam *.

Of theſe, thoſe of the largeſt Size were wont
The Carthaginian *Hannibal* to mount:
Our *Leaders* to theſe mighty Beaſts beſtride;
An Elephant great King *Moloſſus* ride;
Nay more, upon their Backs they us'd to bear
Whole Bands and Cohorts when they went to War.

They muſt neceſſarily very confidently rely upon the Fidelity and Underſtanding of theſe Beaſts, when they entruſted them with the Vantguard of a Battle, where the leaſt Stop they ſhould have made, by Reaſon of the Bulk and Heavineſs of their Bodies, and the leaſt Fright that ſhould have made them face about upon their own People, had been enough to ſpoil all. And there are but few Examples where it has happen'd, that they have fallen foul upon their own Troops, whereas we ourſelves break into our own Battalions, and rout one another: They had the Commiſſion not of one ſimple Motion only, but of many ſeveral Things they were to perform in the Battle: As the *Spaniard* did to their *Dogs* in their new Conqueſt of the *Indies*, to whom they gave Pay and allow'd them a Share in the Spoil; and thoſe Animals ſhew'd as much Dexterity and Judgment in purſuing the Victory and ſtopping the Purſuit; in charging and retiring, as Occaſion requir'd; and in diſtinguiſhing their Friends from their Enemies, as they did Ardour and Fierceneſs. We more admire and value Things that are unuſual and ſtrange than thoſe of ordinary Obſervation. I had not elſe ſo long inſiſted upon theſe Examples: For I believe, whoever ſhall ſtrictly obſerve what we ordinarily ſee in thoſe Animals we have amongſt us, may there find as wonderful Effects as thoſe we fetch from remote Countries and Ages. 'Tis one and the ſame Nature that rules her Courſe, and whoever had ſufficiently conſidered the preſent State of Things, might certainly conclude both the future and the paſt. I have

* *Juvenal.*

formerly ſeen Men, brought hither by Sea from very diſtant Countries, whoſe Language not being underſtood by us, and moreover their Mien, Countenance and Habit, being quite differing from ours; which of us did not repute them Savages and Brutes? Who did not attribute it to Stupidity and want of common Senſe, to ſee them mute, ignorant of the *French* Tongue, ignorant of our Salutations and Cringes, our Port and Behaviour, from which all human Nature muſt by all Means take its Pattern and Example. All that ſeems ſtrange to us, and that we do not underſtand, we condemn. The ſame Things happen alſo in the Judgments we make of Beaſts; they have ſeveral Conditions like to ours; from thoſe we may, by Compariſon, draw ſome Conjecture: By thoſe Qualities that are particular to themſelves, what know we what to make of them? The *Horſes*, *Dogs*, *Oxen*, *Sheep*, *Birds*, and moſt of the Animals that live amongſt us, know our Voices, and ſuffer themſelves to be govern'd by them: So did *Craſſus*'s *Lamprey*, and came when he call'd it; as alſo do the *Eels* that are in the Lake *Arethuſa*: And I have ſeen ſeveral Ponds, where the *Fiſhes* run to eat at a certain Call of thoſe who uſe to feed them.

——Nomen habent, & ad Magiſtri
Vocem quiſque ſui venit citatus *.

They every one have their own Names, and all
Straightway appear at their own Maſter's Call.

We may judge of that; we may alſo ſay, that the Elephants have ſome Participation of Religion, foraſmuch as after ſeveral Waſhings, and Purifications, they are obſerved to lift up their Trunk like Arms, and fixing their Eyes towards the riſing of the Sun, continue long in Meditation, and Contemplation, at certain Hours of the Day, of their own Motion, without Inſtruction, or Precept. But becauſe we do not ſee any ſuch Signs in other Animals, we cannot for that conclude, that they are without Religion, nor make any Judgment of what is conceal'd from us. As we diſcern ſomething in this Action, which the Philoſopher *Cleanthes* took notice of, becauſe it ſomething

* *Mart. l.* 4. *Epig.* 30.

reſembles

reſembles our own. *He ſaw*, he ſays, *Ants go from their Ant-hill, carrying the dead Body of an Ant towards another Ant-hill, from whence ſeveral other Ants came out to meet them, as if to ſpeak, and expoſtulate with them; where after having been a pretty while together, the laſt return'd, to conſult, you may ſuppoſe, with their Fellow-Citizens, and ſo made two or three Journeys, by reaſon of the Difficulty of Capitulation: In the Concluſion, the laſt Comers brought the firſt a Worm out of their Burrow, as it were for the Ranſom of the Defunct, which they firſt laid upon their Backs, and carried home, leaving the dead Body to the others.* This was the Interpretation that *Cleanthes* gave of this Tranſaction, giving us by that to underſtand, that thoſe Creatures that have no Voice, are not, nevertheleſs, without Practice, and mutual Communication, whereof 'tis through our own Defect, that we do not participate; and for that Reaſon fooliſhly take upon us to paſs our Cenſure. But they yet produce other Effects, far beyond our Capacity, to which we are ſo far from being able to arrive by Imitation, that we cannot ſo much as by Imitation conceive it. Many are of Opinion, that in the great and laſt Naval Engagement, that *Anthony* loſt to *Auguſtus*, his Admiral Gally was ſtay'd in the middle of her Courſe, by the little Fiſh the *Latins* call *Remora*, by Reaſon of the Property ſhe has of ſtaying all Sorts of Veſſels, to which ſhe faſtens herſelf. And the Emperor *Caligula*, ſailing with a great Navy, upon the Coaſt of *Romania*, his Galley only was ſuddenly ſtayed by the ſame Fiſh, which he cauſed to be taken, faſtned as it was to the Keel of his Ship, very angry that ſuch a little Animal could reſiſt both the Sea, the Wind, and the Force of all his Oars, by being only faſten'd by the Beak to his Galley (for it is a Shell-fiſh) and was moreover, not without great Reaſon aſtoniſh'd, that being brought to him in the Long-boat, it had no more the Strength it had without. A Citizen of *Cyzicus*, formerly acquired the Reputation of a good Mathematician, for having learnt the Condition of the *Hedge-hog*: He has his Burrow open in diverſe Places, and to ſeveral Winds, and foreſeeing the Wind that is to come, ſtops the Hole on that Side, which that Citizen obſerving, gave the City certain Predictions of the Wind, which was preſently

Communication of Ants.

ſently to blow. The *Camelion* takes her Colour from the Place upon which ſhe is laid; but the *Polypus* gives himſelf what Colour he pleaſes, according to occaſion, either to conceal himſelf from what he fears, or from what he has a Deſign to ſeize: In the *Cameleon* 'tis a paſſive, but in the *Polypus* 'tis an active Change. We have ſome Changes of Colour, as in Fear, Anger, Shame, and other Paſſions, that alter our Complections; but it is by the Effect of Suffering, as with the *Camelion*. It is in the Power of the *Jaundice* indeed to make us turn Yellow, but 'tis not in the Power of our own Will. Now theſe Effects that we diſcover in other Animals, much greater than ours, ſeem to imply ſome more excellent Faculty in them, unknown to us; as 'tis to be preſumed ſeveral other Qualities and Abilities of theirs are, of which no Appearances have arrived at us.

Change of Colour in the Camelion *and* Polypus.

Amongſt all the Predictions of Elder Times, the moſt ancient and the moſt certain, were thoſe taken from the *Flight of Birds*, we having nothing like it, not any Thing to be ſo much admired. That Rule and Order of the moving of the Wing, from whence they derived the Conſequences of future Things, muſt of Neceſſity be guided by ſome excellent Means to ſo noble an Operation: For to attribute this great Effect to any natural Diſpoſition, without the Intelligence, Conſent and Meditation of him by whom it is produced, is an Opinion evidently falſe: That it is ſo, the *Cramp-fiſh* has this Quality, not only to benumb all the Members that touch her, but even through the Nets tranſmit a heavy Dulneſs into the Hands of thoſe that move and handle them; nay, it is further ſaid, that if one pour Water upon her, he will feel this Numbneſs mount up the Water to the Hand, and ſtupify the Feeling through the Water. This is a miraculous Force; but 'tis not uſeleſs to the *Cramp-fiſh*; ſhe knows it, and makes uſe on't; for to catch the Prey ſhe deſires, ſhe will bury herſelf in the Mud, that other Fiſhes ſwimming over her, ſtruck and benumb'd with this Coldneſs of hers, may fall into her Power. *Cranes*, *Swallows*, and other Birds of Paſſage, by ſhifting their Abode according to the Seaſons, ſufficiently manifeſt the Knowledge

Augury, the moſt certain Way of Prediction.

Knowledge they have of their divining Faculty, and put it in Uſe. Huntſmen aſſure us, that to cull out from amongſt a great many Puppies, that which ought to be preſerv'd for the Beſt, the beſt Way is to refer the Choice to the Dam; as thus, take them and carry them out of the Kennel, and the firſt ſhe brings back, will certainly be the Beſt: Or if you make a ſhew as if you would environ the Kennel with Fire, thoſe that ſhe firſt catches up to ſave. By which it appears they have another Sort of Prognoſtick than we have; or that they have ſome Virtue in judging of their Whelps, other and more certain than we have. The Manner of coming into the World, of engendring, nouriſhing, acting, moving, living and dying of Beaſts, is ſo near to ours, that whatever we retrench from their moving Cauſes, and add to our own Condition above theirs, can by no means proceed from any Meditation of our own Reaſon. For the Regimen of our Health, Phyſicians propoſe to us the Example of the Beaſts Manners, and Way of Living; for this Saying, has, in all Times, been in the Mouth of theſe People.

Tenez chaud les pieds, & la teſte,
Au demeurant vivez en beſte *.

Keep warm thy Feet and Head, as to the reſt,
Live like a Beaſt.

Generation is the principal of all natural Actions. We have a certain Diſpoſition of Members moſt proper and convenient for us in that Affair: Nevertheleſs, we are ordered to conform to the Poſture of Brutes, as the moſt effectual.

——————More ferarum,
Quadrupedunq; magis ritu, plerumq; putantur,
Concipere uxores: Quia ſic loca ſumere poſſunt,
Pectoribus poſitis, ſublatis ſemina lumbis †.

And condemn, as hurtful, thoſe extravagant and indiſcreet Motions the Women have ſuperadded to the Work, reducing them to the Example and Practice of Beaſts of their own Sex, more ſober and modeſt.

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* *Plutarch.* † *Lucr. l.* 5.

Nam

Nam mulier prohibet ſe concipere atque repugnat,
Clunibus ipſa viri Venerem ſi læta retractet;
Atque exoſſato ciet omni pectore fluctus:
Ejicit enim ſulci recta regione viaque
Vomerem, atque locis avertit ſeminis ictum *.

If it be Juſtice to render to every one their Due, the Beaſts that ſerve, love, and defend their Benefactors, and that purſue and fall upon Strangers and thoſe who offend them, do in this repreſent a certain Air of our Juſtice: As alſo in obſerving a very equitable Equality in the Diſtribution of what they have, to their Young; and as to Friendſhip, they have it without Compariſon more lively, and conſtant than Men have. *King* Lyſimachus's *Dog*, Hyracan, *his Maſter being dead, lay on his Bed, obſtinately refuſing either to eat or drink; and the Day that his Body was burnt, he took a run, and leap'd into the Fire, where he was conſum'd.* As alſo did the Dog of one *Pyrrhus*; *for he would not ſtir from off his Maſter's Bed, from the Time he dy'd; and when they carry'd him away, let himſelf be carry'd with him, and at laſt leap'd into the Pile, where they burnt his Maſter's Body.* There are Inclinations of Affection, which ſometimes ſpring in us, without the Conſultation of Reaſon; and by a fortuitous Temerity, which others call Sympathy: Of which, Beaſts are as capable as we: We ſee Horſes take ſuch an Acquaintance with one another, that we have much ado to make them eat or travel, when ſeparated: We obſerve them to fancy a particular Colour in thoſe of their own Kind, and where they meet it, run to it with great Joy and Demonſtrations of Good Will, and have a Diſlike and Hatred for ſome other Colour. Animals have Choice, as well as we, in their Amours, and cull out their Miſtreſſes; neither are they exempt from our Jealouſies and implacable Malice. Deſires are either natural and neceſſary, as to eat and drink; or natural and not neceſſary, as the coupling with Females: Or neither natural or neceſſary: Of which laſt Sort, are almoſt all the Deſires of Men: They are all ſuperfluous and artificial: For 'tis not to be believ'd, how little will

The Love of Dogs to their Maſters.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

ſatisfy

ſatisfy Nature, how little ſhe has left us to deſire: Our Ragouſts and Kickſhaws are not of her Ordinary. The *Stoicks* ſay, *That a Man may live on an Olive a Day:* Our Delicacy in our Wines is no part of her Inſtruction, nor the over-acting the Ceremonies of Love.

——————————*Neque illa*
Magno prognatum depoſcit Conſule Cunnum *.

Theſe irregular Deſires, that the Ignorance of Good and a falſe Opinion have infus'd into us, are ſo many, as they almoſt exclude all the natural; no otherwiſe, than if there were ſo great a number of Strangers in a City, as to thruſt out the natural Inhabitants, or uſurping upon their ancient Rights and Privileges, ſhould extinguiſh their Authority, and introduce new Laws and Cuſtoms of their own. Animals are much more regular than we, and keep themſelves with greater Moderation within the Limits Nature has preſcrib'd; but yet not ſo exactly, that they have not an Analogy with our Debauches. And as there have been furious Deſires, that have hurry'd Men to the Love of Beaſts, ſo there has been Examples of Beaſts that have fallen in love with us, and been caught with monſtrous Affection betwixt Kinds: Witneſs the *Elephant*, who was Rival to *Ariſtophanes* the Grammarian, in the Love of a young Herb-wench in the City of *Alexandria*, who was nothing behind in all the Offices of a very paſſionate Suitor: *For going through the Market where they ſold Fruit, he would take ſome in his Trunk, and carry them to her: He would as much as poſſible keep her always in his Sight, and would ſometimes put his Trunk under her Handkerchief into her Boſom, to feel her Breaſts.* They tell alſo of a *Dragon* in love with a Maid; and of a *Gooſe* enamour'd of a Child; of a *Ram* that was Servant to the Miniſtrelleſs *Glaucia*; and we ſee with our own Eyes *Baboons* furiouſly in love with Women. We ſee alſo certain Male Animals that are fond of the Males of their own Kind. *Oppianus* and others give us ſome Examples of the Reverence that Beaſts have to their Kindred in their Copulations; but Experience often ſhews us the contrary.

Animals more regular than we.

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 2.*

——*Nec*

——Nec habetur turpe juvencæ
Ferre patrem tergo: Fit equo ſua filia conjux!
Quaſq; creavit, init pecudes caper: Ipſaq; cujus
Semine concepta eſt, ex illo concipit ales *.

The *Heifer* thinks it not a ſhame to take
Her curled Sire upon her willing Back:
The *Horſe* his Daughter leaps, *Goats* ſcruple not
T' increaſe the Herd by thoſe they have begot.
And *Birds* of all Sorts do in common live,
And by the Seed they have conceiv'd, conceive.

And for malicious Subtilty, can there be a more pregnant Example than in the Philoſopher *Thale*'s Mule? *Who fording a River laden with Salt, and by Accident ſtumbling there, ſo that the Sacks he carry'd were all wet, perceiving that by the melting of the Salt his burden was ſomething lighter, he never fail'd ſo oft as he came to any River to lie down with his Load; 'till his Maſter diſcovering the Knavery, order'd that he ſhould be loaden with Wool, wherein finding himſelf miſtaken he ceas'd to practice that Device.* There are ſeveral that very lively repreſent the true Image of our Avarice; for we ſee them infinitely ſolicitous to catch all they can, and hide it with exceeding great Care, tho' they never make any Uſe of it at all. As to Thrift they ſurpaſs us, not only in the Foreſight and laying up, and ſaving for the Time to come, but they have, moreover, a great deal of the Science neceſſary thereto. The *Ants* bring abroad into the Sun their Grain and Seeds to air, refreſh and dry them, when they perceive them to mould and grow muſty, leſt they ſhould decay and rot: But the Caution and Prevention they uſe in gnawing their Grains of Wheat, ſurpaſs all Imagination of human Prudence: For by reaſon that the Wheat does not always continue ſound and dry, but grows ſoft, thaws and diſſolves as if it were ſteeped in Milk, whilſt haſting to Germination; for fear leſt it ſhould ſhoot and loſe the Nature and Property of a Magazine for their Subſiſtence, they nibble off the End by which it ſhould ſhoot and ſprout. As to what concerns War, which is the greateſt and moſt magnificent of human Actions, I would very fain know, whether we would ſerve for an Ar-

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 10.

gument

gument of ſome Prerogative, or, on the contrary, for a Teſtimony of our Weakneſs and Imperfection; as in Truth the Science of undoing and killing one another, and of ruining and deſtroying our own Kind, has nothing in it ſo tempting as to make it be coveted by Beaſts who have it not.

——————*Quando Leoni*
Fortior eripuit vitam Leo, quo nemore unquam
Expiravit Aper majoris dentibus Apri?

——————Who ever yet beheld
A weaker *Lion* by a ſtronger kill'd?
Or in what Foreſt was it ever known,
That a ſmall *Boar* dy'd by a mighty one?

Wars betwixt Bees.

Yet are they not univerſally exempt, witneſs the furious Encounters of *Bees*, and the Enterprizes of the Princes of the contrary Armies.

——————*Sæpe duobus*
Regibus inceſſit magno diſcordia motu,
Continuoque animos vulgi, & trepidantia bello
Corda licet longè præſciſcere †.

Betwixt two Kings ſtrange Animoſities,
With great Commotion, often do ariſe;
When ſtrait the vulgar Sort are heard from far,
Sounding their little Trumpets to the War.

I never read this Divine Obſervation, but that, methinks, I there ſee human Folly and Vanity repreſented in their true and lively Colours. For theſe Preparations for War, that ſo fright and aſtoniſh us with their Noiſe and Tumult, this Rattle of Guns, Drums and confus'd Voices:

Fulgur ubi ad cœlum ſe tollit, totaque circum
Ære renideſcet tellus ſubterque virum vi
Excitur pedibus ſonitus, clamoreque montes
Icti rejectant voces ad ſidera mundi ‖.

When burniſh'd Arms to Heav'n dart their Rays,
And the Earth glows with Beams of ſhining Braſs;
And trampled is by Horſes and by Men,
Until the Center even groans again;

† *Virg. Geor. lib.* 4. ‖ *Lucret. lib.* 2.

And

And that the Rocks, ſtruck by the various Cries.
Reverberate the Sound unto the Skies.

In the dreadful embattelling of ſo many Thouſands of armed Men, and ſo great Fury, Ardour and Courage, 'tis pleaſant to conſider by what idle Occaſion they are excited, and by how light ones appeas'd.

——Paridis propter narratur amorem,
Græcia Barbariæ diro conliſa duello *.

Of wanton *Paris* the illicit Love,
Did *Greece* and *Troy* to ten Years Slaughter move.

Laws of Aſia *about the Lives of* Paris *and* Helen.

All *Aſia* was ruin'd and deſtroy'd for the ungovern'd Luſt of one laſcivious *Paris*. The Envy of one ſingle Man, a Deſpite, a Pleaſure, or a Domeſtick Jealouſy, Cauſes that ought not to ſet two Oyſter-wenches by the Ears, is the Mover of all this mighty Buſtle. Shall we believe thoſe, who are themſelves the principal Authors of theſe Miſchiefs? Let us then hear the greateſt and moſt victorious Emperor that ever was, making Sport of, and with marvellous Ingenuity, deſcanting upon, and turning into Ridicule ſeveral Battles fought both by Sea and Land, the Blood and Lives of five hundred thouſand Men that followed his Fortune, and the Strength and Riches of two Parts of the World drain'd for the Expence of his Expeditions.

Quid futuit Glaphyram Antonius, hanc mihi pœnam
Fulvia conſtituit, ſe quoque uti futuam.
Fulviam ego futuam? Quid ſi me Mœnius oret,
Pœdicem. faciam? Non puto, ſi ſapiam.
Aut futue aut pugnemus, ait: Quid ſi mihi vita
Charior eſt ipſa mentula? Signa canant †.

(I uſe my *Latin* with the Liberty of Conſcience you are pleaſed to allow me.) Now this great Body has ſo many Fronts, and has ſo many Motions, as ſeem to threaten Heaven and Earth,

Quam multi Lybico volvuntur marmore fluctus,
Sævis ubi Orion Hybernis conditur undis:

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 2. † *Mart. lib.* 11. *Epig.* 21.

Vel

Vel cum Sole novo denſæ torrentur Ariſtæ,
Aut Hermi campo, aut Lyciæ flaventibus arvis;
Scuta ſonant, pulſuque pedum tremit excita tellus ‡.

As num'rous as the *Lybian* Waves that roll,
When in thoſe Seas *Orion* does controul;
Or thick-ſet Ears, ſcorch'd by the Summer's Ray,
On *Hermus* Banks, or fruitful *Lycia*,
Are the bright Shields that dreadfully reſound,
And as they march, their Footing ſhakes the Ground.

This furious Monſter, with ſo many Heads and Arms, is yet *Man*, feeble, calamitous and miſerable *Man*. 'Tis but an Ant-hill of *Ants*, diſturb'd and provok'd by a Spurn.

It nigrum campis agmen *.

The black Troop marches to the Field.

A contrary Blaſt, the Croaking of a Flight of Ravens, the Stumble of a Horſe, the caſual Paſſage of an Eagle, a Dream, a Voice, a Sign, a Morning Miſt, are any one of them ſufficient to beat down and overturn him. Dart but a Sun-beam in his Face, he is melted and vaniſh'd. Blow but a little Duſt in his Eyes, as our Poet ſays of the *Bees*, and all our Enſigns and Legions, with the Great *Pompey* himſelf at the Head of them, are routed and cruſhed to Pieces: For it was he, as I take it, that *Sertorius* beat in *Spain* with thoſe brave Arms; which alſo ſerv'd *Eumenes* againſt *Antigonus*, and *Surena* againſt *Craſſus:*

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcent †.

This mighty Anger, and theſe furious Blows,
A handful of Duſt thrown will ſoon compoſe.

Let us but ſlip our *Flies* after them, and they will have the Force and Courage to defeat them. Of freſh Memory *the* Portugueſe *having beſieg'd the City of* Tamly, *in the Territory of* Xiatine, *the Inhabitants of the Place brought a great many Hives, of which are great Plenty in that Place, upon the Wall; and with Fire drove the Bees*

The Siege of *Tamly* rais'd by the Bees.

‡ *Æneid. lib.* 7. * *Virg. Æn. lib.* 4.. † *Virg. Geor. lib.* 4.

ſo furiouſly upon the Enemy, that they gave over the Enterprize, and truſs'd up their Baggage, being not able to ſtand their Attacks, and endure their Stings: And ſo their City, by this new ſort of Relief, was freed from the Danger, with ſo wonderful a Fortune, that at their Return from the Purſuit, they found they had not loſt ſo much as one Man. The Souls of Emperors and Coblers are caſt in the ſame Mould. The Weight and Importance of the Actions of Princes conſider'd, we perſuade ourſelves, that they muſt be produc'd by ſome as weighty and important Cauſes: But we are deceiv'd, for they are puſh'd on, and pull'd back in their Motions, by the ſame Springs that we are in our little Undertakings. The ſame Reaſon that makes us wrangle with a Neighbour, cauſes a War betwixt Princes; the ſame Reaſon that makes us whip a Lacquey, falling into the Hands of a King, makes him ruin a whole *Province.* They are as haſty, and as eaſily mov'd as we, but they are able to do more Miſchief. In a *Gnat* and an *Elephant* the Paſſion is the ſame. As to what concerns Fidelity, there is no Animal in the World ſo treacherous as Man. Our Hiſtories have recorded the violent Purſuits that *Dogs* have made after the Murtherers of their Maſters. *King* Pyrrhus *obſerving a Dog that watch'd a dead Man's Body, and underſtanding that he had for three Days together perform'd that Office, commanded that the Body ſhould be buried, and took the Dog along with him. One Day as he was at a general* Muſter *of his Army, this Dog was aware of his Maſter's Murtherers, and with great Barking, and extreme Signs of Anger, flew upon them, by this firſt Accuſation awaking the Revenge of this Murther, which was ſoon after perfected by Form of Juſtice.* As much was done by the Dog of the wiſe *Heſiod, who convinced the Sons of* Ganiſtor, *of* Naupactus, *of the Murther committed on the Perſon of his Maſter.* Another *Dog being to guard a Temple at* Athens, *having ſpied a ſacrilegious Thief, who carried away the faireſt Jewels, fell to barking at him with all the Force he had; but the Warders not awaking at the Noiſe, he followed him, and Day being broke, kept off at a further Diſtance, without loſing Sight of him; if he offer'd*

Dogs revenge the Death of their Maſters.

The Fidelity of a Dog in purſuing a ſacrilegious Perſon.

fer'd him any Thing to eat, would not take it, but would wag his Tail at all the Paſſengers he met, and took whatever they gave him at their Hands; and if the Thief laid down to ſleep, he likewiſe ſtaid upon the Place. The News of this Dog being come to the Warders of the Temple, they put themſelves upon the Purſuit, enquiring of the Colour of the Dog, and at laſt found him in the City of Cromion, *and the Thief alſo, whom they brought back to* Athens, *where he got his Reward: And where the Judges taking Cognizance of the good Office, order'd a certain Meaſure of Corn for the Dog's daily Suſtenance, at the publick Charge, and the Prieſts to take care in it. Plutarch* delivers this Story for a moſt certain Truth, and that it happen'd in the Age wherein he liv'd. As to Gratitude (for I doubt, we had need bring this Word into a little Repute) this one Example, which *Appian* reports himſelf to have been an Eye-witneſs of, ſhall ſuffice. *One Day* (ſays he) *at* Rome, *they entertain'd the People with the Pleaſure of fighting of ſeveral ſtrange Beaſts, and principally of* Lions *of an unuſual Size; there was one amongſt the reſt, who, by his furious Deportment, by the Strength and Largeneſs of his Limbs, and by his loud and dreadful Roaring, attracted the Eyes of all the Spectators. Amongſt other Slaves that were preſented to the People in this Combat of Beaſts, there was one* Androdus, *of* Dacia, *belonging to a* Roman *Lord of Conſular Dignity. This Lion having ſeen him at a Diſtance, firſt made a ſudden Stop, as it were in a wondring Poſture, and then ſoftly approached nearer in a gentle and peaceable Manner, as if it were to enter into Acquaintance with him. This being done, and being now aſſur'd of what he ſought for, he began to wag his Tail, as Dogs do when they flatter their Maſters, and to kiſs and lick the Hands and Thighs of the poor Wretch, who was beſide himſelf, and almoſt dead with Fear.* Androdus *being by this Kindneſs of the Lion, a little come to himſelf, and having taken ſo much Heart, as to conſider and know him; it was a ſingular Pleaſure to ſee the Joy and Careſſes that paſſed betwixt them. At which, the People breaking into loud Acclamations of Joy, the Emperor caus'd the Slave to be call'd, to know from him the Cauſe of ſo ſtrange an Event; who,*

The Gratitude of a Lion towards a Slave.

thereupon told him a new and a very ſtrange Story: My Maſter (ſaid he) *being* Pro-conſul, *in* Africk, *I was conſtrained by his Severity and cruel Uſage, being daily beaten, to ſteal from him and run away. And to hide myſelf ſecurely from a Perſon of ſo great Authority in the Province, I thought it my beſt way to fly to the Solitudes, Sands and uninhabitable Parts of that Country, reſolving that in caſe the Means of ſupporting Life ſhould chance to fail me, to make ſome ſhift or other to kill myſelf. The Sun being exceſſively hot at Noon, and the Heat intolerable, I accidentally found a private, and almoſt inacceſſible Cave, and went into it. Soon after there came in to me this Lion, with one Foot wounded and bloody, complaining and groaning with the Pain he indur'd: At his coming I was exceeding afraid; but he having ſpied me hid in the Corner of his Den, came gently to me, holding out, and ſhewing me his wounded Foot, as if he demanded my Aſſiſtance in his Diſtreſs. I then drew out a great Splinter he had got there, and growing a little more familiar with him, ſqueezing the Wound, thruſt out the Dirt and Gravel which was got into it, wiped and cleanſed it the beſt I could: He finding himſelf ſomething better, and much eaſed of his Pain, laid him down to reſt, and preſently fell aſleep with his Foot in my Hand. From that Time forward he and I lived together in this Cave three whole Years, upon one and the ſame Diet; for of the Beaſts that he killed in Hunting, he always brought me the beſt Pieces, which I roaſted in the Sun for want of Fire, and ſo eat it. At laſt growing weary of this wild and brutiſh Life, the Lion being one Day gone abroad to hunt for our ordinary Proviſion, I eſcaped from thence, and the third Day after was taken by the Soldiers, who brought me from* Africk *to this City to my Maſter, who preſently condemn'd me to die, and to be thus expos'd to the Wild Beaſts. Now by what I ſee, I perceive that this Lion was alſo taken ſoon after, who would now have recompenſed me for the Benefit and Cure that he received at my Hands. This is the Story that* Androdus *told the Emperor, which he alſo conveyed from Hand to Hand to the People: Wherefore at the general Requeſt, he was abſolved from his Sentence, and ſet at Liberty, and the Lion was, by order of the People, preſented to him. We afterwards ſaw* (ſays *Appion)* Androdus *leading this Lion,*

Lion, in nothing but a ſmall Laſh, from Tavern to Tavern at Rome, *and receiving what Money every body would give him, the Lion being ſo gentle, as to ſuffer himſelf to be covered with the Flowers that the People threw upon him, every one that met him ſaying, There goes the Lion that entertained the Man, there goes the Man that cured the Lion.* We often lament the Loſs of Beaſts we love, and ſo do they the Loſs of us.

Weeping of Beaſts for the Loſs of thoſe they love.

Poſt bellator equus, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon,
It lacrymans, guttiſque humectat grandibus ora *.

The Triumph more to grace,
Æthon his Horſe of War came next in place,
Who of his Trappings ſtript ſhew'd ſuch Regret,
That with large Tears his hairy Cheeks were wet.

As ſome Nations have their Wives in common, and ſome others have every one his own: Is not the ſame evident amongſt Beaſts, and Marriages better kept than ours? As to the Society and Conſideration they make amongſt themſelves, to league themſelves together, and to give one another mutual Aſſiſtance; is it not manifeſt, that *Oxen*, *Hogs*, and other Animals, at the Cry of any of their Kind, that we offend, all the Herd run to his Aid, and embody for his Defence: *The Fiſh* Scarus, *when he has ſwallowed the Anglers Hook, his Fellows all crowd about him, and gnaw the Line in Pieces; and if by chance one be got into the Leap or Wheel, the others preſent him their Tails on the out-ſide, which he holding faſt with his Teeth, they after that manner diſengage and draw him out.* Mullits, *when one of their Companions is engaged, croſs the Line over their Back, and with a Fin they have there, indented like a Saw, cut and ſaw it aſunder.* As to the particular Offices that we receive from one another, for the ſervice of Life, there are Several like Examples amongſt them. 'Tis ſaid, that *the* Whale *never moves, that ſhe has not always before her a little Fiſh, like the* Sea-Gudgeon, *for this reaſon call'd the* Guide-Fiſh; *whom the* Whale *follows, ſuffering himſelf to be led and turned with*

Society amongſt Beaſts.

A Fiſh that chews.

* *Virg. Æn. lib.* 11.

as great Facility as the Stern guides the Ship: In recompence of which Service alſo, whereas all the other Things, whether Beaſt or Veſſel, that enters into the dreadful Gulph of this Monſter's Mouth, is immediately loſt and ſwallowed up, this little Fiſh retires into it in great ſecurity, and there ſleeps, during which, the Whale *never ſtirs: But ſo ſoon as ever it goes out, he immediately follows: And if by Accident he loſes the ſight of his little Guide, he goes wandring here and there, and ſtrikes his Sides againſt the Rocks, like a Ship that has loſt her Rudder:* Which *Plutarch* affirms to have ſeen in the Iſland of *Anticyra*. There is a like Society betwixt the little Bird call'd a *Wren* and the *Crocodile: The* Wren *ſerves for a Centinel over this great Animal: And if the* Ichneumon, *his Mortal Enemy, approach to fight him, this little Bird, for fear leſt he ſhould ſurprize him aſleep, both with his Voice, and Bill, rouſes him and gives him Notice of his Danger. He feeds of this Monſter's Leavings, who receives him familiarly into his Mouth, ſuffering him to pick in his Jaws, and betwixt his Teeth, and thence to pick out the bits of Fleſh that remain; and when he has a Mind to ſhut his Mouth, he firſt gives the Bird warning to go out by cloſing it by little and little, and without bruiſing or doing it any harm at all. The Shell-Fiſh, call'd a* Naker, *lives alſo with the Shrimp in the ſame Intelligence; a little ſort of Animal of the Lobſter Kind, ſerving him in the Nature of a Porter, ſitting at the opening of the Shell, which the* Naker *keeps always gaping and open, till the* Shrimp *ſees ſome little Fiſh, proper for their Prey, within the Hollow of the Shell, where ſhe enters too, and pinches the* Naker *ſo to the Quick, that ſhe is forced to cloſe her Shell, where they two together devour the Prey they have trapp'd in their Fort.* In the Manner of Living of the *Tunnies*, we obſerve a ſingular Knowledge of the three Parts of *Mathematicks*. As to *Aſtrology*, they teach it Men, for they ſtay in the Place where they are ſurpriz'd by the *Brumal Solſtice*, and never ſtir from thence till the next *Equinox:* For which Reaſon *Ariſtotle* himſelf attributes to them this Science. As to *Geometry* and *Arithmetick*, they always form their Body in the Figure of a *Cube*, every way ſquare, and make up the Body of a *Battalion*, ſolid, cloſe and environed round with ſix equal Sides, ſo that ſwimming in this ſquare Order, as large behind, as before; whoever

ever in ſeeing them can count one Rank, may eaſily number the whole Troop, by reaſon that the Depth is equal to the Breadth, and the Breadth to the Length. As to *Magnanimity*, it will be hard to give a better Inſtance of that than in the Example of the great *Dog*, ſent to *Alexander the Great*, from the *Indies*: *They firſt brought him a* Stag *to encounter, next a* Boar, *and after that a* Bear, *all which he ſlighted, and diſdained to ſtir from his Place; but when he ſaw a* Lion, *he then immediately rous'd himſelf, evidently manifeſting that he declared that alone worthy to enter the Liſts with him.* As to what concerns *Repentance*, and the Acknowledgment of Faults, 'tis reported of an *Elephant*, *That having in the Impetuoſity of his Rage, kill'd his Keeper, he fell into ſo extreme a Sorrow that he would never after Eat, but ſtarv'd himſelf to Death.* And as to *Clemency*, 'tis ſaid of a *Tyger*, the moſt cruel of all Beaſts, *that a Kid having been put into him, he ſuffer'd two Days Hunger rather than hurt it, and the third broke the Grate he was ſhut up in, to ſeek elſewhere for Prey*; ſo unwilling he was to fall upon the *Kid*, his Familiar and his Gueſt. And as to the Laws of *Familiarity* and Agreement, form'd by Converſation, it ordinarily happens that we bring up *Cats*, *Dogs*, and *Hares* Tame together: But that which Sea-men experimently know and particularly in the *Cilician Sea*, of the Quality of the *Halcyons*, ſurpaſſes all human Thought. Of what Kind of Animal has Nature even ſo much honoured the Sitting, Enlivening and Diſcloſing? The Poets indeed ſay, that one only Iſle of *Delos*, which before was a floating Iſland, was fix'd for the Service of *Latona*'s lying in; but God has order'd that the whole Ocean ſhould be ſtayed, made ſtable and ſmooth'd without Waves, without Winds or Rain, whilſt the *Halcyon* broods upon her Young, which is juſt about the *Solſtice*, the ſhorteſt Day of the Year, ſo that by her Privilege, we have ſeven Days, and ſeven Nights, in the very Heart of Winter, wherein we may ſail without Danger. Their Females never have to do with any other Male, but their own, who they always ſerve and aſſiſt, without ever forſaking him all their Lives: If he happen to be weak, and broken with Age, they take him upon

Magnanimity of an Indian *Dog.*

Repentance of an Elephant.

Marvellous Condition of the Halcyons.

their Shoulders and carry him from Place to Place, and ſerve him till Death. But the moſt Inquiſitive into the Secrets of Nature, could never yet arrive at the Knowledge of the wonderful Fabrick and Architecture wherewith the *Halcyon* builds her Neſt for her little ones, nor gueſs at the Matter. *Plutarch*, who has ſeen and handled many of them, thinks *it is the Bones of ſome Fiſh, which ſhe joins and binds together, interlacing them ſome lengthwiſe and others acroſs, and adding Ribs, and Hoops in ſuch manner, that ſhe forms at laſt a round Veſſel fit to launch, which being done, and the Building finiſh'd, ſhe carries it to the Waſh for the Beach, where the Sea beating gently againſt it, ſhews where ſhe is to mend what is not well jointed and knit, and where better to fortify the Seams that are leaky, that open at the beating of the Waves; and on the contrary, what is well built, and has had the due finiſhing, the beating of the Waves does ſo cloſe and bind together, that it is not to be broken or crack'd, by Blows either of Stone or Iron, without very much ado. And that which is more to be admired, is the Proportion and Figure of the Cavity within, which is compos'd and proportion'd after ſuch a Manner, as not poſſible to receive, or admit any other thing than the Bird that built it: For to any thing elſe it is ſo impenetrable, cloſe and ſhut, nothing can enter, not ſo much as the Water of the Sea.* See here a very clear Deſcription of this Building, and borrowed from a very good Hand; and yet methinks, it does not give us ſufficient Light into the Difficulty of this Architecture. Now from what Vanity can it proceed, to deſpiſe and diſdainfully to interpret Effects, that we can neither imitate, nor comprehend? To purſue a little further this Equality and Correſpondence betwixt us and Beaſts; the Privilege our Soul ſo much glorifies herſelf upon, of bringing all things ſhe conceives to her own Law, of ſtripping all things that come to her, of their mortal and corporeal Qualities, of ordering and placing things ſhe conceives worthy her taking notice of, ſtripping and diveſting them of their corruptible Qualities, and making them to lay aſide Length, Breadth, Depth, Weight, Colour, Smell, Roughneſs, Smoothneſs, Hardneſs, Softneſs, and all ſenſible Accidents, as mean and ſuperfluous Veſtments, to accommodate them to her own immortal, and ſpiritual Condition;

The Structure of their Neſts, and the Matter whereof they are built.

Condition: As *Rome* and *Paris*, for Example, that I have in my Fancy. *Paris* that I imagine; I imagine, and conceive it without Greatneſs, and without Place, without Stone, without Plaiſter, and without Wood: This very ſame Privilege, I ſay, ſeems to be evidentally in Beaſts: For a Courſer accuſtomed to the Danger of Trumpets, the Rattle of Muſket-ſhot, and the Buſtle of Battles, we ſee him ſtart and tremble in his Sleep, and ſtretch'd upon his Litter as if he were in a Fight; it is almoſt certain, that he conceives in his Soul the Beat of a Drum without Noiſe, and an Army without Arms and without Body.

Quippe videbis equos fortes, cum membra jacebunt
In ſomnis, ſudare tamen, ſpirareque ſæpe,
Et quaſi de Palma ſummas contendere vires *.

You ſhall ſee manag'd Horſes in their Sleep,
Sweat, Snort, Start, Tremble and a Clutter keep,
As if with all their Force they ſtriving were,
The Victor's Palm proudly away to bear.

The *Hare* that a *Grey-hound* imagines in his Sleep, after which we ſee him pant ſo whilſt he ſleeps, ſtretch out his Tail, ſhake his Legs, and perfectly repreſents all the Motions of a Courſe, is a *Hare* without Furr, and without Bones.

Venantumque canes in molli ſæpe quiete
Jactant crura: tamen ſubito, voceſque repente
Mittunt, & crebras reducunt naribus auras,
Ut veſtigia ſi teneant inventa ferarum:
Expergefactique ſequuntur inania ſæpe
Cervorum ſimulacra, fugæ quaſi dedita cernant:
Donec diſcuſſis redeant erroribus ad ſe †.

And *Hounds* ſtir often in their quiet Reſt,
Spending their Mouths, as if upon a Queſt,
Snuff, and breathe quick, and ſhort, as if they went
In a full Chaſe upon a burning Scent:
Nay, being wak'd, imagin'd *Stags* purſue,
As if they had them in their real View,
Till having ſhook themſelves more broad awake,
They do, at laſt, diſcover the Miſtake.

The *Ban-dogs*, we often obſerve to ſnarl in their Dreams, afterwards bark out, and ſtart up on a ſudden, as if they

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* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Ibid.*

perceiv'd

perceiv'd ſome Stranger at Hand: The Stranger that the Soul diſcerns, is a Spiritual Man, and imperceptible, without Dimenſion, without Colour, and without Being.

Conſueta domi catulorum blanda propago
Degere, ſæpe levem ex oculis volucremque ſoporem
Diſcutere, & corpus de terra corripere inſtant,
Proinde quaſi ignotas facies, atque ora tuentur *.

The fawning Iſſue of *Houſe-Dogs* will riſe,
And ſhaking the ſoft Slumber from their Eyes,
Oft wildly ſtare at every one within,
As upon Faces they had never ſeen.

As to the *Beauty* of the Body, before I proceed any further, I ſhould know whether or no, we are agreed about the Deſcription: 'Tis likely we do not well know what *Beauty* is in Nature; and in general, ſince to our own human *Beauty* we give ſo many divers Forms; of which, were there any natural Rule and Preſcription, we ſhould know it in common, as the Heat of the Fire. But we fancy the Forms according to our own Appetite, and Liking.

Turpis Romano Belgicus ore color †.

The fair Complexion of a *German* Laſs
Would be thought ugly in a *Roman* Face.

Beauty of the Indians. *Indians* paint in black and tawny, with great ſwell'd Lips, great and flat Noſes, and load the Cartilage betwixt the Noſtrils with great Rings of Gold, to make it hang down to the Mouth; as alſo the under Lip with great Circles, enrich'd with Stones, that weigh them down to fall upon the Chin, it being with them a ſingular Grace to ſhew their Teeth, even below the Roots. In *Peru*, the greateſt Ears are the moſt Beautiful, which they ſtretch out as far as they can by Art. And a Man now living ſays, *that he has ſeen in an Eaſtern Nation, this care of enlarging them in ſo great Repute, and the Ear loaded with ſo pondrous Jewels, that he did with great Eaſe, put his Arm, Sleeve and all, through the Hole of an Ear.* There are elſewhere Nations, that take great care to black their Teeth, and hate to ſee them

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Propert. l.* 2. *Eleg.* 13.

white,

white, whilſt others paint them red. The Women are reputed more beautiful, not only in *Biſcay*, but elſewhere, for having their Heads ſhaved: And which is more, *in certain frozen Countries, as Pliny* reports, *the* Mexicans *eſteem a low Forehead a great Beauty, and tho' they ſhave all other Parts, they nouriſh Hair on the Forehead, and increaſe it by Art; and have great Breaſts in ſo great Reputation, that they affect to give their Children ſuck over their Shoulders.* We ſhould paint Deformity ſo. The *Italians* Faſhion is Groſs and Maſſy; the *Spaniards*, Gaunt and Slender; and amongſt us, one has made it White, another Brown; one Soft and Delicate, another Strong and Vigorous: One will have his Miſtreſs Soft and Gentle, others Scornful and Proud. Juſt as the Preference in Beauty, that *Plato* attributes to the ſpherical Figure, the *Epicureans* gave rather to the Pyramidal, or Square, and cannot ſwallow a God in the Form of a Bowl. But be it how it will, *Nature* has no more privileg'd us in this from theſe common Laws, than in the reſt. And if we will judge ourſelves aright, we ſhall find, that if there be ſome Animals leſs favoured in this, than we; there are others, and in great Number that are more. *A multis animalibus decore vincimur* *; even the *Terreſtrial*, our Compatriots: For as to thoſe of *Sea* (ſetting the Figure aſide, which cannot fall into any manner of Proportion, being ſo much another Thing) in Colour, Clearneſs, Smoothneſs, and Diſpoſition, we ſufficiently give Place to them; and no leſs in all Qualities to the Aereal. And this Prerogative that the Poets make ſuch a mighty Matter of, our erect Stature, looking towards Heaven our Original,

White Teeth deſpiſed.

Pronaque cùm ſpectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque videre
Juſſit, & erectos ad ſydera tollere vultus †.

And whereas other Animals do bow
Their prone abjected Looks to Earth below,
He gave Men Looks erected to behold
The Heavenly Arch ſtudded with Stars of Gold.

is truly poetical: For there are ſeveral little Beaſts, who have their Sight abſolutely turn'd towards Heaven; and I

* *Senec. Epiſt.* 124. † *Ovid. Met. lib.* 2.

find

find the Countenances of *Camels* and *Oſtriches*, much higher rais'd, and more erect than ours. What Animals have not their Faces above and not before, and do not look oppoſite as we do; and that do not in their natural Poſture diſcover as much of Heaven and Earth as Man? And what Qualities of our bodily Conſtitution in *Plato* and *Cicero*, may not indifferently ſerve a thouſand Sorts of Beaſts? Thoſe that moſt reſemble us, are the moſt deſpicable, and deformed of all the Herd: For thoſe in outward appearance and form of Viſage, are *Baboons* and *Monkeys:*

Simia quam ſimilis, turpiſſima beſtia, nobis *?*

How like to Man in Viſage, and in Shape,
Is, of all Beaſts the moſt deform'd, the *Ape?*

For the internal, and vital Parts, the *Hog*. In earneſt, when I imagine Man ſtark naked (even in that Sex that ſeems to have the greateſt Share of Beauty) his Defects, natural Subjection, and Imperfections, I find that we have more Reaſon than any other Animal to cover ourſelves; and are to be excus'd for borrowing of thoſe, to whom Nature has in this been kinder than to us, to trick ourſelves with their Beauties, and hide ourſelves under their Spoils, their Wool, Feathers, Hair and Silk. Let us obſerve, as to the reſt, that Man is the ſole Animal, whoſe Nudities offend his own Companions, and the only one, who in his natural Actions withdraws and hides himſelf from his own Kind. And really, 'tis alſo an Effect worth Conſideration, that they who are Maſters in the Trade, preſcribe as a Remedy for amorous Paſſions, the full and free View of the Body a Man deſires, ſo that to cool the Ardour, there needs no more, but a Liberty to ſee and contemplate the Part he loves.

Ille Quod obſcœnas in aperto corpore partes
Viderat, in curſu qui fuit, hæſit amor †.

The Love that's tilting, when thoſe Parts appear
Open to View, flags in the hot Career.

And altho' this Receipt may peradventure proceed from a nice and cold Humour; it is notwithſtanding, a very great

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* *Cic. de. Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. *ex Ennio.*

† *Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l.* 2.

Sign

Sign of our Want of Strength and Metal, that Uſe and Acquaintance ſhould make us diſguſt one another. It is not Modeſty, ſo much as Cunning and Prudence, that makes our Ladies ſo circumſpect, to refuſe us Admittance into their Cabinets, before they are painted and trick'd up for the publick View.

Nec Veneres noſtras hoc fallit, quo magis ipſæ,
Omnia ſummopere hos vitæ poſtſcenia celant,
Quos retinere volunt adſtrictoque eſſe in amore.

Of this, our Ladies are full well aware,
Which makes them with ſuch Privacy and Care,
Behind the Scene all thoſe Defects remove,
Should check the Flame of thoſe they moſt do love.

Whereas in ſeveral Animals there is nothing that we do not love, and that does not pleaſe our Senſes: So that from their very Excrements, we do not only extract wherewith to heighten our Sauces; but alſo our richeſt Ornaments and Perfumes. This Diſcourſe reflects upon none but the ordinary Sort of Women, and is not ſo ſacrilegious as to comprehend thoſe divine, ſupernatural and extraordinary Beauties, which we ſee ſhine among us like Stars under a corporeal and terreſtrial Veil. As to the reſt, the very Share that we allow to Beaſts, of the Bounty of Nature, by our own Confeſſion, is very much to their Advantage. We attribute to ourſelves imaginary and fantaſtick Goods, future and abſent Goods, for which human Capacity cannot of herſelf be reſponſible: OrGoods, that we falſly attribute to ourſelves by the Licence of Opinion, as Reaſon, Knowledge and Honour: And leave to them for their Dividend, eſſential, durable and palpable Goods, as Peace, Repoſe, Security, Innocence, and Health: Health, I ſay, the faireſt and richeſt Preſent that Nature can make us. Inſomuch that the Philoſopher, even the *Stoick*, is ſo bold as to ſay, *That* Heraclitus *and* Pherecides, *could they have truck'd their Wiſdom for Health, and have deliver'd themſelves, the one of his Dropſy, and the other of the Louſy Diſeaſe that tormented him into the Bargain, they had done well.* By which they ſet a greater Value upon Wiſdom, comparing and putting it into the Balance with Health, than they do with this other Propoſition,

Health the beſt and richeſt Gift of Nature.

ſition, which is alſo theirs. They ſay, that if *Circe* had preſented *Ulyſſes* with the two Potions, the one to make a Fool become a wiſe Man, and the other to make a wiſe Man become a Fool, that *Ulyſſes* ought rather to have choſen the laſt, than conſent to that by which *Circe* had chang'd his human Figure into that of a Beaſt: And ſay that Wiſdom itſelf would have ſpoke to him after this Manner: *Forſake me, let me alone, rather than lodge me under the Body and Figure of an Aſs.* How the Philoſophers then will abandon this great and divine Wiſdom, for this corporeal and terreſtrial Covering? It is then no more by Reaſon, by Diſcourſe, and by the Soul, that we excel Beaſts: 'Tis by our Beauty, our fair Complection, and our fine Symmetry of Parts, for which we muſt quit our Intelligence, our Prudence, and all the reſt. Well I accept this natural and free Confeſſion: Certainly they knew, that thoſe Parts, upon which we ſo much value ourſelves, are no other than mere Fancy. If Beaſts then had all the Virtue, Knowledge, Wiſdom, and *Stoical* Perfection, they would ſtill be Beaſts, and would not be comparable to Man, miſerable, wicked and mad Man. For, in fine, whatever is not as we are, is nothing conſiderable: And God, to procure himſelf an Eſteem among us, muſt put himſelf into that Shape, as we ſhall ſhew anon. By which it does appear, that it is not upon any true ground of Reaſon, but by a fooliſh Pride and vain Opinion, that we prefer ourſelves before other Animals, and ſeparate ourſelves from their Society and Condition. But to return to what I was upon before; we have for our Part, Inconſtancy, Irreſolution, Incertitude, Sorrow, Superſtition, Solicitude of Things to come, even after we ſhall be no more, Ambition, Avarice, Jealouſy, Envy, irregular, frantick, and untam'd Appetites, War, Lying, Diſloyalty, Detraction, and Curioſity. Doubtleſs, we have ſtrangely over-pay'd this Fine, upon which we ſo much glorify ourſelves, and this Capacity of Judging and Knowing, if we have bought it at the Price of this infinite Number of Paſſions, to which we are eternally ſubject. Unleſs we ſhall yet think fit, as *Socrates* does, to add to the Counterpoiſe, that notable Prerogative above Beaſts, *That whereas Nature has preſcrib'd them certain Seaſons and Limits for the Delights*

Circe's *two Potions.*

Delights of Venus, *ſhe has given us the Reins at all Hours, and all Seaſons.* * *Ut vinum ægrotis quia prodeſt rarò, nocet ſæpiſſimè, melius eſt non adhibere omnino, quam, ſpe dubiæ ſalutis in apertam perniciem incurrere: Sic haud ſcio, an melius fuerit humano generi motum iſtum celerem, cogitationis acumen, ſolertiam, quam rationem vocamus, quoniam peſtifera ſint multis, admodum paucis ſalutaria, non dari omnino, quam tam munificè & tam largè dari. As it falls out, that Wine often hurts the Sick, and very rarely does them good, it is better not to give them any at all, than to run into an apparent Danger, out of hope of an incertain Benefit: So I know not, whether it had not been better for Mankind, that this quick Motion, this Penetracy of Imagination, this Subtilty, that we call Reaſon, had not been given to Man at all; conſidering how peſtiferous it is to many, and uſeful but to few, than to have been conferr'd in ſo abundant Manner, and with ſo liberal a Hand.* Of what Advantage can we conceive the Knowledge of ſo many Things was to *Varro* and *Ariſtotle?* Did it exempt them from human Inconveniences? Were they by it freed from the Accidents that lay heavy upon the Shoulders of a Porter? Did they extract from their *Logick* any Conſolation for the Gout? Or, for knowing that the Humour is lodg'd in the Joints, did they feel it the leſs? Have they compounded with Death, by knowing that ſome Nations rejoice at his Approach: Or with Cuckoldry, by knowing, that in ſome part of the World, Wives are in common? On the contrary, having been reputed the greateſt Men for Knowledge, the one amongſt the *Romans*, and the other amongſt the *Greeks*, and in a Time when Learning did moſt flouriſh, we have not heard nevertheleſs, that they had any particular Excellence in their Lives: Nay, the *Greek* had enough to do, to clear himſelf from ſome notable Blemiſhes in his. Have we obſerv'd that Pleaſure and Health have had a better Reliſh with him that underſtands *Aſtrology* and *Grammar*, than with others?

Illiterati num minus nervi rigent ‡?

Th' illiterate Plough-Man is as fit
For *Venus* Service as the Wit.

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* *Cic. de Nat. Deor. l.* 3. ‡ *Hor. Ep.* 8.

And

And Shame and Poverty leſs troubleſome to the firſt, than the laſt?

Scilicet & morbis, & debilitate carebis,
Et luctum & curam effugies, & tempore vitæ
Longa tibi poſt hæc fato meliore dabuntur †.

——————Thou ſhalt be free
Both from Diſeaſe, and from Infirmity,
From Care and Sorrrow, and thy Life ſhall be
Prolong'd under a better Deſtiny.

I have known in my Time a hundred *Artizans*, and a hundred *Labourers*, wiſer and more happy than the *Rectors* of the *Univerſity*, and whom I had much rather have reſembled. Learning, methinks, has its Place amongſt the neceſſary Things of Life, as Glory, Nobility, Dignity, or at the moſt, as Riches, and ſuch other Qualities, which indeed are uſeful to it, but remotely, and more by Opinion than by Nature. We ſtand very little more in need of Offices, Rules and Laws of Living in our Society, than *Cranes* and *Emmets* do in theirs. And yet we ſee that they carry themſelves very regularly, and without Erudition. If Man was wiſe, he would take the true Value of every Thing according as it was more uſeful and proper to his Life. Whoever will number us by our Actions and Deportments, will find many more excellent Men amongſt the Ignorant, than the Learned: I ſay, in all Sorts of Virtue. Old *Rome* ſeems to me, to have been of much greater Value, both for Peace and War, than that learned *Rome* that ruin'd itſelf. And tho' all the reſt ſhould be equal; yet the Proweſs, Integrity and Innocency would remain to the Ancients, for they cohabit ſingularly well with Simplicity. But I would leave this Diſcourſe, that would lead me farther than I am willing to follow; and ſhall only ſay this farther, 'tis only Humility and Submiſſion, that can make a compleat good Man. We are not to leave the Knowledge of his Duty to every Man's own Judgment: We are to preſcribe it to him, and not ſuffer him to chooſe it at his own Diſ-

Humility and Submiſſion the Parents of Virtue.

† *Juv. Sat.* 14.

cretion:

cretion: Otherwiſe, according to the Imbecility, and infinite Variety of our Reaſons and Opinions, we ſhould at large Forge ourſelves Duties, that would (as *Epicurus* ſays) enjoin us to eat one another. The firſt *Law* that ever God gave to Man, was a *Law* of pure Obedience: It was a Commandment naked and ſimple, wherein Man had nothing to enquire after, or to diſpute; foraſmuch as to obey, is the proper Office of a rational Soul, acknowledging a heavenly Superior and Benefactor. From Obedience and Submiſſion ſpring all other Virtues, as all Sin does from Self-Opinion. And on the contrary, the firſt Temptation, that by the Devil was offer'd to human Nature, its firſt Poiſon inſinuated itſelf by the Promiſe was made us of Knowledge and Wiſdom. *Eritis ſicut Dii, ſcientes bonum & malum* *. *Ye ſhall be as Gods, knowing Good and Evil.* And the *Syrens*, in *Homer*, to allure *Ulyſſes*, and draw him within the Danger of their Snares, offered to give him Knowledge. The Plague of Man, is the Opinion of Wiſdom: And for this Reaſon it is, that Ignorance is ſo recommended to us by our Religion, as proper to Faith and Obedience. *Cavete, ne quis vos decipiat per* Philoſophiam, *& inanes ſeductiones, ſecundum elementa mundi* †. *Take heed, leſt any Man deceive you by Philoſophy and vain Deceit, after the Tradition of Men, and the Rudiments of the World.* There is in this a general Conſent amongſt all ſorts of Philoſophers, that the ſovereign Good conſiſts in the Tranquility of the Soul and Body: But where ſhall we find it?

Ad ſummam ſapiens, uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, Rex denique Regum:
Præcipue ſanus, niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt ‡:

He that is wiſe, inferior is to none,
If he be wiſe indeed, but *Jove* alone,
Rich, free, and graceful, theſe to reverence bring,
And laſtly of the greateſt Kings, a King:
And chiefly ſound, unleſs ſometimes there flow
A trickling Rheum upon his Lungs, or ſo.

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* *Gen* iii. † *Coloſ.* ii. ‡ *Horat. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 1.

It ſeems, in Truth, that Nature, for the Conſolation of our miſerable and wretched Eſtate, has only given us Preſumption for our Inheritance. 'Tis as *Epictetus* ſays, *That Man has nothing properly his own, but the uſe of his Opinion:* We have nothing but Wind and Smoak for our Portion. The Gods have Health in Eſſence, ſays *Philoſophy*, and Sickneſs in Intelligence. Man on the contrary, poſſeſſes his Goods by Fancy, his Ills in Eſſence. We have reaſon to magnify the Power of our Imagination; for all our Goods are only in *Dream. Hear this poor calamitous Animal Huff. There is nothing, ſays* Cicero, *ſo charming as the Knowledge of Letters; of Letters, I ſay, by means whereof the Infinity of Things, the Immenſe Grandeur of Nature, the Heavens, even in this World, the Earth, and the Seas are diſcovered to us: 'Tis they that have taught us Religion, Moderation, and the Grandeur of Courage, and that have reſcu'd our Souls from Obſcurity, to make her ſee all Things, high, low, firſt and laſt, and indifferent: 'Tis they, that furniſh us wherewith to live happily and well, and conduct us to paſs over our Lives without Diſpleaſure, and without Offence.* Does not this Man ſeem to ſpeak of the Condition of the Ever-living and Almighty God? And as to the Effect, a thouſand little Country-women have lived Lives more equal, more ſweet and conſtant than his,

> *——Deus ille fuit Deus, inclyte Memmi,*
> *Qui princeps vitæ rationem invenit eam, quæ*
> *Nunc appellatur ſapientia, quique per artem*
> *Fluctibus è tantis vitam tantiſque tenebris,*
> *In tam tranquilla, & tam clara luce locavit* *.

> That God, great *Memmus*, was a God no doubt,
> Who, Prince of Life, firſt found that Reaſon out,
> Now Wiſdom call'd; and by his Art, who did
> That Life in Tempeſts toſt, and Darkneſs hid,
> Place in ſo great a Calm, and clear a Light.

Here are brave ranting Words: But a very light Accident put this Man's Underſtanding in a worſe Condition than that of the meaneſt Shepherd: Notwithſtanding this Inſtructing God, this Divine Wiſdom. Of the ſame Stamp

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* *Lucr. l.* 5.

and

and Impudence is the Promiſe of *Democritus*'s Book: *I am going to ſpeak of all Things.* And that fooliſh Title that *Ariſtotle* prefixes to one of his, *Of the Immortal Gods:* And the Judgment of *Chryſippus, That* Dion *was as virtuous as God.* And my beloved *Seneca* does indeed acknowledge, that God has given him Life: But that to live well is his own. According to this other, *In virtute verè gloriamur; Quod non contingeret, ſi id donum à Deo non à nobis haberemus* *. *We truly glory in our Virtue: Which would not be, if it was given us of God, and not by ourſelves.* This is alſo *Seneca*'s Saying, *That the Wiſe Man has Fortitude equal with God: But in human Frailty he ſurmounts him.* There is nothing ſo ordinary, as to meet with Sallies of the like Temerity: There is none of us, who take ſo much Offence to ſee himſelf equal with God, as he does to ſee himſelf undervalu'd by being rank'd with his own Creatures; ſo much more are we jealous of our own Intereſt, than that of our Creator. But we muſt trample under Foot this fooliſh Vanity, and briſkly and boldly ſhake the ridiculous Foundation, upon which theſe falſe Opinions are founded. So long as Man ſhall believe he has any Means and Power of himſelf, he will never acknowledge what he owes to his Maker; *his Eggs ſhall always be Chickens,* as the Saying is: We muſt therefore ſtrip him to his Shirt. Let us ſee ſome notable Example of the Effects of his *Philoſophy: Poſſidonius* being tormented with a Diſeaſe ſo painful, as made him writh his Arms, and gnaſh his Teeth, thought he ſufficiently baffl'd the Dolour, by crying out againſt it: *Thou doſt exerciſe thy Malice to much Purpoſe, I will not confeſs that thou art an Evil.* He is as ſenſible of the Pain as my Footman, but he mightily Values himſelf upon bridling his Tongue, at leaſt, and reſtraining it within the Laws of his *Sect. Reſuccumbere non opportebat verbis gloriantem* *. *It did not become him that ſpoke ſo big, to confeſs his Frailty when he came to the Teſt.* *Archeſilaus* being ill of the Gout, and *Carneades* coming to ſee him, was returning troubled at his Condition, who having call'd him back, and ſhewing him

Temerity and Preſumption of ſome Philoſophers.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. l.* 3. † *Cic. Tuſc. l.* 2.

his Feet and his Breaſts: *There is nothing comes from thence hither,* ſaid he. This has ſomething a better Grace, for he feels himſelf in Pain, and would be diſengag'd from it: But his Heart, notwithſtanding is not conquer'd nor ſubdu'd by it. The other ſtands more obſtinately to his Point, but I fear, rather verbally than really. And *Dionyſius Heracleotes,* afflicted with a vehement Smarting in his Eyes, was reduc'd, and made to quit theſe *Stoical* Reſolutions. But tho' Knowledge ſhould, in Effect, do as they ſay, and could blunt the Point, and dull the Edge of the Misfortunes that attend us, what does ſhe more, than what Ignorance does more purely and evidently do? The *Philoſopher, Pyrrho,* being at Sea in very great Danger, by Reaſon of a mighty Storm preſented nothing to the Imitation of thoſe who were with him in that Extremity, but a *Hog* they had on Board, that was fearleſs and unconcerned at the Tempeſt. *Philoſophy,* when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can, refers us at laſt to the Example of a *Wreſtler,* or a *Muleteer,* in which ſort of People we commonly obſerve much leſs apprehenſion of Death, ſenſe of Pain and other Infirmities, and more Conſtancy than ever Knowledge furniſh'd any one withal, that was born without thoſe Infirmities, and of himſelf prepared by a natural Habit. What is the Cauſe, that we make Inciſions, and cut the tender Limbs of an Infant, and thoſe of an Horſe, more eaſily than ours; but Ignorance only? How many has meer force of Imagination made ſick? We often ſee Men cauſe themſelves to be let blood, purg'd and phyſick'd, to be cured of Diſeaſes they only feel in Opinion. When real Infirmities fail us, Knowledge lends us hers: That Colour, that Complexion, portend ſome Defluxion: This hot Seaſon threatens us with a Fever: This Breach in the Life-line of our Left-hand, gives you Notice of ſome near and dangerous Indiſpoſition; and at laſt, roundly attacks Health itſelf; ſaying, this Sprightlineſs and Vigour of Youth cannot continue in this Poſture; there muſt be Blood taken, and the Heat abated, leaſt it turn to your Prejudice. Compare the Life of a Man ſubjected to ſuch Imaginations, to that of a Labourer that ſuffers himſelf to be led by his natural Appetite, meaſuring Things only by the preſent Senſe, without Knowledge, and without Prognoſtick, that feels no Pain or Sickneſs, but

Diſeaſes caus'd by Imagination.

but when he is really tormented or Sick: Whereas the other has the Stone in his Soul, before he has it either in his Reins or Bladder: As if it were not time enough to ſuffer the Evil when it ſhall come, he muſt anticipate it by Fancy, and run to meet it. What I ſay of *Phyſick*, may generally ſerve in Example for all other Sciences: From thence is derived that ancient Opinion of Philoſophers, that placed the ſovereign Good in the Diſcovery of the Weakneſs of our Judgment. My Ignorance affords me as much occaſion of Hope, as of Fear: And having no other Rule for my Health, than that of the Examples of others, and of Events I ſee elſewhere upon the like Occaſion; I find of all Sorts, and rely upon thoſe which by compariſon are moſt favourable to me. I receive Health with open Arms, free, full and entire, and by ſo much the more whet my Appetite to enjoy it, by how much it is at preſent leſs ordinary, and more rare: So far am I from troubling its Repoſe and Sweetneſs, with the Bitterneſs of a new and conſtrain'd Manner of Living. Beaſts ſufficiently ſhew us, how much the Agitation of the Soul brings Infirmities and Diſeaſes upon us. That which is told us of thoſe of *Brazil*, that they never died but of old Age, is attributed to the Serenity and Tranquility of the Air they live in; but I rather attribute it to the Serenity and Tranquility of their Souls, free from all Paſſion, Thought or Employments, tender'd or unpleaſing, as People that paſs over their Lives in an admirable Simplicity and Ignorance, without Letters, without Law, without King, or any Manner of Religion. And whence comes that, which we find by Experience, that the greateſt and moſt rough-hewn Clowns are moſt able, and the moſt to be deſired in amorous Performances? And that the Love of a *Muleteer*, oft renders itſelf more acceptable than that of a well bred Man? If it be not, that the Agitation of the Soul, in the latter, diſturbs his natural Ability, diſſolves and tires it, as it alſo troubles and tires itſelf. What puts the Soul beſides itſelf, and more uſually throws it into Madneſs, but her own Promptneſs, Vigour and Agility, and finally, her own proper Force? Of what is the moſt ſubtile Folly made, but of the moſt ſubtile Wiſdom? As great Friendſhips ſpring from great Enmities, and vigorous Health from mortal Diſeaſes: So from the rare and quick Agitations of

our Souls, proceed the moſt wonderful and moſt deprav'd Frenzies; 'tis but a half Turn of the Toe from the one to the other. In the Actions of Mad-men, we ſee how infinitely Madneſs reſembles the moſt vigorous Operations of the Soul. Who does not know how indiſcernible the Difference is betwixt Folly and the Elevations of a ſprightly Soul, and the Effects of a ſupreme and extraordinary Virtue? *Plato* ſays, *that melancholick Perſons are the moſt capable of Diſcipline, and the moſt excellent*; nor indeed is there any ſo great a Propenſion to Madneſs. Great Wits are ruin'd by their own proper Force and Quickneſs.

Arioſto. What a Condition through his own Agitation and Promptneſs of Fancy, is one of the moſt judicious, ingenious, and beſt form'd Souls, to the ancient and true Poeſy, of any other *Italian* Poet, that has been theſe very many Years, lately fall'n into? Has he not great Obligation to this Vivacity that has deſtroy'd him? To this Light that has blinded him? To this exact and ſubtile Apprehenſion of Reaſon, that has put him beſides his? To this curious and laborious Scrutiny after Sciences, that has reduc'd him to a Brute? And to this rare Aptitude to the Exerciſes of the Soul, that has render'd him without Exerciſe, and without Soul? I was more angry, if poſſible, than compaſſionate, to ſee him at *Ferrara* in ſo pitiful a Condition ſurvive himſelf; forgetting both himſelf and his Works, which without his Knowledge, though before his Face, have been publiſh'd, deform'd and incorrect. Would you have a Man ſound, would you have him regular, and in a ſteady and ſecure Poſture? Muffle him up in the Shades of Stupidity and Sloth. We muſt be made Beaſts to be made wiſe, and Hood-wink'd before we are fit to be led. And if one ſhall tell me, that the Advantage of having a cold and ſtupid Senſe of Pain and other Evils, brings this Diſadvantage along with it, to render us conſequently leſs ſenſible alſo in the Fruition of Good and Pleaſure; this is true: But the Miſery of our Condition is ſuch, that we have not ſo much to enjoy, as to avoid, and that the extreameſt Pleaſure does not affect us to the Degree that a light Grief does: *Segnius homines bona, quam mala ſentiant.* We are not ſo ſenſible of the moſt perfect Health, as we are of the leaſt Sickneſs.

———*Pungit*

———*Pungit*
In cute vix ſumma violatum plagula corpus,
Quando valere nihil quemquam movet. Hoc juvat unum
Quod me non torquet latus, aut pes: Cætera quiſquam
Vix queat, aut ſanum ſeſe, aut ſentire valentem *.

The Body with a little Stripe is griev'd,
When the moſt perfect Health is not perceiv'd.
This only pleaſes me, that Spleen nor Gout
Either offend my Side, or wring my Foot,
Excepting theſe, ſcarce any one can tell,
Or does obſerve, when he's in Health and well.

Our Well-being is nothing but the Privation of Evil. Which is the Reaſon why that *Sect* of *Philoſophers*, who ſets the greateſt Value upon Pleaſure, has yet fixt it chiefly in Inſenſibility of Pain. *To be freed from Ill is the greateſt Good that Man can hope for or deſire:* According to *Ennius*,

Nimium boni eſt, cui nihil eſt mali.

For that every tickling and ſting, which are in certain Pleaſures, and that ſeem to raiſe us above ſimple Health and Inſenſibility; that active moving, and I know not how, itching and biting Pleaſure; even that very Pleaſure itſelf aims at nothing but Inſenſibility, as its Mark. The Luſt that carries us headlong to Women's Embraces, is directed for no other End, but only to cure the Torment of our ardent Deſires, and only requires to be glutted and laid at reſt, and deliver'd from the Fever. And ſo of the reſt. I ſay then, that if Simplicity conducts us to a State free from Evil, ſhe leads us to a very happy one, according to our Condition. And yet we are not to imagine it ſo ſtupid an Inſenſibility, as to be totally without Senſe: For *Crantor* had very good Reaſon to controvert the Inſenſibility of *Epicurus*; if founded ſo deep, that the very firſt Attack and Birth of Evils were not to be perceiv'd. I do not approve ſuch an Inſenſibility, as is neither poſſible, nor to be deſir'd. I am very well content not to be ſick: But if I am, I would know that I am ſo; and if a Cauſtick be apply'd, or Inciſions made in any Part, I would feel

* *Lucret.*

them. In Truth, whoever would take away the Knowledge and Senſe of Evil, would at the ſame Time eradicate the Senſe of Pleaſure, and finally annihilate Man himſelf. *Iſtud nihil dolere, non ſine magna mercede contingi immanitatis in animo, ſtuporis in corde* †. *An Inſenſibility that is not to be purchas'd, but at the Price of Humanity in the Soul, and of Stupidity of the Body.* Evil appertains to Man of courſe. Neither is Grief and Pain always to be avoided, nor Pleaſure always purſu'd. 'Tis a great Advantage to the Honour of Ignorance, that Knowledge itſelf throws us into its Arms; when ſhe finds herſelf puzzl'd to fortify us againſt the Weight of Evil, ſhe is conſtrain'd to come to this Compoſition, to give us the Reins, and permit us to fly into the Lap of the other, and to ſhelter ourſelves under her Protection from the Strokes and Injuries of Fortune. For what elſe is her Meaning, when ſhe inſtructs us to divert our Thoughts from the Ills that preſs upon us, and entertain them with the Meditation of Pleaſures paſt, and gone to comfort ourſelves in preſent Afflictions, with the Remembrance of fled Delights, and to call to our Succour, a vanquiſh'd Satisfaction, to oppoſe it to that which lies heavy upon us? *Levationes ægritudinum in avocatione à cogitanda moleſtia, & revocatione ad contemptandas voluptates ponit* ‖; if it be not that where her Power fails, ſhe will ſupply it with Pollicy, and make uſe of Slight, and a cunning Trip, where the Force of Limbs will not ſerve her turn? For not only to a Philoſopher, but to any Man in his right Wits, when he has upon him the Thirſt of a burning Fever, what Satisfaction can it be to remember the Pleaſure of drinking *Greek* Wine? It would rather be a greater Torment to him.

Che ricordar ſi il ben doppia la noia *.

Who ſo remembers, all the Gains,
Is, that he doubles his own Pains.

Of the ſame Stamp is this other Counſel that Philoſophy gives, only to remember good Fortunes paſt, and to forget the Miſadventures we have undergone; as if we had the Science of Oblivion in our own Power and Counſel, wherein we are yet no more to ſeek. *Suavis eſt laborum*

† *Cicer. Tuſc. l.* 1. ‖ *Cicer. Tuſc. l.* 3. * Proverb.

præter-

præteritorum memoria *. *The Memory of paſt Evil is ſweet.* How? Does *Philoſophy* that ſhould arm me to contend with Fortune, and ſteel my Courage to trample all human Adverſities under Foot, is ſhe arriv'd to this Degree of Cowardice, to make me hide my Head at this rate, and ſave myſelf by theſe pitiful and ridiculous Shifts? For the Memory repreſents to us, not what we chuſe, but what ſhe pleaſes; nay, there is nothing that ſo much imprints any any thing in our Memory, as a Deſire to forget it: And 'tis a good way to retain and keep any thing ſafe in the Soul to ſollicit her to loſe it. And this is falſe, *Eſt ſitum in nobis ut & adverſa quaſi perpetua oblivione obruamus, & ſecunda jucunde & ſuaviter meminerimus* †. *And it is in our Power to bury, as it were in a perpetual Oblivion, all adverſe Accidents, and to retain a pleaſant and delightful Memory of our Succeſſes.* And this is true, *Memini etiam quæ nolo: Oblivi ſci non poſſum quæ volo. I do alſo remember what I would not; but I cannot forget what I would.* And whoſe Counſel is this? His, *qui ſe unus ſapientem profiteri ſit auſus. Who only durſt profeſs himſelf a Wiſe Man.*

Qui genus humanum ingenio ſuperavit, & omnes
Perſtrinxit Stellas, exortus uti æthereus Sol ‖.

Who from Mankind the Prize of Knowledge won,
And put the Stars out like the riſing Sun.

To empty and diſfurniſh the Memory, is not this the true Way to Ignorance?

Iners malorum remedium ignorantia eſt ‡.

Ignorance is but a dull Remedy for Evils.

We find ſeveral other like Precepts, whereby we are permitted to borrow frivolous Appearances from the Vulgar, where we find the greateſt Reaſon cannot do the Feat: Provided they adminiſter Satisfaction and Comfort. Where they cannot cure the Wound, they are content to palliate and benumb it. I believe they will not deny this, that if they could add Order and Conſtancy in an Eſtate of Life that could maintain itſelf in Eaſe and Pleaſure by ſome Debility of Judgment, they would accept it:

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* *Cic. de Fin. l.* 2. † *Cic. de Fin. l.* 1. ‖ *Lucr. l.* 3.
‡ *Senec. Oed. Act.* 3.

———*Potare*,

——————Potare, & ſpargere flores
Incipiam, patiarque vel inconſultus haberi *.

I'll drink and revel like a jovial Lad,
Tho' for my Pains the World repute me Mad.

There would be a great many Philoſophers of *Lycas*'s Mind: This Man, being otherwiſe of very gentle Manners, living quietly and contentedly in his Family, and not failing in any Office of his Duty, either towards his own or Strangers, and very carefully preſerving himſelf from hurtful Things, was nevertheleſs, by ſome Diſtemper in his Brains, poſſeſs'd with a Conceit, that he was perpetually in the Theatre, a Spectator of the fineſt Sights, and the beſt Comedies in the World; and being cur'd by the Phyſicians of his Frenzy, had much ado to forbear endeavouring by Suit to compel them to reſtore him again to his pleaſing Imagination.

——————Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait, cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error †.

By Heaven you've kill'd me, Friends, outright,
And not preſerv'd me, ſince my dear Delight
And pleaſing Error, by my better Senſe
Unhappily return'd, is baniſh'd hence.

With a Madneſs, like that of *Thraſylaus* the Son of *Pythadorus*, who made himſelf believe, that all the Ships that weigh'd Anchor from the Port of *Pyreum*, and that came into the Haven, only made their Voyages for his Profit: Congratulating them from their happy Navigation, and receiving them with the greateſt Joy, whom his Brother *Crito* having caus'd to be reſtor'd to his better Underſtanding, he infinitely regretted that Sort of Condition, wherein he had liv'd with ſo much Delight, and free from all Anxiety of Mind. 'Tis according to the old *Greek* Verſe, that there is a great deal of Convenience in not being over-wiſe.

Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γαρ μηδὲν, ἡδὺς βίος.

And *Eccleſiaſtes*, *In much Wiſdom, there is much Sorrow:*

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* *Horat. Ep. lib.* 1. † *Horat. lib.* 2. *Ep.* 2.

And

And *who gets Wiſdom, gets Labour and Trouble.* Even that to which Philoſophy conſents in general, that laſt Remedy which ſhe applies to all Sorts of Neceſſities, to put an End to the Life, we are not able to endure it. *Placet? Pare: Non placet? Quacunque vis exi: Pungit dolor? Fodiat ſane: Si nudus es, da jugulum: Sin tectus armis Vulcani, id eſt, fortitudine, reſiſte* *. *Does it pleaſe? Obey it. Not pleaſe? Go where thou wilt. Does Grief prick thee? Nay, if it ſtab thee too: If thou art naked, preſent thy Throat: If cover'd with the Arms of* Vulcan, *that is Fortitude, reſiſt it.* And this Word ſo us'd in the *Greek* Feſtivals, *aut bibat, aut abeat,* That ſounds better upon the Tongue of a *Gaſcoign,* who naturally change the *V* into *B* than that of *Cicero*;

Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis,
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt, ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, & pulſet laſciva decentius ætas †.

If to live well and right thou do'ſt not know,
Give Place, and leave thy Room to thoſe that do.
Th'aſt eaten, drank, and play'd to thy Content,
'Tis Time to make thy parting Compliment,
Leſt, being over-dos'd, the younger Sort,
Laugh at thee firſt, and then exclude thee for't.

What is it other than a Confeſſion of his Impotency, and a ſending back not only to Ignorance, to be there in Safety, but even to Stupidity, Inſenſibility and Non-entity?

———*Democritum poſtquam matura vetuſtas*
Admonuit memorem, motus langueſcere mentis,
Sponte ſua letho caput obvius obtulit ipſe.

Soon as through Age *Democritus* did find
A manifeſt Decadence in his Mind,
He thought he now ſurviv'd to his own Wrong,
And went to meet his Death that ſtay'd too long.

'Tis what *Antiſthenes* ſaid, *That a Man muſt either make Proviſion of Senſe to underſtand; or of a Halter to hang himſelf:* And what *Chryſippus* alledg'd upon this Saying of the Poet *Tyrteus*,

* *Cic. Tuſc. l.* 2. † *Hor. l.* 2. *Epiſt.* 2. ‡ *Luret. l.* 1.

De

De la vertu, ou de mort approacher *.

Or to arrive at Virtue, or at Death.

How Love is to be cur'd.

And *Crates* ſaid, *That Love would be cur'd by Hunger, if not by Time: And whoever diſliked theſe two Remedies, by a Rope.* That *Sextius*, of whom both *Seneca* and *Plutarch* ſpeak with ſo high an Encomium, having applied himſelf (all other Things ſet aſide) to the Study of *Philoſophy*, reſolv'd to throw himſelf into the Sea, ſeeing the Progreſs of his Studies too tedious and ſlow. He ran to find Death, ſince he could not overtake Knowledge. Theſe are the Words of the Law upon this Subject. *If Peradventure ſome great Inconvenience happen, for which there is no Remedy, the Haven is near, and a Man may ſave himſelf by ſwimming out of his Body, as out of a leaky Skiff; for 'tis the Fear of Dying and not the Love of Life, that ties the Fool to his Body.* As Life renders itſelf by Simplicity more pleaſant, ſo more innocent and better, as I was ſaying before. *The ſimple and Ignorant*, ſays St. *Paul, raiſe themſelves up to Heaven, and take poſſeſſion of it*; and we, with all our Knowledge, plunge ourſelves into the infernal Abyſs. I am neither ſway'd by *Valentinian*, a profeſt Enemy to all Knowledge and Literature, nor by *Licinius*, both *Roman* Emperors, who called them the Poiſon and Peſt of all *Politick* Governments: Nor by *Mahomet*, who (as 'tis ſaid) interdicted all Manner of Learning to his Followers: But the Example of the Great *Lycurgus*, and his Authority, with the Reverence of the Divine *Lacædemonian* Policy, ſo great, ſo admirable, and ſo long flouriſhing in Virtue and Happineſs without any Inſtitution or Practice of Letters, ought certainly to be of very great Weight. Such as return from the new World diſcover'd by the *Spaniards* in our Father's Days, can teſtifie to us, how much more honeſtly and regularly thoſe Nations live without Magiſtrate and without Law, than ours do, where there are more Officers and Lawyers than there are of other Sorts of Men, and Buſineſs.

The Lacedæmonian *Policy without Letters.*

The new World without Law or Magiſtrate.

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* *Plutarch.*

Dicittatorie

Dicittatorie & di libelli,
D'eſamine & di carte, di procure
Hanno le mani & il ſeno, & gran faſtelli
Di chi ſe, di conſigli & di letture,
Percui le faculta de poverelli
Non ſeno mai ne le citta ſicure,
Hanno dietro & dinanzi & d'ambi 1 lati,
Notai procuratori & advocati *.

Her Lap was full of Writs, and of Citations,
Of Proceſs, of Actions and Arreſts,
Of Bills, of Anſwers, and of Replications,
In Courts of Delegates and of Requeſts,
To grieve the ſimple Sort with great Vexations;
She had reſorting to her as her Gueſts,
Attending on her Circuits and her Journeys,
Scriv'ners and Clerks, and Lawyers and Attorneys †.

It was what a *Roman* Senator ſaid of the latter Ages, *That their Predeceſſors Breath ſtunk of Garlick, but their Stomachs were perfum'd with a good Conſcience: And that*, on the contrary, *thoſe of his Time were all ſweet Odour without, but ſtunk within of all ſorts of Vices*; that is to ſay, as I interpret it, that they abounded with Learning and Eloquence, but were very defective in Moral Honeſty. Incivility, Ignorance, Simplicity and Roughneſs, are the natural Companions of Innocency: Curioſity, Subtilty and Knowledge, bring Malice in their Train: Humility, Fear, Obedience and Affability (which are the principal Things that ſupport and maintain human Society) require an empty and docile Soul, and little preſuming upon itſelf. *Chriſtians* have a particular Knowledge, how natural and original an Evil Curioſity is in Man. The Thirſt of Knowledge, and the Deſire to become more Wiſe, was the firſt Ruin of Mankind, and the Way by which he precipitated himſelf into eternal Damnation. Pride was his Ruin and Corruption: 'Tis Pride that diverts from the common Path, and makes him embrace Novelties, and rather chuſe to be Head of a Troop, loſt and wandring in the Path of Error; to be Regent and a Teacher of Lies, than to be a Diſciple in the School of Truth, ſuffer-

* *Ariſt. Cant.* 15. † Sir *John Harrington*'s Tranſ.

ing

ing himſelf to be led and guided by the Hand of another, in the right and beaten Road. 'Tis peradventure, the Meaning of this old *Greek* Saying, ἡ δεισιδαιμονία καθάπερ πατρὶ τῷ τυφλῷ πείθεται *. *That Superſtition follows Pride, and obeys it as if it were a Father.* Ah! Preſumption, how much doſt thou hinder us? After that *Socrates* was told, That the God of Wiſdom had attributed to him the Title of a *Sage*; he was aſtoniſh'd at it, and ſearching and examining himſelf throughout, could find no Foundation for this Divine Sentence. He knew others as Juſt, Temperate, Valiant and Learned as himſelf: And more Eloquent, more Handſome, and more Profitable to their Country than he. At laſt he concluded, that he was not diſtinguiſh'd from others, nor Wiſe, but only becauſe he did not think himſelf ſo. And that his God conſider'd the Opinion of Knowledge and Wiſdom as a ſingular Brutality in Man; and that his beſt Doctrine was the Doctrine of Ignorance, and Simplicity the beſt Wiſdom. The Sacred Word declares thoſe miſerable, who have an Opinion of themſelves: *Duſt and Aſhes*, ſays it to ſuch, *What haſt thou wherein to glorify thyſelf*; and in another Place, *God has made Man like unto a Shadow*, of whom, who can judge, when by the removing of the Light, it ſhall be vaniſh'd? Man is a Thing of nothing, whoſe Force is ſo far from being able to comprehend the Divine Height; that of the Works of our Creator, thoſe beſt bear his Mark, and are with better Title his, which we the leaſt underſtand. To meet with an Incredible Thing, is an Occaſion to Chriſtians to believe; and it is ſo much the more according to Reaſon, by how much it is againſt human Reaſon. If it were according to Reaſon, it would be no more a ſingular Thing. *Melius ſcitur Deus neſciendo*, ſays St. *Auſtin* †, *God is better known by not knowing.* And *Tacitus*, *Sanctius eſt ac reverentius de actis Deorum credere quam ſcire* ‖. *It is more Holy and Reverent to believe the Works of God, than to know them.* And *Plato* thinks there is ſomething of Impiety in it, to enquire too curiouſly into God, the Word, and firſt Cauſes of Things. *Atque illum quidem hujus Univerſitatis invenire, difficile: Et,*

* *Socrates apud Stobæum.* † *Div. Aug. l. 2. de Ord.*
‖ *Tacit. de Mor. Ger.*

quum

quum jam inveneris, indicare in vulgus, nefas, ſays *Cicero* *. *To find out the Parent of the World, is very hard: And when found out to reveal him to the Vulgar, is Sin:* We pronounce indeed Power, Truth and Juſtice, which are Words that ſignify ſome great Thing; but that Thing we neither ſee, nor conceive at all. We ſay that God fears, that God is angry, that God loves:

Immortalia ſermone notantes ‡.

Giving to Things immortal, mortal Names,

Which are all Agitations and Emotions, that cannot be in God according to our Form, nor we imagine it according to his; it only belongs to God to know himſelf, and to interpret his own Works; and he does it in our Language, improperly, to ſtoop and deſcend to us who grovel upon the Earth. How can *Prudence*, which is the Choice betwixt Good and Evil, be properly attributed to him, whom no Evil can touch? How the Reaſon and Intelligence which we make uſe of, be obſcure to arrive at apparent Things; ſeeing that nothing is obſcure to him? And *Juſtice*, which diſtributes to every one what appertains to him, a Thing begot by the Society and Community of Men, how is that in God? How *Temperance*, which is the Moderation of corporal Pleaſures, that have no Place in the Divinity? *Fortitude* to ſupport Pain, Labour, and Dangers as little appertains to him as the reſt; theſe three Things have no acceſs to him. For which Reaſon, *Ariſtotle* holds him equally exempt from Virtue and Vice. *Neque gratia, neque ira teneri poteſt, quod quæ talia eſſent, imbecillia eſſent omnia* †. *He can neither be affected with Favour nor Indignation, becauſe both theſe are the Effects of Frailty.* The Participation we have in the Knowledge of Truth, ſuch as it is, is not acquir'd by our own Force. God has ſufficiently given us to underſtand that, by the Witneſſes he has choſen out of the common People, ſimple and ignorant Men, that he has been pleas'd to employ, to inſtruct us in his admirable Secrets: Our Faith is not of our own acquiring, 'tis purely the Gift of another's Bounty. 'Tis not by Meditation, or by Virtue of our own Underſtand-

* *Cic. in Frag.* ‡ *Luc. l.* 5. † *Cicer. de Nat. Deor.*

ing,

ing, that we have acquir'd our *Religion*, but by Foreign Authority and Command: Wherein the Imbecillity of our Judgment does more aſſiſt us than the Force of it, and our Blindneſs more than our Clearneſs of Sight. 'Tis more by the Meditation of our Ignorance, that we know any thing of the Divine Wiſdom. 'Tis no wonder, if our natural and earthly Parts cannot conceive that ſupernatural and heavenly Knowledge: Let us bring nothing of our own, but Obedience and Subjection. For, as it is written, *I will deſtroy the Wiſdom of the Wiſe, and will bring to nothing the Underſtanding of the Prudent. Where is the Wiſe? Where is the Scribe? Where is the Diſputer of this World? Hath not God made Fooliſh the Wiſdom of this World? For after that in the Wiſdom of God, the World knew not God, it pleaſed God by the Fooliſhneſs of preaching to ſave them that believe* *. Finally, ſhould I examine whether it be in the Power of Man to find out that which he ſeeks, and if that Queſt, wherein he has buſied himſelf ſo many Ages, has enrich'd him with any new Force, or any ſolid Truth: I believe he will confeſs, if he ſpeaks from his Conſcience, *that all he has got by ſo long Diſquiſition, is only to have learn'd to know his own Weakneſs.* We have only by a long Study confirm'd and verify'd the natural Ignorance we were in before. The ſame has fallen out to Men truly Wiſe, which befals Ears of Corn; they ſhoot and raiſe their Heads high and pert, whilſt empty; but when full and ſwell'd with Grain in Maturity, begin to flag and droop. So Men having try'd and ſounded all Things, and having found in that Maſs of Knowledge, and Proviſion of ſo many various Things, nothing ſolid and firm, and nothing but Vanity, have quitted their Preſumption, and acknowledge their natural Condition. 'Tis what *Vellius* reproaches *Cotta* withal and *Cicero*, that they learn'd of *Philo, that they had learn'd nothing. Pherecydes*, one of the ſeven *Sages*, writing to *Thales* upon his Death-bed; *I have*, ſaid he, *given Order to my People, after my Interment, to carry my Writings to thee. If they pleaſe thee, and the other* Sages, *publiſh*; *if not, ſuppreſs them. They contain no Certainty with which I myſelf am ſatisfy'd.* Neither do I pretend to

* 1 *Cor.* i. 19, 20, 21.

know

know the Truth, or to attain to it. I rather open than diſcover Things. The wiſeſt Man that ever was, being aſk'd *what he knew?* made Anſwer, *He knew this, that he knew nothing.* By which, he verified what has been ſaid, that the greateſt Part of what we know, is the leaſt of what we do not; that is to ſay, that even what we think we know, is but a Piece, and a very little one, of our Ignorance. *We know Things in Dreams,* ſays *Plato, and are ignorant of them in Truth. Omnes pene Veteres nihil cognoſci, nihil percipi, nihil ſciri poſſe dixerunt: Anguſtos ſenſus, imbecilles animos, brevia curricula vitæ* †. *Almoſt all the Ancients have declared, that there is nothing to be known, nothing to be underſtood: The Senſes are too weak, Men's Minds too weak, and the little Courſe of Life too ſhort.* And of *Cicero* himſelf, who ſtood indebted to his Learning for all he was worth, *Valerius* ſays, *That he began to diſreliſh Letters in his old Age. And when moſt incumbent upon his Studies, it was with great Independency upon any one Party; following what he thought probable, now in one Sect, and then in another, evermore wavering under the Doubts of the Academy. Dicendum eſt, ſed ita ut nihil affirmem, quæram omnia dubitans plerumque, & mihi diffidens* ‡. *I am to ſpeak, but ſo as to affirm nothing: I ſhall enquire into all Things, but for the moſt Part in Doubt and Diſtruſt of myſelf.* I ſhould have too fair a Game, ſhould I conſider Man in his common Way of Living and in Groſs: And might do it however by his own Rule; who judges Truth, not by Weight, but by the Number of Votes. Let us let the People alone,

> *Qui vigilans ſtertit:*
> *Mortua cui vita eſt, prope jam atque videnti* *.
>
> Who waking ſnore: Whoſe Life is but a Dream,
> Who only living and awake do ſeem.

who neither feel nor judge: And let moſt of their natural Faculties lie idle. I will take Man in his higheſt Station. Let us conſider him in that little Number of Men, excellent and cull'd out from the reſt, who having been endowed with a remarkable and particular natural Force, have

† *Cicer. Acad. lib.* 1. ‡ *Cicer. Acad.* * *Lucret.*

moreover hardned and whetted it by Care, Study and Art, and raiſed it to the higheſt Pitch of Wiſdom, to which it can poſſibly arrive. They have adjuſted their Souls to all Senſes, and all Biaſſes; have propt and ſupported them with all foreign Helps proper for them, and enrich'd and adorn'd them with all they could borrow for their Advantage, both within and without the World: Thoſe are they that are plac'd in the utmoſt and moſt ſupreme Height, to which human Nature can attain. They have regulated the World with *Polities* and *Laws*. They have inſtructed it with *Arts* and *Sciences*, and do yet inſtruct it by Example, by their admirable Manners. I ſhall make account of none but ſuch Men as theſe, and only make uſe of their Teſtimony and Experience. Let us examine how far they have proceeded, and on what they repos'd their ſureſt Hold. The Errors and Defects that we ſhall find amongſt theſe Men, the World may boldly declare to be purely their own. Whoever goes in ſearch of any Thing, muſt come to this, either to ſay, *that he has found it out*, or *that it is not to be found out*, or *that he is yet upon the Search*. All Philoſophy is divided into theſe three Kinds. All her Deſign is to ſeek out *Truth*, *Knowledge* and *Certainty*. The *Peripateticks*, *Epicureans*, *Stoicks* and others, have thought they have found it. Theſe eſtabliſhed the Sciences, and have treated of them, as of certain Knowledges. *Clitomachus*, *Carneades*, and the *Academicks*, have deſpaired in their Search, and concluded, *that Truth could not be conceiv'd by our Underſtandings*. The Reſult of theſe are Weakneſs and human Ignorance. This *Sect* has had the greateſt Number, and the moſt noble Followers. *Pyrrho* and other *Scepticks*, whoſe Doctrines were held by many of the Ancients, taken from *Homer*, the ſeven *Sages*, *Archilochus*, *Euripides*, *Zeno*, *Democritus* and *Xenophon*, *ſay that they are yet upon the Enquiry after Truth*. Theſe conclude, that the other, who think they have found it out, are infinitely deceiv'd; and that it is too daring a Vanity in the ſecond Sort, to determine that human Reaſon is not able to attain unto it. For this eſtabliſhing a Standard of our Power, to know and judge the Difficulty of Things, is a great and extreme Knowledge, of which they doubt whether or no Man can be capable.

Nil

Nil ſciri quiſquis putat, id quoque neſcit;
An ſciri poſſit, quo ſe nil ſcire fatetur *.

He that ſays nothing can be known, o'rethrows
His own Opinion, for he nothing knows,
So knows not that †.

The Ignorance that knows itſelf, judges and condemns itſelf, is not an abſolute Ignorance: Which to be, it muſt be ignorant of itſelf. So that the Profeſſion of the *Pyrrhonians* is to waver, doubt and enquire, not to make themſelves ſure of, or reſponſible to themſelves for any thing. Of the three Actions of the Soul, *Imaginative*, *Appetitive*, and *Conſentive*, they receive the two firſt; the laſt they keep ambiguous, without Inclination or Approbation, either of one thing or another, ſo light and valuable it is. *Zeno* repreſented the Motion of his Imagination, upon theſe Diviſions of the Faculties of the Soul, *an open and expanded Hand ſignified Appearance: A Hand half ſhut and the Fingers a little bending, Conſent: A clinch'd Fiſt, Comprehenſion: When with the Left he yet thruſts the Fiſt cloſer, Knowledge.* Now this Situation of their Judgment upright and inflexible, receiving all Objects without Application, or Conſent, leads them to their *Ataraxie*, which is a peaceable Condition of Life, temperate and exempt from the Agitations we receive by the Impreſſion of Opinion and Knowledge that we think we have of Things. From whence ſpring Fear, Avarice, Envy, immoderate Deſires, Ambition, Pride, Superſtition, Love of Novelty, Rebellion, Diſobedience, Obſtinacy, and the greateſt Part of bodily Ills: Nay, and by that they are exempt from the Jealouſy of their Diſcipline. For they debate after a very gentle Manner. They fear no Revenge in their Diſputes. When they affirm *that heavy Things deſcend*, they would be ſorry to be believ'd, and love to be contradicted, to engender Doubt and Suſpence of Judgment, which is their End. They only put our Propoſitions to contend with thoſe they think we have in our Belief. If you take their Arguments, they will as readily maintain the contrary:

Doubt and Suſpence of Judgment the principal Effect of Pyrrhoniſm.

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † Mr. *Creech.*

'Tis all one to them, they have no Choice. If you maintain that *Snow is Black*, they will argue on the contrary that it is *White*; if you ſay it is neither the one nor the other, they will maintain that it is both. If you hold by a certain Judgment that you *know nothing*, they will maintain that you do. Yes, and if by an affirmative Axiom you aſſure them that *you doubt*; they will argue againſt you, that *you doubt not*; or that you cannot judge and determine that Doubt. And by this Extremity of Doubt, which juſtles itſelf, they ſeparate and divide themſelves from many Opinions, even of thoſe they have ſeveral ways maintain'd, both concerning *Doubt* and *Ignorance*. *Why ſhall not they be allow'd*, ſay they, *as well as the* Dogmatiſts, *one to ſay Green, another Yellow, and even of thoſe to doubt? Can any thing be propos'd to us to grant, or deny, which it ſhall not be permitted to conſider as Ambiguous?* And where others are carried away, either by the Cuſtom of their Country, or by the Inſtruction of Parents, or by Accident, as by a Tempeſt without Judgment, and without Choice; nay, and for the moſt Part, before the Age of Diſcretion, to ſuch and ſuch an Opinion, to the Sect of the *Stoicks* or *Epicureans*, with which they are pre-poſſeſt, enſlav'd and faſt bound, as to a Thing they cannot forſake: *Ad quamcumque diſciplinam velut tempeſtate, delati, ad eam, tanquam ad ſaxum, adhæreſcunt* *: *Every one cleaves to his Principles, as to a Rock, againſt which he had been thrown by Tempeſt.* Why ſhall not theſe likewiſe be permitted to maintain their Liberty, and conſider Things without Obligation or Slavery? *Hoc liberiores & ſolutiores quod integra illis eſt judicandi poteſtas. In this more unconſtrain'd and free, becauſe they have the greater Power of Judging.* Is it not of ſome Advantage to be diſengag'd from the *Neceſſity* that curbs others? Is it not better to remain in Suſpence than to entangle himſelf in the innumerable Errors that human Fancy has produc'd? Is it not much better to ſuſpend the Perſuaſion, than to intermeddle with theſe wrangling and ſeditious Diviſions; *What ſhall I chuſe? What you pleaſe, provided you will chuſe.* A very fooliſh Anſwer: But ſuch a one nevertheleſs, as all Doctrine ſeems to point at, and by which we are not permitted to be ignorant of what we are Ignorant.

* *Cicer. Acad.*

Take

Take the moſt eminent Side, that of the greateſt Reputation; it will never be ſo ſure, that you ſhall not be forc'd to attack and contend with a hundred and a hundred Adverſaries to defend it. Is it not better to keep out of this Hurly-burly? You are permitted to embrace *Ariſtotle*'s Opinion of the *Immortality of the Soul*, with as much Zeal as your Honour and Life, and to give the Lie to *Plato*, and ſhall they be interdicted to doubt him? If it be lawful for *Panetius* to maintain his Opinion about *Augury*, *Dreams*, *Oracles*, *Vaticinations*; of which the *Stoicks* made no doubt at all; why may not a Wiſe Man dare to do the ſame in all Things, that he dar'd to do in thoſe he had learn'd of his Maſters, eſtabliſh'd by the common Conſent of the School, whereof he is a Profeſſor, and a Member? If it be a Child that judges, he knows not what it is: If a Wiſe Man, he is prepoſſeſt. They have reſerv'd for themſelves a marvellous Advantage in Battle, having eas'd themſelves of the Care of Defence. If you ſtrike them they care not, provided they ſtrike too, and they turn every Thing to their own Advantage. If they overcome, your Argument is Lame; if you, theirs; if they fall ſhort, they verify Ignorance; if you fall ſhort, you do it; If they prove, that *nothing is known*, it goes well; if they cannot prove it, 'tis as well: *Ut quum in eadem re paria contrariis in partibus momenta inveniuntur, facilius ab utraque parte Aſſertio ſuſtineatur. That when like Sentiments happen pro and con in the ſame Thing, the Aſſertion may on both Sides be more eaſily ſuſpended.* And they make account to find out with much greater Facility why a Thing is falſe, than why 'tis true; that which is not, than that which is, and what they do not believe, than what they do. Their Way of ſpeaking is, *I aſſert nothing, it is no more ſo, than ſo, or than neither one nor t'other: I underſtand it not.* Appearances are every where equal: The Law of ſpeaking pro or con, is the ſame. Nothing ſeems true, that may not ſeem falſe. Their Sacramental Word is ἐπέχω, that is to ſay, *I hold, I ſtart not.* This is the Burthen of their Song, and others of like Stuff. The Effect of which is a pure, entire, perfect and abſolute Suſpenſion of Judgment. They make uſe of their Reaſon to enquire and debate, but not to fix and determine. Whoever ſhall imagine a perpetual Confeſ-

The Immortality of the Soul maintain'd by Ariſtotle.

ſion of Ignorance, a Judgment without Bias, Propenſion or Inclination, upon any Occaſion whatever, conceives a true *Idea* of *Pyrrhoniſm.* I expreſs this Fancy as well as I can, by reaſon that many find it hard to conceive, and Authors themſelves repreſent it a little variouſly and obſcurely. As to what concerns the Actions of Life, they are in this of the common Faſhion. They yield and give up themſelves to their *natural Inclinations,* to the Power and Impulſe of *Paſſions,* to the Conſtitution of Laws and Cuſtoms, and to the Tradition of Arts. *Non enim nos Deus iſta ſcire, ſed tantummodo uti voluit* *. *For God would not have us know, but only uſe thoſe Things.* They ſuffer their ordinary Actions to be guided by thoſe Things, without any Diſpute or Judgment. For which Reaſon I cannot conſent to what is ſaid of *Pyrrho.* They repreſent him *ſtupid and immovable, leading a kind of ſavage and unſociable Life, ſtanding the Juſtle of Carts, going upon Precipices, and refuſing to accommodate himſelf to the Laws.* This is to enhance upon his Diſcipline. He would never make himſelf a Stock or a Stone, he would ſhew himſelf a living Man, diſcourſing, reaſoning, enjoying all natural Conveniences and Pleaſures, employing and making uſe of all his corporal and ſpiritual Faculties in Rule and Reaſon. The fantaſtick, imaginary and falſe Privileges that Man had uſurp'd of Lording it, Ordaining and Eſtabliſhing, he has utterly quitted and renounced. Yet there is no *Sect* but is conſtrain'd to permit her *Sage* to follow ſeveral Things not comprehended, perceiv'd, or conſented to, if he means to live. And if he goes to Sea, he follows that Deſign, not knowing whether his Voyage ſhall be ſucceſsful or no; and only inſiſts upon the Tightneſs of the Veſſel, the Experience of the Pilot, and the Convenience of the Seaſon, and ſuch probable Circumſtances. After which he is bound to go, and ſuffer himſelf to be govern'd by Appearances, provided there be no expreſs and manifeſt Contrariety in them. He has a Body, he has a Soul; the Senſes puſh them, the Mind ſpurs them on. And altho' he does not find in himſelf this proper and ſingular Sign of Judging, and that he perceives that he ought not to engage his Conſent, conſidering that there may be ſome falſe, equal to theſe true Appearances, yet

* *Cicer. de. Divin. l.* 61.

does

does he not for all that fail of carrying on the Offices of his Life with great Liberty and Convenience. How many Arts are there that profeſs to conſiſt more in Conjecture than Knowledge? That decide not true and falſe, and only follow that which ſeems the one or the other? There are, ſay they, true and falſe, and we have in us wherewith to ſeek it; but not to make it ſtay when we touch it. We are much more prudent, in letting ourſelves be carried away by the Swing of the World without Enquiry. A Soul clear from Prejudice, has a marvellous Advance towards Tranquility and Repoſe. Men that judge and controul their Judges, do never duly ſubmit to them. How much more docile and eaſy to be govern'd, both in the Laws of Religion and civil Polity, are ſimple and incurious Minds, than thoſe over-vigilant Wits, that will ſtill be prating of Divine and Human Cauſes? There is nothing in human Invention that carries ſo great a ſhew of Likelihood and Utility as this. This preſent Man, naked and empty, confeſſing his natural Weakneſs, fit to receive ſome foreign Force from above, unfurniſh'd of Human, and therefore more apt to receive into him the Divine Knowledge, undervaluing his own Judgment, to make more room for Faith: Neither believing amiſs, nor eſtabliſhing any Doctrine againſt the Laws and common Obſervances, Humble, Obedient, Diſciplinable, Studious, a ſworn Enemy of Hereſy; and conſequently, freeing himſelf from vain and irreligious Opinions, introduc'd by falſe *Sects*, *Sectaries* and *Hereticks*. 'Tis a blank Paper prepar'd to receive ſuch Forms from the Finger of God, as he ſhall pleaſe to write upon it. The more we reſign and commit ourſelves to God, and the more we renounce ourſelves, of the greater Value we are. *Take in good part*, ſays *Eccleſiaſtes*, *the Things that preſent themſelves to thee, as they ſeem and taſte from Hand to Mouth: The reſt is out of thy Knowledge. Dominus novit cogitationes hominum, quoniam vanæ ſunt, the Lord knoweth the Hearts of Men, that they are but Vanity* *. Thus we ſee, that of three general Sects of *Philoſophy*, two make open Profeſſion of *Doubt* and *Ignorance*; and in that of the *Dogmatiſts*, which is the third, it is eaſy to diſcover, that the greateſt Part of them only aſſume this Face of Confidence and Aſſurance, that they may have

* *Pſal.* xciv.

the better Grace. They have not ſo much Thought to eſtabliſh any Certainty for us, to ſhew us how far they have proceeded in their Search of Truth, *Quam docti fingunt magis quam norunt. Which the Learned rather feign than know.* *Timæus* being to inſtruct *Socrates* in what he knew of the Gods, the World and Men, propoſes to ſpeak to him as a Man to a Man, and that it is ſufficient, if his Reaſons are probable, as thoſe of another; For that exact Reaſon were neither in his, nor any other mortal Hand. Which one of his Followers has thus imitated: *Ut potero, explicabo; nec tamen ut* Pythius Apollo, *certa ut ſint, & fixa, quæ dixero: Sed ut homunculus probabilia conjectura ſequens* *. *I will, as well as I am able, explain; yet not as* Pythius Apollo, *that what I ſay, ſhould be fix'd and certain, but like a Man that follows Probabilities by Conjecture.* And that other, upon the natural and common Subject of the Contempt of Death, he has elſewhere tranſlated from the very Words of *Plato*, *Si forte, de Deorum natura, ortuque Mundi differentes, minus id quod habemus in animo conſequimur, haud erit mirum. Æquum eſt enim meminiſſe, & me qui diſſeram, hominem eſſe, & vos qui judicetis: Ut ſi probabilia dicentur, nihil ultra requiratis* †. *If perchance, when we diſcourſe of the Nature of God's and the World's Original, we cannot do it as we deſire, it will be no great Wonder. For it is juſt you ſhould remember, that both I who ſpeak, and you who are to judge, are Men: So that if probable Things are deliver'd, you ſhall require and expect no more.* *Ariſtotle* does ordinarily heap up a great Number of others Opinions and Beliefs, to compare them with his own, and to let us ſee how much he has gone beyond them, and how much nearer he approaches to Poſſibility and Likelihood of Truth. For *Truth* is not to be judg'd by the Authority and Teſtimony of others; which made *Epicurus* religiouſly avoid quoting them in his Writings. This is the Prince of all *Dogmatiſts*, and yet we are told by him, *That much Knowledge does adminiſter many Occaſions of doubting more.* In earneſt, we ſee him ſometimes ſo ſhrowd and muffle up himſelf in ſo thick and ſo inexplicable Obſcurity, that we know not what uſe to make of his Advice. It is in effect a *Pyrrhoniſm* under a concluding and

* *Cicero Tuſc. lib.* 1. † *Cicero in Timæo.*

determining

determining Form. Hear *Cicero*'s Proteſtation, who expounds to us another's Fancy by his own. *Qui requirunt, quid de quaque re ipſi ſentiamus: Curioſius id faciunt, quam neceſſe eſt. Hæc Philoſophiæ ratio, contra omnia diſſerendi, nullamque rem apertè judicandi, profecta à* Socrate, *repetita ab* Arceſilao, *confirmata à* Carneade, *uſque ad noſtram viget ætatem. Hi ſumus, qui omnibus veris falſa quædam adjuncta eſſe dicamus, tanta ſimilitudine, ut in iis nulla inſit judicandi & aſſentiendi nota* *. *They who deſire to know what we think of every Thing; are therein more inquiſitive than is neceſſary. This Practice in* Philoſophy *of diſputing againſt every Thing, and of abſolutely concluding nothing, begun by* Socrates, *repeated by* Arceſilaus, *and confirm'd by* Carneades, *has continu'd in uſe even to our own Times. We are they, who declare that there is ſo great a Mixture of Things falſe, amongſt all that are true, and they ſo reſemble one another, that there can be in them no certain Mark to direct us, either to judge or aſſent.* Why hath not *Ariſtotle* only, but moſt of the *Philoſophers*, affected Difficulty, if not to ſet a greater Value upon the Vanity of the Subject, and amuſe the Curioſity of our Wits, by giving them this Bone to pick. *Clitomachus* affirm'd, That *he could never diſcover by* Carneades's *Writings, what Opinion he was of.* This was it that made *Epicurus* affect to be abſtruſe, and that procur'd *Heraclitus* the Epithet to his Name of σκοτεινὸς: Difficulty is a Coin the Learn'd make uſe of, like *Jugglers*, to conceal the Vanity of their Art, and which human Sottiſhneſs eaſily takes for current Pay.

Obſcure.

> *Clarus ob obſcuram linguam, magis inter inanes:*
> *Omnia enim ſtolidi magis admirantur amantque,*
> *Inverſis quæ ſub verbis latitantia cernunt* †.
>
> Bombaſt and Riddle beſt do Puppies pleaſe,
> For Fools admire and love ſuch Things as theſe;
> And a dull Quibble wrapt in dubious Phraſe,
> That to the Height does their wiſe Wonder raiſe.

Cicero reprehends ſome of his Acquaintance and Friends, for giving more of their Time to the Study of *Aſtrology, Law, Logick* and *Geometry*, than they were really worth;

* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1. † *Lucret. lib.* 1.

ſaying,

ſaying, *That they were by thoſe diverted from the Duties of Life, and from more profitable and genteel Studies.* The *Cyrenaick Philoſophers*, did equally deſpiſe *Natural Philoſophy* and *Logick*. *Zeno*, in the very Beginning of the Books of the Common-wealth, declar'd *all the liberal Arts of no uſe*. *Chryſippus* ſaid, *That what* Plato *and* Ariſtotle *had writ concerning* Logick, *they had only done it in ſport, and by way of Exerciſe:* And could not believe that they ſpoke in earneſt of ſo vain a Thing. *Plutarch* ſays the ſame of *Metaphyſicks*. And *Epicurus* would have ſaid as much of *Rhetorick*, *Grammar*, *Poeſy*, *Mathematicks*, and (*Natural Philoſophy* excepted) of all the other Sciences; and *Socrates* of them all, excepting that *of Manners, and of Life*. Whatever any one requir'd to be inſtructed in by him, he would ever, in the firſt Place, demand an Account of the Conditions of his Life preſent and paſt, which he examin'd and judg'd; eſteeming all other Learning ſubſequent to that, and ſupernumerary. *Parùm mihi placeant eæ literæ, quæ ad virtutem Doctoribus nihil profuerant* *. *That Learning is in ſmall Repute with me, which nothing profited the Teachers themſelves to Virtue.* Moſt of the *Arts* have been in like Manner decry'd by the ſame Knowledge. But they did not conſider that it was from the Purpoſe, to exerciſe their Wits in thoſe very Matters, wherein there was no ſolid Advantage. As to the reſt; ſome have look'd upon *Plato* as a *Dogmatiſt*, others as a *Doubter*, others in ſome Things the one, and in other Things the other. *Socrates*, the Introducer of Dialogiſms, is eternally upon Queſtions and ſtirring up Diſputes, never determining, never ſatisfying: And profeſſes to have no other Science but that of *oppoſing* himſelf. *Homer*, their Author, has equally laid the Foundations of all the Sects of *Philoſophy*, to ſhew how indifferent it was which Way we ſhould chooſe. 'Tis ſaid, that ten ſeveral *Sects* ſprung from *Plato*; and in my Opinion, never did any Inſtruction halt and ſtumble, if his does not: *Socrates* ſaid, *That Midwives, in taking upon them the Trade of helping others to bring forth, left the Trade of bringing forth themſelves; and that by the*

The liberal Arts deſpis'd.

Call'd Wife Women in French.

* *Sal. de Bello Jug.*

Title

Title of a Wiſe Man or Sage, that the Gods had conferr'd upon him, he was diſabled in his virile and mental Love, of the Faculty of bringing forth, conſenting to help and aſſiſt thoſe that could; to open their Nature, anoint the Paſſes, and facilitate their Birth: To judge of the Infant, kiſs, nouriſh, fortify, ſwath and circumciſe it, exerciſing and employing his Underſtanding in the Perils and Fortunes of others. It is ſo with the moſt part of this third ſort of Authors, as the Ancients have obſerv'd in the Writings of *Anaxagoras*, *Democritus*, *Parmenides*, *Xenophon* and others. They have a way of Writing, doubtful in Subſtance and Deſign, rather enquiring than teaching. Tho' they mix their Stile with ſome dogmatical Periods. Is not the ſame Thing ſeen in *Seneca* and *Plutarch*? How many Contradictions are there to be found, if a Man pry narrowly into them? So many, that the reconciling Lawyers ought firſt to reconcile them every one to themſelves. *Plato* ſeems to have affected this Method of *Philoſophizing* in Dialogues; to the End, that he might with greater Decency, from ſeveral Mouths, deliver the Diverſity and Variety of his own Fancies. To treat variouſly of Things, is as well to treat of them, as conformably, and better, that is to ſay, more copiouſly, and with greater Profit. Let us take Example from ourſelves. Judgments are the utmoſt Period of all dogmatical and determinative Speaking: And yet thoſe *Arreſts* that our Parliaments give the People, the moſt Exemplary of them, and thoſe are moſt proper to nouriſh in them the Reverence due to that Dignity, principally through the Sufficiency of the Perſon's acting, derive their Beauty, not ſo much from the Concluſion, which with them is *quotidian* and common to every Judge, as from the Diſpute and Heat of diverſe and contrary Arguments, that the Matter of *Law* and *Equity* will permit. And the largeſt Field for Reprehenſion, that ſome Philoſophers have againſt others, is drawn from the Diverſities and Contradictions, wherein every one of them finds himſelf perplexed; either on Purpoſe to ſhew the Vacillation of human Wit concerning every Thing; or ignorantly compell'd by the Volability and Incomprehenſibility of all Matter. What means this Clink in the Cloſe? *In a ſlippery and ſliding Place let us ſuſpend our Belief:* For as *Euripides* ſays,

Les

Les œvres de Dieu en diverſes
Facons, nous dennent des Traverſes *.

The Works of God in ſundry wiſe,
Do puzzle Men's Capacities.

Like that which *Empedocles*, as if tranſported with a Divine Fury, and compell'd by Truth, often ſtrew'd here and there in his Writings. *No, no, we feel nothing, we ſee nothing, all Things are conceal'd from us; there is not one Thing, of which we can poſitively ſay, it is this:* According to the Divine Saying, *Cogitationes mortalium timidæ & incertæ adinventiones noſtræ & Providentiæ* †. *For the Thoughts of mortal Men are miſerable; and our Devices are but uncertain.* It is not to be thought ſtrange, if Men, deſpairing to overtake what they hunt after, have not however loſt the Pleaſure of the Chace; Study being of itſelf ſo pleaſant an Employment; and ſo pleaſant, that amongſt other Pleaſures, the *Stoicks* forbid that alſo which proceeds from the Exerciſe of the Wit, will have it curb'd, and find a kind of Intemperance in thirſting too much after Knowledge. *Democritus* having eaten Figs at his Table that taſted of Honey, fell preſently to conſidering with himſelf, from whence they ſhould derive this unuſual Sweetneſs; and to be ſatisfy'd in it, was about to riſe from the Table, to ſee the Place from whence the Figs had been gather'd; which his Maid obſerving, and having underſtood the Cauſe, ſhe ſmilingly told him, That *he need not trouble himſelf about that, for ſhe had put them into a Veſſel, in which there had been Honey.* He was vex'd at this Diſcovery, and that ſhe had depriv'd him of the Occaſion of this Inquiſition, and robb'd his Curioſity of Matter to work upon. *Go thy Way,* ſaid he, *thou haſt done me an Injury;* but for all that, I will ſeek out the Cauſe as if it were natural; and would willingly have found out ſome true Reaſon, for a falſe and imaginary Effect. This Story of a famous and great Philoſopher, does very clearly repreſent to us the ſtudious Paſſion, that puts us upon the Purſuit of Things, of the Acquiſition of which we deſpair. *Plutarch* gives a like Example of ſome one, who

* *Petrarch.*

† *Wiſdom* v. 14.

would

would not be ſatisfy'd in that whereof he was in doubt, that he might not loſe the Pleaſure of enquiring into it: Like the other, who would not that his Phyſician ſhould allay the Thirſt of his Fever, that he might not loſe the Pleaſure of quenching it by drinking. *Satius eſt ſupervacua diſcere, quam nihil**. *'Tis better to learn more than neceſſary, than nothing at all.* As in all ſorts of Feeding, the Pleaſure of Eating is very often ſingle and alone, and that what we take, which is acceptable to the Palate, is not always nouriſhing or wholſome: So that which our Underſtandings extract from Science, does not ceaſe to be pleaſant, tho' there be nothing in it, either nutritive or healthful. *Thus*, they ſay, *the Conſideration of Nature is a Diet proper for our Minds, it raiſes and elevates us, makes us diſdain low and terreſtrial Things, by comparing them with thoſe that are celeſtial and high:* The Inquiſition of great and occult Things is very pleaſant, even to thoſe who acquire no other Benefit than the Reverence and Fear of judging it. This is what they profeſs. The vain Image of this ſickly Curioſity is yet more manifeſt in this other Example, which they ſo often urge. *Eudoxus* wiſh'd and begg'd of the Gods, *that he might once ſee the Sun near at hand, to comprehend the Form, Greatneſs, and Beauty of it; on the Condition to be immediately burn'd.* He would at the Price of his Life purchaſe a Knowledge, of which the Uſe and Poſſeſſion ſhould at the ſame time be taken from him: And for this ſudden and vaniſhing Knowledge, loſe all the other Knowledges he had in preſent, or might afterwards have acquir'd. I cannot eaſily perſuade myſelf, that *Epicurus*, *Plato*, and *Pythagoras*, have given us their *Atoms*, *Ideas*, and *Numbers* for current Pay. They were too wiſe to eſtabliſh their Articles of Faith upon Things ſo diſputable and incertain: But in the Obſcurity and Ignorance in which the World then was, every one of theſe great Men endeavour'd to preſent ſome kind of Image or Reflection of Light; and work'd their Brains for Inventions that might have a pleaſant and ſubtile Appearance; provided, that, falſe as they were, they might make good their Ground againſt thoſe that would oppoſe them. *Uni-*

* *Seneca Epiſt.* 89.

cuique

cuique iſta pro ingenio ſinguntur, non ex ſcientiæ vi. Theſe Things every one fancies according to his Wit, and not by any Power of Knowledge. One of the Ancients, who was reproach'd, *That he profeſſed Philoſophy, of which he nevertheleſs in his own Judgment made no great Account*; made Anſwer, *That this was truly to philoſophize:* They would conſider all, and balance every Thing, and have found that an Employment well ſuited to our natural Curioſity. Some Things they have writ for the Benefit of publick Society, as their *Religions*; and for that Conſideration it was but reaſonable that they ſhould not examine publick Opinions to the Quick, that they might not diſturb the common Obedience to the Laws and Cuſtoms of their Country. *Plato* treats of this Myſtery with a Raillery manifeſt enough: For where he writes according to his own Method, he gives no certain Rule. When he plays the *Legiſlator*, he borrows a magiſterial and poſitive Stile, and boldly there foiſts in his bold fantaſtick Inventions, as fit to perſuade the Vulgar, as impoſſible to be believ'd by himſelf: Knowing very well how fit we are to receive all ſorts of Impreſſions, eſpecially the moſt immoderate and wicked. And yet in his *Laws*, he takes ſingular Care that nothing be ſung in publick but Poetry; of which, the Fiction and fabulous Relations tend to ſome advantageous End: It being ſo eaſy to imprint all ſorts of *Phantaſms* in human Minds, that it were Injuſtice not to feed them rather with profitable Untruths, than with Untruths that are unprofitable and hurtful. He ſays very plainly in his Commonwealth, *That it is very oft neceſſary for the Benefit of Men to deceive them.* It is very eaſy to diſtinguiſh, that ſome of the Sects have more follow'd *Truth*, and the others *Utility*, by which the laſt have gain'd their Reputation. 'Tis the Miſery of our Condition, that often that which preſents itſelf to our Imagination for the trueſt, does not appear the moſt uſeful to Life. The boldeſt Sects, as the *Epicurean*, *Pyrrhonian*, and the new Academick, are yet conſtrain'd to ſubmit to the *Civil Law*, at the End of the Account. There are other Subjects that they have tumbled and toſs'd about, ſome to the Right, and others to the Left, every one endeavouring, right or wrong, to give them ſome kind of Colour; having found nothing ſo abſtruſe, as that they would not venture to ſpeak to: They

are

are very often forc'd to forge weak and ridiculous Conjectures; not that they themſelves look'd upon them as any Foundation, or eſtabliſhed any certain Truth, but merely for Exerciſe. *Non tam id ſenſiſſe, quod dicerent, quam exercere ingenia materiæ difficultate videntur voluiſſe* *. *Not ſo much that they themſelves believ'd what they ſaid, as that they ſeem to have a Mind to exerciſe their Wits in the Difficulty of the Matter.* And if we did not take it thus, how ſhould we palliate ſo great Inconſtancy, Variety, and Vanity of Opinions, as we ſee have been produc'd by thoſe excellent and admirable Men? As, for Example, what can be more vain than to imagine to gueſs at Almighty God by our Analogies and Conjectures? To direct and govern him and the World, by our Capacities and our Laws? And to ſerve ourſelves at the Expence of the Divinity, with that ſmall Portion of Knowledge he has been pleas'd to impart to our natural Condition? And becauſe we cannot extend our Sight to his glorious Throne, to have brought him down to our Corruption, and our Miſeries? Of all human and ancient Opinions concerning Religion, that ſeems to me the moſt likely, and moſt excuſable, that acknowledg'd God an incomprehenſible Power; the Original and Preſerver of all Things, all Bounty, all Perfection, receiving and taking in good part the Honour and Reverence that Man paid unto him, under what Method, Name, or Ceremonies ſoever.

Jupiter omnipotens rerum, regumque Deumque,
Progenitor, Genitrixque——————

This Zeal has univerſally been look'd upon from Heaven with a gracious Eye. All Governments have reap'd Fruit from their Devotion: Men with impious Actions, have every where had ſuitable Events. *Pagan* Hiſtories acknowledge Dignity, Order, Juſtice, Prodigies, and Oracles, employ'd for their Profit and Inſtruction in their fabulous Religions. God, perhaps, thro' his Mercy, vouchſafing by theſe temporal Benefits, to cheriſh the tender Principles of a kind of

What the Knowledge of God was among the Pagans.

* *Incerto.*

brutiſh

bruti ſh Knowledge, that natural Reaſon gave them of him, through the deceiving Images of their Dreams. Not only deceiving and falſe, but impious alſo and injurious are thoſe that Man has forg'd from his own Invention. And of all the Religions that St. *Paul* found in Repute at *Athens*, that which they had dedicated to *an unknown Divinity*, ſeem'd to him the moſt to be excus'd. *Pythagoras* ſhadow'd the Truth a little more cloſely: Judging that the Knowledge of this firſt Cauſe, and *Being* of *Beings*, ought to be indefinite, without Limitation, without Declaration: *That it was nothing elſe than the extreme Effort of our Imagination towards Perfection*; every one amplifying the *Idea* according to the Talent of his Capacity.

The unknown God ador'd at Athens.

Numa's *Religion.*

But if *Numa* attempted to conform the Devotion of his People to this Project; to tie them to a Religion purely mental, without any prefix'd Object and material Mixture, he undertook a Thing of no uſe. Human Wit could never ſupport itſelf floating in ſuch an Infinity of inform Thoughts, there is required ſome certain Image to be preſented according to its own Model. The Divine Majeſty has thus, in ſome ſort, ſuffered himſelf to be circumſcribed in corporal Limits for our Advantage: His ſupernatural and celeſtial Sacraments have Signs of our earthly Condition: His Adoration is by ſenſible Offices and Words; 'tis Man that believes and prays. I ſhall omit the other Arguments upon this Subject: But a Man would have much ado to make me believe, that the Sight of our Crucifixes, that the Picture of our Saviour's Paſſion, that the Ornaments and ceremonious Motions of our Churches, that the Voices accommodated to the Devotion of our Thoughts, and that Emotion of Senſes, do not warm the Souls of the People with a religious Paſſion of very advantageous Effects. Of thoſe, to whom they have given a Body, as Neceſſity required in that univerſal Blindneſs, I ſhould, I fancy, moſt incline to thoſe who ador'd the Sun.

———————*La lumiere commune,*
L'œil du monde; & ſi Dieu eu chef porte des yeux,
Les rayons du ſoleil ſont ſes yeux radieux,

Qu

Qui donnent vie a tous, nous maintiennent, & gardent,
Et les faits des humains en ce monde regardent:
Ce beau, ce grand ſoleil, qui nous fait les ſaiſons,
Selon qui l'entre, ou ſort de ſes douze maiſons:
Qui remplit l'univers de ſes vertus cogneues:
Qui d'un traict de ſes yeux nous diſſipe les neus:
L'eſprit, l'ame du monde ardant, & flamboyant,
En la courſe d'un jour tout le Ciel tournoyant,
Plein d'immenſe grandeur, rond, vagabond, & ferme:
Lequel tient deſſoubs luy tout le monde pour terme:
En repos, ſans repos, oyſif, & ſans ſejour,
Fils aiſne de Nature, & le Pere du jour.*

The common Light that ſhines indifferently
On all alike, the World's enlightning Eye:
And if the Almighty Ruler of the Skies
Has Eyes, the Sun-beams are as radiant Eyes,
That Life to all impart, maintain and guard,
And all Men's Actions upon Earth regard.
This great, this beautiful and glorious Sun,
That Seaſons gives by Revolution?
That with his Influence fills the Univerſe,
And with one Glance does ſullen Shades diſperſe.
Life, Soul o'th World, that flaming in his Sphere
Surrounds the Heavens in one Day's Career.
Immenſely great, moving, yet firm and round,
Who the whole World below has fix'd his Bound,
At Reſt without Reſt, Idle without Stay,
Nature's firſt Son, and Father of the Day.

Foraſmuch as beſide, this Grandeur and Beauty of his, 'tis the only Piece of this *Machine* that we diſcover at the remoteſt Diſtance from us; and by that means ſo little known, that they were pardonable for entring into ſo great Admiration and Reverence of it. *Thales*, who firſt enquired into this Sort of Matter, *believ'd God to be a Spirit that made all Things of Water*. Anaximander, *that the Gods were always dying, and entring into Life; and that there were an infinite Number of Worlds*. Anaximines, *that the* Air *was God, that he was procreate and immenſe, always moving*. Anaxa-

* *Ronſard.*

goras the Firſt, was of Opinion, *that the Deſcription and Manner of all Things were conducted by the Power and Reaſon of an infinite Spirit. Alcmæon* gave Divinity to the *Sun, Moon,* and *Stars,* and to the *Soul. Pythagoras* has made *God a Spirit ſprinkled over the Nature of all Things, from whence our Souls are extracted.* Parmenides, *a Circle ſurrounding the Heaven, and ſupporting the World by the Ardour of Light.* Empedocles *pronounc'd the four Elements, of which all Things are compos'd, to be Gods.* Protagoras *had nothing to ſay, whether they were or were not, or what they were. Democritus* was one while of Opinion, *that the* Images *and their Circuitions were Gods; another, this* Nature *that darts out thoſe* Images, *and then our* Science *and* Intelligence. *Plato* divides his Belief into ſeveral Opinions. He ſays, in his *Timæus, That the Father of the World cannot be nam'd;* in his Laws, *That Men are not to enquire into his* Being. And elſewhere in the very ſame Books, *he makes the* World, *the* Heavens, *the* Stars, *the* Earth, *and our* Souls, *Gods;* admitting moreover thoſe which have been receiv'd by ancient Inſtitution in every Republick. *Xenophon* reports a like Perplexity in *Socrates*'s Doctrine. *One while that Men are not to enquire into the Form of God,* and preſently makes him maintain, *that the* Sun *is* God, *and the* Soul God; and at firſt, *that there is but one God,* and afterwards, *that there are many. Speuſippus,* the Nephew of *Plato,* makes *God a certain Power governing all Things, and that he has a Soul. Ariſtotle* one while ſays, *it is the Spirit,* and another, *the World;* one while he gives this World another *Maſter,* and another, *makes* God *the Ardour of* Heaven. *Zenocrates* makes eight, five nam'd amongſt the *Planets,* the ſixth compos'd of all the fixt *Stars,* as of ſo many Members, the ſeventh and eighth, the *Sun* and *Moon. Heraclides Ponticus* does nothing but float in his Opinion, and finally deprives God of *Senſe, and makes him ſhift from one Form to another,* and at laſt ſays, *that 'tis* Heaven *and* Earth. *Theophraſtus* wanders in the ſame Irreſolution amongſt his Fancies, attributing the Superintendency of the World, one while to the *Underſtanding,* another while to *Heaven,* and another to the *Stars. Strato,* that 'tis *Nature, ſhe having the Power of Generation, Augmentation, and Diminution, without Form and Sentiment. Zeno* ſays, *'tis the* Law *of* Nature *commanding Good, and prohibiting*

prohibiting Evil; *which* Law *is an Animal, and takes away the accuſtom'd Gods*, Jupiter, Juno, *and* Veſta. Diogenes Apollonates, *that 'tis* Age. *Zenophanes* makes *God* round, *ſeeing and hearing*; *not breathing, and having nothing in common with human Nature. Ariſto* thinks *the Form of God to be Incomprehenſible*; deprives him of *Senſe*, and knows not whether he be an *Animal*, or ſomething elſe. *Cleanthes* one while ſuppoſes it to be *Reaſon*, another while the *World*; another the *Soul of Nature*; and then *the ſupreme Heat rolling about, and environing all. Perſeus*, *Zeno's* Diſciple, was of Opinion, *That Men have given the Title of Gods to ſuch as have been uſeful, and have added any Advantage to human Life, and even to profitable Things themſelves. Chryſippus* made a confus'd Heap of old Sentences, and reckons, amongſt a thouſand Forms of Gods that he makes, the Men alſo that have been Deified. *Diagoras* and *Theodorus* flatly deny'd, that there were *any Gods at all. Epicurus* makes the Gods *ſhining, tranſparent, and perſtable, lodg'd as betwixt two Forts, betwixt the two Worlds, ſecure from Blows, cloath'd in a human Figure, and with ſuch Members as we have*; which Members are to them of no uſe.

Ego Deum genus eſſe ſemper duxi & dicam cœlitum,
Sed eos non curare opinor, quid agat humanum genus *.

I ever thought that Gods above there were,
But do not think they care what Men do here.

Truſt to your *Philoſophy*, my Maſters: and brag, that you have *found the Bean in the Cake:* What a Rattle is here with ſo many *Philoſophical* Heads! The Perplexity of ſo many *Worldly Forms* have gain'd this over me, that Manners and Opinions contrary to mine, do not ſo much diſpleaſe as inſtruct me; nor ſo much make me proud, as they humble me in comparing them. And all other Choice than what comes from the expreſs and immediate Hand of GOD, ſeems to me a Choice of very little Privilege. The Policies of the World are no leſs oppoſite upon this Subject, than the Schools, by which we may underſtand, that Fortune itſelf is not more variable and inconſtant, nor more blind and inconſiderate, than our *Reaſon*. The Things that

* *Cicer. de Divin. l. 2, ex Ennio.*

are moſt unknown, are moſt proper to be Deified; wherefore to make Gods of ourſelves, as the Ancients did, exceeds the extreameſt Weakneſs of Underſtanding. I would much rather have gone along with thoſe who ador'd the *Serpent*, the *Dog*, or the *Ox*: Foraſmuch as their Nature and Being is leſs known to us, and that we have more Authority to imagine what we pleaſe of thoſe Beaſts, and to attribute to them extraordinary Faculties. But to have made Gods of our own Condition, of whom we ought to know the Imperfections; and to have attributed to them *Deſire*, *Anger*, *Revenge*, *Marriages*, *Generation*, *Alliances*, *Love*, *Jealouſy*; our *Members*, and *Bones*, our *Fevers*, and *Pleaſures*, our *Death*, and *Obſequies*; this muſt needs proceed from a marvellous Intoxication of human Underſtanding.

Quæ procul uſque adeo divino ab numine diſtant,
Inque Deum numero quæ ſunt indigna videri *.

From Divine Natures, which ſo diſtant were,
They are unworthy of that Character.

Formæ, ætates, veſtitus, ornatus, noti ſunt: Genera, conjugia, cognationes, omniaque traducta ad ſimilitudinem imbecillitatis humanæ; nam & perturbatis animis inducuntur: Accipimus enim Deorum cupiditatis, ægritudines, iracundias †. *Their Forms, Ages, Cloaths, and Ornaments are known: Their Deſcents, Marriages and Kindred, and all appropriated to the Similitude of human Weakneſs; for they are repreſented to us with anxious Minds, and we read of the Luſts, Sickneſs, and Anger of the Gods.* As having attributed Divinity not only to *Faith*, *Virtue*, *Honour*, *Concord*, *Liberty*, *Victory*, *and Piety*; but alſo to *Voluptuouſneſs*, *Fraud*, *Death*, *Envy*, *Old Age*, *Miſery*; *to Fear*, *Fever*, *ill Fortune*, and other Injuries of our frail and tranſitory Life.

Quid juvat hoc, templis noſtros inducere mores?
O curvæ in terras animæ, & cœleſtium inanes ‡.

In our Temples, to what End or Uſe,
Do we our Ceremonies introduce?

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* *Lucret. lib.* 5.
† *Cicer. de Nat. Deor. lib.* 2.
‡ *Per. Sat.* 2.

Oh

Oh crooked Souls that to the Earth bow low,
And nought of Heav'nly Myſteries do know!

The *Ægyptians*, with an impudent Prudence, interdicted, upon Pain of Hanging, that any one ſhould ſay, *that their Gods*, Serapis *and* Iſis, *had formerly been Men:* And yet no one was ignorant that they had been ſuch. And their Effigies repreſented with the Finger upon the Mouth, *ſignify'd*, ſays *Varro*, *that myſterious* Decree *to their* Prieſts, *to conceal their mortal Original, as it muſt by neceſſary Conſequence cancel all the Veneration pay'd to them. Seeing that Man ſo much deſir'd to equal himſelf to God: He had done better*, ſays Cicero, *to have attracted thoſe Divine Conditions to himſelf, and drawn them down hither below, than to ſend his Corruption and Miſery up on high.* But to take it right, he has ſeveral Ways done both the one and the other, with like vanity of Opinion. When *Philoſophers* ſearch narrowly into the Hierarchy of their *Gods*, and make a great Buſtle about diſtinguiſhing their *Alliances*, *Offices*, and *Power*, I cannot believe they ſpeak as they think. When *Plato* deſcribes *Pluto*'s *Verger* to us, and the bodily Conveniencies or Pains that attend us after the Ruin and Annihilation of our Bodies, and accommodate them to the Feeling we have in this Life.

Secreti celant colles, & myrtea circum
Sylva tegit; curæ non ipſa in morte relinquunt *.

In Vales and mirtle Groves they penſive lie,
And their Cares do not leave them when they die.

When *Mahomet* promiſes his Followers, a *Paradiſe hung with Tapeſtry, gilded and enamell'd with Gold and precious Stones, furniſhed with Wenches of excelling Beauty, rare Wines, and delicate Diſhes*; it is eaſily diſcern'd, that there are Deceivers that accommodate their Promiſes to our Senſuality, to attract and allure us by Hopes and Opinions, ſuitable to our mortal Appetites. And yet ſome amongſt us are fallen into the like Error, promiſing to themſelves after the Reſurrection, a *Terreſtrial* and *Temporal Life*, accompany'd with all Sorts of Worldly Conveniencies and

* *Virg. Æneid.* l. 6.

Pleaſures. Can we believe that *Plato*, he who had ſuch Heavenly Conceptions, and was ſo well acquainted with the Divinity, as thence to derive the Name of the *Divine Plato*, ever thought that the poor Creature, *Man*, had any Thing in him applicable to that incomprehenſible Power? And that he believ'd that the weak Holds we are able to take were capable, or the Force of our Underſtanding ſufficient to participate of Beatitude, or eternal Pains? We ſhould then tell him from human Reaſon; if the Pleaſures thou doſt promiſe us in the other Life, are of the ſame Kind that I have enjoy'd here below, this has nothing in common with Infinity: Tho' all my five natural Senſes ſhould be even loaded with *Pleaſure*, and my Soul full of all the *Contentment* it could hope or deſire, we know what all this amounts to, all this would be nothing: If there be any Thing of mine there, there is nothing Divine; if this be no more than what may belong to our preſent Condition, it cannot be of any Value. All Contentment of Mortals is mortal. Even the Knowledge of our *Parents*, *Children* and *Friends*, if that can effect and delight us in the other World, if there that ſtill continues a Satisfaction to us, we ſtill remain in earthly and finite Conveniencies. We cannot as we ought, conceive the Greatneſs of theſe high and divine Promiſes, if we could in any ſort conceive them: To have a worthy Imagination of them, we muſt imagine them unimaginable, inexplicable, and incomprehenſible, and abſolutely another Thing than thoſe of our miſerable Experience. *Eye hath not ſeen*, ſaith St. *Paul*, *nor Ear heard, neither hath entred into the Heart of Man, the Things that God hath prepared for them that love him.* And if to render us capable, our being reform'd and chang'd (as thou *Plato* ſay'ſt in thy *Purifications*) it ought to be ſo extreme and total a Change, that by Puyſieul Doctrine, it will be no more.

Hector erat tunc cum bello certabat, at ille
Tractus ab Æmonio non erat Hector equo *.

Like Hector was, whilſt he could fight, but when *Achilles* Steeds, no *Hector* then.

* *Ovid. Triſt. l.* 3. *El.* 11.

It

It muſt be ſomething elſe that muſt receive theſe Recompences.

———*Quod mutatur, diſſolvitur, interit ergo;*
Trajiciuntur enim partes atque ordine migrant *.

What's chang'd diſſolv'd is, and doth therefore die,
For Parts are mixt, and from their Order fly.

For in *Pythagoras*'s *Metempſychoſis*, and the Change of Habitation that he imagin'd in Souls, can we believe that the Lion, in whom the Soul of *Cæſar* is inclos'd, does eſpouſe *Cæſar*'s Paſſions, or that the *Lion* is he? For if it was ſtill *Cæſar*, they would be in the right, who, controverting this Opinion with *Plato*, reproach him, that the Son might be ſeen to ride his Mother transform'd into a *Mule*, and the like Abſurdities. And can we believe, that in the Mutations that are made of the Bodies of Animals into others of the ſame Kind, that the new Comers are not other than their Predeceſſors? From the Aſhes of a *Phœnix*, a *Worm*, they ſay, is engendred, and from that another *Phœnix*; who can imagine that this ſecond *Phœnix* is no other than the firſt? We ſee our *Silk-worms*, as it were, die and wither; and from this wither'd Body, a *Butterfly* is produc'd, and from that, another *Worm*; how ridiculous would it be to imagine that this were ſtill the firſt? That which has once ceas'd to be, is no more:

Nec ſi materiam noſtram collegerit ætas
Poſt obitum, rurſumque redegerit, ut ſita nunc eſt,
Atque iterum nobis fuerint data lumina vitæ,
Pertineat quidquam tamen ad nos id quoq; factum,
Interrupta ſemel cum ſit repetentia noſtra †.

Neither tho' Time ſhould gather and reſtore
Our Matter to the Form it was before,
And give again new Light to ſee withal,
Would that new Figure us concern at all;
Or we again ever the ſame be ſeen,
Our Being having interrupted been.

And *Plato*, when thou ſay'ſt in another Place, *That it ſhall be the Spiritual Part of Man that will be concern'd in*

* *Lucr. l.* 1. † *Ibid.*

the Fruition of the Recompence of another Life, thou tell-eſt us a Thing wherein there is as little Appearance of Truth.

Scilicet avolſus radicibus, ut nequit ullam
Deſpicere ipſe oculus rem ſeorſim corpore toto *.
No more than Eyes once from their Opticks torn,
Can ever after any Thing diſcern.

For by this Account, it would no more be Man, nor conſequently us, who ſhould be concern'd in this Enjoyment: For we are compos'd of two principally Eſſential Parts, the Separation of which is the Death and Ruin of our Being.

Inter enim jacta eſt vitai pauſa, vageque
Deerrarunt paſſim motus ab ſenſibus omnes †.
When Life's extinct, all Motions of Senſe
Are tak'n away, diſpers'd and baniſh'd thence.

We cannot ſay, that the Man ſuffers much when the Worms feed upon his Members, and that the Earth conſumes them:

Et nihil hoc ad nos, qui cætu conjugioque
Corporis atque animæ conſiſtimus uniter apti ‖.
What's that to us, who longer feel no Pain,
Than Body and Soul united do remain?

Moreover upon what Foundation of their Juſtice can the *Gods* take notice of, or reward Man after his Death for his good and virtuous Actions, ſince it was themſelves that put them in the Way and Mind to do them? And why ſhould they be offended at, or puniſh him for wicked ones, ſince themſelves have created him in ſo frail a Condition, and when with one Glance of their Will, they might prevent him from falling? Might not *Epicurus* with great Colour of human Reaſon object that to *Plato*, did he not often ſave himſelf with this Sentence, *That it is impoſſible to eſtabliſh any Thing certain of the immortal Nature by the Mortal? She does nothing but err throughout, but eſpecially when ſhe meddles with Divine Things.* Who does more evidently perceive this than we? For altho' we have given

* *Lucr. l.* 1. † *Ibid.* ‖ *Ibid.*

her

her certain and infallible Principles; and tho' we have enlightened her Steps with the Sacred Lamp of Truth, that it has pleas'd *God* to communicate to us; we daily ſee nevertheleſs, that if ſhe ſwerve never ſo little from the ordinary Path; and that ſhe ſtrays from, or wander out of the Way, ſet out and beaten by the *Church*, how ſoon ſhe loſes, confounds and fetters herſelf, tumbling and floating in this vaſt, turbulent and waving Sea of Human Opinions, without Reſtraint, and without any determinate End. So ſoon as ſhe loſes that great and common Road, ſhe enters into a Labyrinth of a thouſand ſeveral Paths. Man cannot be any thing but what he is, nor imagine beyond the Reach of his Capacity: '*Tis a greater Preſumption*, ſays *Plutarch*, *in them who are but Men, to attempt to ſpeak and diſcourſe of the* Gods *and* Demi-Gods, *than it is in a Man, utterly ignorant of* Muſick, *to judge of* Singing; *or in a Man who never ſaw a* Camp, *to diſpute about* Arms *and* Martial Affairs, *preſuming by ſome light Conjecture to underſtand the Effects of an* Art *he is totally a Stranger to.* Antiquity, I believe, thought to put a Compliment upon, and to add ſomething to the Divine Grandeur, in aſſimilating it to Man, inveſting it with his Faculties, and adorning it with his ugly Humours, and more ſhameful Neceſſities: Offering it our *Aliments* to eat, preſenting it with our *Dances*, *Maſquerades* and *Farces* to divert it; with our *Veſtments* to cover it, and our *Houſes* to inhabit, careſſing it with the Odours of Incenſe, and the Sounds of Muſick, Feſtoons and Noſegays: And to accommodate it to our vicious Paſſions, flattering its Juſtice with inhuman Vengeance, that is delighted with the Ruin and Diſſipation of Things by it created and preſerv'd: As *Tiberius Sempronius*, who burnt the rich Spoils and Arms he had gained from the Enemy in *Sardinia*, for a Sacrifice to *Vulcan*: And *Paulus Æmilius*, thoſe of *Macedonia* to *Mars* and *Minerva*: And *Alexander* arriving at the *Indian* Ocean, threw ſeveral great Veſſels of Gold into the Sea, in honour of *Thetis*; and moreover loading her *Altars* with a Slaughter, not of innocent Beaſts only, but of Men alſo; as ſeveral Nations, and ours among the reſt, were commonly uſed to do: And I believe there is no Nation under the Sun, that has not done the ſame.

———*Sulmone*

——Sulmone creatos
Quatuor hic juvenes, totidem quos educat Ufens
Viventes rapit, inferiis quos immolet umbris *.

At *Sulmo* born he took of young Men four;
Of thoſe at *Ufens* bred, as many more;
Of theſe alive in moſt inhuman wiſe,
To offer an infernal Sacrifice.

The *Getes* hold themſelves to be immortal, and that their Death is nothing but a Journey towards *Zamolxis*. Once in five Years they diſpatch ſome one among them to him, to entreat of him ſuch Neceſſaries as they ſtand in need of: Which *Envoy* is choſen by Lot, and the Form of his Diſpatch, after having been inſtructed by Word of Mouth what he is to deliver, is, that of the Aſſiſtants, three hold out ſo many Javelins, againſt the which the reſt throw his Body with all their Force. If it happen to be wounded in a mortal Part, and that he immediately dies, 'tis reported a certain Argument of Divine Favour; but if he eſcapes, he is look'd upon as a wicked and execrable Wretch, and another is diſmiſs'd after the ſame manner, in his ſtead. *Ameſtris*, the Mother of *Xerxes*, being grown old, caus'd at once fourteen young Men, of the beſt Families of *Perſia*, to be buried alive, according to the Religion of the Country, to gratify ſome infernal Deity. And even to this Day, the Idols of *Temixtitian* are cemented with the Blood of little Children, and they delight in no Sacrifice but of theſe pure and infantine Souls; a Juſtice thirſty of innocent Blood.

Zamolxis *the God of the* Getes.

Sacrifice of 14 *young Men.*

Tantum Religio potuit ſuadere malorum †.

Such impious Uſe was of Religion made,
So many Ills and Miſchiefs to perſuade.

The *Carthaginians* immolated their own Children to *Saturn*; and who had none of their own, bought of others, the Father and Mother being in the mean time oblig'd to aſſiſt at the Ceremony with a gay and

Carthaginian *Children ſacrific'd to* Saturn.

* *Æneid l.* 10. † *Lucr. l.* 1.

contented

contented Countenance. It was a ſtrange Fancy, to gratify the Divine Bounty with our Affliction; like the *Lacedæmonians*, who regal'd their *Diana* with the tormenting of young Boys, which they caus'd to be whipp'd for her Sake very often to Death. It was a ſavage Humour, to think to gratify the *Architect* by the Subverſion of his Building, and to think to take away the Puniſhment due to the Guilty, by puniſhing the Innocent: And that poor *Iphigenia*, at the Port of *Aulis*, ſhould by her Death and being ſacrific'd, acquit towards God the whole Army of the *Greeks*, from all the Crimes they had committed:

Et caſta inceſte nubendi tempore in ipſo
Hoſtia concideret mactatu mœſta parentis *.

And that the Chaſte ſhould in her nuptial Band,
Die by a moſt unnat'ral Father's Hand.

And that the two noble and generous Souls of the two *Decii*, the Father and the Son, to incline the Favour of the Gods to be propitious to the Affairs of *Rome*, ſhould throw themſelves headlong into the thickeſt of the Enemy. *Quæ fuit tanta Deorum iniquitas, ut placari populo Romano non poſſent, niſi tales viri occidiſſent* †? *How great an Injuſtice in the Gods was that, that they could not be reconcil'd to the People of* Rome *unleſs ſuch a Man periſh'd?* To which may be added, that it is not in the Criminal to cauſe himſelf to be ſcourg'd according to his own Meaſure, nor at his own Time; but that it purely belongs to the Judge, who conſiders nothing as Chaſtiſements, but the Penalty that he appoints; and cannot call that Puniſhment, which proceeds from the Conſent of him that ſuffers. The Divine Vengeance preſuppoſes an abſolute Diſſent in us, both from its Juſtice and our own Penalty; and therefore it was a ridiculous Humour of *Polycrates*, the Tyrant of *Samos*, who, to interrupt the continued Courſe of his good Fortune, and to balance it, went and threw the deareſt and moſt precious Jewel he had into the Sea; believing that by this voluntary and antedated Miſhap, he brib'd and ſatisfied the Revolution and Viciſſitude of Fortune; and ſhe to delude his Folly, order'd it ſo, that the ſame Jewel came again

* *Lucret. l.* 1.

† *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 3.

into

into his Hands, found in the Belly of a Fiſh. And then to what End are thoſe Tearings and Demembrations of the *Corybantes*, the *Menades*, and in our Times of the *Mahometans*, who ſlaſh their Faces, Boſoms and Limbs, to gratify their *Prophet:* Seeing that the Offence lies in the Will, not in the Breaſt, Eyes, Genitals, in the Beauty, the Shoulders or the Throat? *Tantus eſt perturbatæ mentis, & ſedibus ſuis pulſæ, furor, ut ſic Dii placentur, quemadmodum ne homines quidem ſæviunt *. So great is the Fury and Madneſs of Troubled Minds, when once diſplac'd from the Seat of Reaſon: As if the Gods ſhould be appeas'd, with what even Men are not ſo mad as to approve.* The Uſe of this natural Contexture has not only reſpect to us, but alſo to the Service of God and other Men. And its unjuſt, willing to wound or hurt it, as to kill ourſelves upon any Pretence whatever. It ſeems to be great Cowardice and Treaſon to exerciſe Cruelty upon, and to deſtroy the Functions of the Body, that are ſtupid and ſervile, to ſpare the Soul the Solicitude of governing them according to Reaſon. *Ubi iratos Deos timent, qui ſic propitios habere merentur. In regiæ libidinis voluptatem caſtrati ſunt quidam, ſed nemo ſibi, ne vir eſſet, jubente Domino, manus intulit. Where are they ſo afraid of the Anger of the Gods, as to merit their Favour at that Rate? Some indeed have been made* Eunuchs *for the Luſt of Princes: But no Man at his Maſters Command, has put his own Hand to unman himſelf:* So did they fill their Religion with ſeveral ill Effects.

———Sæpius olim
Religio peperit ſceleroſa, atque impia facta †.
———In elder Times
Religion did commit notorious Crimes.

Now nothing of ours can in any ſort be compar'd, or liken'd unto the Divine Nature, which will not blemiſh and ſmut it with much Imperfection. How can that infinite Beauty, Power and Bounty, admit of any Correſpondence, or Similitude, to ſuch abject Things as we are, without extreme Wrong, and manifeſt Diſhonour to his

* *Div. Aug. de Civitat. Dei, lib. 6. cap. 10.*
† *Lucr. l. 1.*

Divine

Divine Greatneſs? *Infirmum Dei fortius eſt hominibus: Et ſtultum Dei ſapientius eſt hominibus. For the Fooliſhneſs of God is wiſer than Men, and the Weakneſs of God is ſtronger than Men* *. *Stilpo*, the Philoſopher, being aſk'd, *Whether the Gods were delighted with our Adorations and Sacrifices? You are indiſcreet*, anſwer'd he, *let us withdraw apart if you talk of ſuch Things.* Nevertheleſs we preſcribe him Bounds, we keep his Power beſieg'd by our Reaſons (I call not our Ravings and Dreams *Reaſon*, with the Diſpenſation of *Philoſophy*, which ſays, *That the wicked Man, and even the Fool, go Mad by Reaſon*; but by a particular Form of Reaſon) we will ſubject him to the feeble Appearances of our Underſtandings; him, who has made both us and our Knowledge. Becauſe that nothing is made of nothing, *God* therefore could not make the World without Matter. What, has *God* put into our Hands the Keys and moſt ſecret Springs of his Providence? Is he oblig'd not to exceed the Limits of our Knowledge? Put the Caſe, O Man, that thou haſt been able here to mark ſome Foot-ſteps of his Effects: Doſt thou therefore think that he has employ'd all he can, and has crowded all his *Forms* and *Ideas* in this Work? Thou ſeeſt nothing but the Order and Revolution of this little Vault, under which thou art lodg'd, if thou doſt ſee ſo much: Whereas his Divinity has an infinite Juriſdiction beyond: This Part is nothing in Compariſon of the Whole.

> *——omnia cum cœlo, terraque marique*
> *Nil ſunt ad ſummam ſummai totius omnem* †.
>
> All Things, both Heaven, Earth, and Sea, do fall Short in the Account with the great All of All.

'Tis a municipal *Law* that thou alledgeſt; *thou know'ſt not what is univerſal.* Tie thyſelf to that to which thou art ſubject, but not him; he is not of thy Brotherhood, thy Fellow-Citizen, or Companion: If he has in ſome ſort communicated himſelf unto thee, 'tis not to debaſe himſelf unto thy Littleneſs, nor to make thee Comptroller of his Power. A human Body cannot fly to the Clouds: 'Tis for thee, the Sun runs every Day his ordinary Courſe: The Bounds of the Sea and the Earth cannot be confound-

* 1 *Cor.* i. 25. † *Lucr. l.* 6.

ed:

ed: The Water is unſtable and without Firmneſs: A Wall, unleſs it be broken, is impenetrable to a ſolid Body: A Man cannot preſerve his Life in the Flames; he cannot be both in Heaven and upon Earth, and corporally in a Thouſand Places at once. 'Tis for thee, that he has made theſe Rules; 'tis thee that they concern. He has manifeſted to Chriſtians, that he has enfranchis'd them all when it pleaſed him. And in Truth, why, Almighty as he is, ſhould he have limited his Power within any certain Bounds? In favour of whom ſhould he have renounc'd his Privilege? Thy *Reaſon* has in no other thing more of Likelyhood and Foundation, than in that wherein it perſwades thee that there is a Plurality of Worlds.

Terramque & ſolem, lunam, mare, cæteraque ſunt,
Non eſſe unica, ſed numero magis innumerali *.

That Earth, Sun, Moon, Sea, and the reſt that are,
Not ſingle, but innumerable were.

The moſt eminent Wits of elder Times believ'd it; and ſome of this Age of ours, compell'd by the Appearances of human Reaſon, do the ſame: Foraſmuch as in this Fabrick, that we behold, there is nothing ſingle and one,

——cum in ſumma res nulla ſit una,
Unica quæ gignatur: Et unica ſolaque creſcat †.

Since nothing's ſingle in this mighty Maſs,
That can alone beget, alone increaſe.

And that all the Kinds are multiply'd in ſome Number: By which it ſeems not to be likely, that God ſhould have made this Work only without a Companion: And that the Matter of this Form ſhould have been totally drain'd in this ſole Individual.

Quare etiam, atque etiam tales fateare neceſſe eſt,
Eſſe alios alibi congreſſus materiai,
Qualis hic eſt avido complexu quem tenit æther ‡.

Wherefore 'tis neceſſary to confeſs,
That there muſt elſewhere be the like Congreſs
Of the like Matter, which the airy Space
Contains and holds with a moſt ſtrict Embrace.

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* *Lucr. l. 2.* † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

Eſpecially

Eſpecially if it be a living Creature, which its Motions render ſo credible, that *Plato* affirms it, and that many of our People do either confirm, or dare not deny: No more than that ancient Opinion, that the Heavens, the Stars, and other Members of the World, are Creatures compos'd of Body and Soul: *Mortal* in reſpect of their Compoſition, but *Immortal* by the Determination of the Creator. Now if there be many Worlds, as *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, and almoſt all Philoſophy has believ'd, what do we know but that the Principles and Rules of this of ours, may in like manner concern the reſt? They may peradventure have another Form, and another Polity. *Epicurus* ſuppoſes them either like or unlike. We ſee in this World an infinite Difference and Variety, only by Diſtance of Places. Neither the Corn, Wine, nor any of our Animals are to be ſeen in that new Corner of the World diſcover'd by our Fathers, 'tis all there another thing. And in times paſt, do but conſider in how many Parts of the World they had no Knowledge either of *Bacchus* or *Ceres*. If *Pliny* and *Herodotus* are to be believ'd, there are in certain Places a kind of Men very little reſembling us. And there are mungrel and ambiguous Forms, betwixt the human and brutal Natures. There are Countries, where Men are born without Heads, having their Mouth and Eyes in their Breaſt: Where they are all *Hermaphrodites*; where they they go on all four; where they have but one Eye in the Forehead, and a Head more like a Dog than one of us: Where they are half Fiſh, the lower Part, and live in the Water: Where the Women bear at five Years old, and live but eight: Where the Head and Skin of the Forehead is ſo hard, that a Sword will not touch it, but rebounds again: Where Men have no Beards: Nations that know not the Uſe of Fire, and others that eject Seed of a black Colour. What ſhall we ſay of thoſe that naturally change themſelves into Wolves, Colts, and then into Men again? And if it be true as *Plutarch* ſays, that in ſome Place of the *Indies*, there are Men without Mouths, who nouriſh themſelves with the Smell of certain Odours, how many of our Deſcriptions are Falſe? He is no more riſible, nor perhaps, capable of Reaſon and Society. The Diſpoſition and Cauſe of our internal Compoſition would then for the moſt Part be to no purpoſe, nor of no uſe; moreover,

moreover, how many things are there in our own Knowledge, that oppoſe thoſe fine Rules we have cut out for, and preſcribe to *Nature?* And yet we muſt undertake to circumſcribe God himſelf! How many things do we call miraculous and contrary to Nature? This is done by every Nation, and by every Man, according to the Proportion of his Ignorance. How many occult Properties and Quinteſſences do we daily diſcover? For, for us to go according to Nature, is no more but to go according to our Underſtanding, as far as that is able to follow, and as far as we are able to ſee into it: All beyond that muſt be monſtrous and irregular. Now by this Account, all things ſhall be monſtrous to the wiſeſt and moſt underſtanding Men; for human Reaſon has perſuaded them, that there was no manner of Ground or Foundation, not ſo much as to be aſſured that Snow is White; And *Anaxagoras* affirm'd it to be Black: If there be any thing, or if there be nothing: If there be Knowledge or Ignorance: Which *Metrodorus Chius* deny'd that Man was able to determine: Or whether we live, as *Euripides* doubts, whether the Life we live is Life, or whether that we call Death be not Life:

Who knows if Life been't that which we call Death,
And Death the thing that we call Life.

And not without ſome Appearance. For why do we from this Inſtant derive the Title of Being, which is but a Flaſh in the infinite Courſe of an eternal Night, and ſo ſhort an Interruption of our perpetual and natural Condition? Death poſſeſſing all that paſs'd before, and all the future of this Moment, and alſo a good Part of the Moment itſelf. Others ſwear *there is no Motion at all*, as the Followers of *Meliſſus, and that nothing ſtirs.* For if there be but one, neither can that Spherical Motion be of any uſe to him, nor Motion from one Place to another, as *Plato* proves, *That there is neither Generation nor Corruption in Nature.* Protagoras *ſays, That there is nothing in Nature but Doubt: That a Man may equally diſpute of all Things; and even of this, whether a Man can equally diſpute of all Things:* Manſiphanes, *that of things which ſeem to be, nothing is more than it is not. That there is nothing certain, but Incertainty.* Parmenides, *that of that which ſeems, there is no one thing in*

Motion of things below deny'd.

in general. That there is but one thing. Zeno, *that one ſame is not*; and *that there is nothing. If there were one thing, it would either be in another, or in itſelf. If it be in another, they are two: If it be in itſelf they are yet two; the comprehending, and the comprehended.* According to theſe Doctrines, the Nature of Things is no other than a Shadow, either falſe or vain. This way of ſpeaking in a Chriſtian Man, has even ſeem'd to me very indiſcreet and irreverent. *God cannot die; God cannot contradict himſelf: God cannot do this or that.* I do not like to have the Divine Power ſo limited by the Laws of Men's Mouths. And the Appearance which preſents itſelf to us in thoſe Propoſitions, ought to be more religiouſly and reverently expreſs'd. Our ſpeaking has it's Failings and Defects, as well as all the reſt. *Grammar* is that which creates moſt Diſturbance in the World. Our Suits only ſpring from the Debate of the Interpretation of Laws: And moſt Wars proceed from the Inability of Miniſters, clearly to expreſs the Conventions and Treaties of Amity of Princes. How many Quarrels, and of how great Importance, has the doubt of the Meaning of this Syllable *Hoc* created in the World? Let us take the cleareſt Concluſion that *Logic* itſelf preſents us with. If you ſay, *It is fair*, and that you ſay true, *it is then fair Weather.* Is not this a very certain Form of ſpeaking? And yet it will deceive us: that it will do ſo, let us follow the Example. If you ſay, *You lie*, and that you ſay true, *then you do lie.* The Art, the Reaſon, and Force of the Concluſion of this, are the ſame with the other, and yet we are gravell'd. The *Pyrrhonian* Philoſophers, I diſcern, cannot expreſs their general Conception in any kind of Speaking: For the World requires a new Language on purpoſe. Ours is all form'd of affirmative Propoſitions, which are totally antartick to them. Inſomuch that when they ſay *I doubt*, they are preſently taken by the Throat, to make them confeſs, that at leaſt they know, and aſſur'd that they *do doubt*. By which means they have been compell'd to ſhelter themſelves under this medicinal Compariſon, without which their Humour would be inexplicable. When they pronounce, *I know not*: Or, *I doubt*; they ſay, *that this Propoſition carries of itſelf with the reſt, no more, nor leſs than* Rhubarb, *that drives out the ill Humours, and carries itſelf off with them.* This Fancy will be more

produce and ſupport all Things; and with her Weights and Motions make up the ſeveral Parts of the World; diſcharge human Nature from the Awe of Divine Judgments. Quod beatum, æternumque ſit, id nec habere negotii quicquam, nec exhibere alteri *. *What is bleſſed and eternal, has neither any Buſineſs itſelf, nor gives any to another.* Nature will that in like Things there ſhould be a like Relation. The infinite Number of Mortals, therefore concludes a like Number of Immortals; the infinite Things that kill and deſtroy, preſuppoſes as many that preſerve and profit. As the Souls of the *Gods* without Tongue, Eyes, or Ear, do every one of them feel amongſt themſelves what the other feel, and judge our Thoughts; ſo the Souls of Men, when at liberty and looſed from the Body, either by Sleep or ſome Extaſy, divine, foretel and ſee Things, which whilſt join'd to the Body they could not ſee. *Men* (ſays St. *Paul*) *profeſſing themſelves to be wiſe, they become Fools; and changed the Glory of the uncorruptible God, into an Image made like corruptible Man* †. Do but take notice of the Juggling in the ancient *Deifications*. After the great and ſtately Pomp of the Funeral, ſo ſoon as the Fire began to mount to the Top of the Pyramid, aud to catch hold of the *Hearſe* where the Body lay, they at the ſame time turn'd out an Eagle, which flying upward, ſignified that the Soul went into *Paradiſe*. We have yet a thouſand Medals, and particularly of that virtuous *Foſtina*, where this Eagle is repreſented carrying theſe deified Souls with their Heels upwards towards *Heaven*. 'Tis pity that we ſhould fool ourſelves with our own Fopperies and Inventions,

Quod finxere timent ‡.

Like Children who are frighted with the ſame Face of their Play-fellow, that they themſelves had ſmear'd and ſmutted. *Quaſi quicquam infelicius ſit homine, cui ſua figmenta dominantur. As if any thing could be more unhappy than Man, who is inſulted over by his own Imagination.* 'Tis far from honouring him who made us, to honour him that we have made. *Auguſtus* had more Temples than *Jupiter*, ſerv'd

* *Cic. de Nat Deor. lib.* 1.
† *Rom.* i. 22, 23.
‡ *Lucan. l.* 1.

with

with as much Religion and Belief of Miracles: The *Thracians*, in return of the Benefits they had receiv'd from *Ageſilaus*, coming to bring him word, that they had Canoniz'd him: *Has your Nation*, ſaid he to them, *that Power to make Gods of whom they pleaſe? Pray firſt deify ſome one amongſt yourſelves, and when I ſhall ſee what Advantage he has by it, I will thank you for your Offer.* Man is certainly ſtark Mad; he cannot make a Flea, and yet he will be making *Gods* by Dozens. Hear what *Triſmegiſtus* ſays in praiſe of our Sufficiency: *Of all the wonderful Things, it ſurmounts all Wonder, that Man could find out the Divine Nature and make it.* And take here the Arguments of the School of *Philoſophy* itſelf.

Nec cui Divos, & cæci numina, ſoli
Aut ſoli neſcire datum *.

To whom to know the Deities of Heav'n,
Or know he knows them not, alone 'tis given.

If there is a God, *he is a living Creature; if he be a living Creature he has ſome Senſe; and if he has Senſe, he is ſubject to Corruption. If he be without a Body, he is without a Soul, and conſequeutly without Action: And if he has a Body, it is periſhable.* Is not here a Triumph? we are incapable of having made the World; there muſt then be ſome more excellent Nature that has put a Hand to the Work. It were a fooliſh and ridiculous Arrogance, to eſteem ourſelves the moſt perfect Thing of the *Univerſe*. There muſt then be ſomething that is better and more perfect, and that muſt be *God*. When you ſee a ſtately and ſtupendious Edifice, tho' you do not know who is the Owner of it, you would yet conclude, it was not built for *Rats*. And this Divine Structure that we behold of the Cœleſtial Palace, have we not reaſon to believe that it is the Reſidence of ſome Poſſeſſor, who is much greater than we; is not the moſt Supream always the moſt Worthy? And we are ſubjected to him. Nothing without a Soul, and without Reaſon, can produce a living Creature capable of Reaſon. The World produces us, the World then has Soul and Reaſon. Every Part of us is leſs than we. We are Part of

Heaven God's Palace.

* *Lucan. l.* 1.

the World, the World therefore is endued with Wiſdom and Reaſon, and that more abundantly than we. 'Tis a fine Thing to have a great Government. The Government of the World then appertains to ſome happy Nature. The Stars do us no harm, they are then full of Bounty. We have need of Nouriſhment, then ſo have the Gods alſo and feed upon the Vapours of the Earth. Worldly Goods are not Goods to *God*; therefore they are not Goods to us; offending, and being offended, are equally Teſtimonies of Imbecility; 'Tis therefore Folly to fear *God*; *God* is good by his Nature; Man by his Induſtry, which is more. The Divine and human Wiſdom have no other Diſtinction, but that the firſt is eternal. But Duration is no acceſſion to Wiſdom, therefore we are Companions. We have Life, Reaſon, and Liberty; we eſteem Bounty, Charity, and Juſtice: Theſe Qualities are in him. In Concluſion, the Building and Deſtroying, and the Conditions of the Divinity, are forg'd by Man according as they relate to himſelf. What a Pattern, and what a Model! let us ſtretch, let us raiſe and ſwell human Qualities as much as we pleaſe. Puff up thyſelf, vain Man, yet more and more, and more.

The Government of the World.

Nec ſi te ruperis, inquit *.

Swell till thou burſts, ſaid he,
Thou ſhalt not match the Deity.

Profectò non Deum, quem cogitare non poſſunt, ſed ſemet ipſos pro illò cogitantes; non illum, ſed ſeipſos, non illi, ſed ſibi comparant. Certainly they do not imagine God, whom they cannot imagine; but they imagine themſelves in his ſtead: They do not compare him, but themſelves, not to him, but to themſelves. In natural Things the Effects do but half relate to their Cauſes. What's this to the Purpoſe? His Condition is above the Order of Nature, too elevate, too remote, and too mighty to permit himſelf to be bound and fettered by our Concluſions. 'Tis not through ourſelves that we arrive at that Place: Our Ways lie too low. We are no nearer Heaven on the Top of Mount *Senis*, than in the Bottom of the Sea: Take the Diſtance with

* *Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.*

your

your *Aſtrolabe*. They debaſe *God* even to the carnal Knowledge of Women, to ſo many times, and ſo many Generations. *Paulina*, the Wife of *Saturninus*, a Matron of great Reputation at *Rome*, thinking ſhe lay with the God *Serapis*, found herſelf in the Arms of an *Amoroſo* of hers, through the Pandariſm of the Prieſts of his Temple. *Varro*, the moſt ſubtile and moſt learn'd of all the *Latin* Authors, in his Book of *Theology* writes, *That the* Sexton *of* Hercules's *Temple, throwing Dice with one Hand for himſelf, and with the other for* Hercules; *plaid after that manner with him for a Supper and a Whore: If he won, at the Expence of the Offerings; if he loſt, at his own. The* Sexton *loſt, and paid the Supper and the Whore: Her Name was* Laurentina, *who ſaw by Night this God in her Arms, who moreover told her, that the firſt ſhe met the next Day, ſhould give her a heavenly Reward: Which prov'd to be* Tarunicus, *a rich young Man, who took her home to his Houſe, and in time left her his Inheritix. She on the other ſide, thinking to do a Thing that would be pleaſing to the God, left the People of* Rome *Heirs to her; and therefore had divine Honours attributed to her.* As if it had not been ſufficient that *Plato* was originally deſcended from the Gods of a double Line, and that he had *Neptune* for the common Father of his Race, it was certainly believ'd at *Athens, that* Ariſto *having a Mind to enjoy the fair* Perictione, *could not, and was warn'd by the God* Apollo, *in a Dream, to leave her unpolluted and untouch'd till ſhe ſhould firſt be brought to Bed.* Theſe were the Father and Mother of *Plato*. How many ridiculous Stories are of like Cuckoldings, committed by the Gods againſt poor mortal Men? And how many Huſbands injuriouſly ſcandall'd in favour of the Children? In the *Mahometan* Religion there are *Merlins* enough found by the Belief of the People, that is to ſay, *Children without Fathers*, ſpiritual, divinely conceiv'd in the Wombs of Virgins, and carry Names that ſignify ſo much in their Language. We are to obſerve, that to every Thing, nothing is more dear and eſtimable than its Being (the *Lion*, the *Eagle*, and the *Dolphin*, prize nothing above their own Kind) and that every Thing aſſimulates the Qualities of all other Things to its own proper Qualities, which we may indeed extend or contract, but that's all; for beyond that

Relation and Principle our Imagination cannot go, can gueſs at nothing elſe, nor poſſibly go out thence, or ſtretch beyond it: From whence ſpring theſe ancient Concluſions. Of all Figures, the moſt beautiful is that of Man; therefore *God* muſt be of that Form. No one can be happy without Virtue, nor Virtue be without Reaſon, and Reaſon cannot inhabit any where but in a human Shape: God is therefore cloathed in a humau Figure. *Ita eſt informatum, anticipatumque mentibus noſtris, ut homini, quum de Dea cogitet, forma occurrat humana* *. *It is ſo imprinted in our Minds, and the Fancy is ſo prepoſſeſs'd with it, that when a Man thinks of God, a human Figure ever preſents itſelf to the Imagination.* Therefore it was that *Xenophanes* pleaſantly ſaid, *That if Beaſts do frame any Gods to themſelves, as 'tis likely they do, they make them certainly ſuch as themſelves are, and glorify themſelves it it, as we do.* For why may not a *Gooſe* ſay thus, *All the Parts of the Univerſe I have an Intereſt in; the Earth ſerves me to walk upon; the Sun to light me; the Stars have their Influence upon me: I have ſuch Advantage by the Winds, and ſuch Conveniencies by the Waters: There is nothing that yon heavenly Roof looks upon ſo favourable as me; I am the Darling of Nature? Is it not Man that treats, lodges and ſerves me? 'Tis for me that he both ſows and grinds: If he eats me, he does the ſame by his Fellow-Men, and ſo do I the Worms that kill and devour him.* As much might be ſaid by a *Crane*, and with greater Confidence, upon the Account of the Liberty of his Flight, and the Poſſeſſion of that high and beautiful Region. *Tam blanda conciliatrix, & tam ſui eſt lena ipſa natura* †. *So flattering and wheedling a Bawd is Nature to herſelf.* Now by the ſame Conſequence the *Deſtinies* are then for us; for us the World, it ſhines, it thunders for us, and the Creator and Creatures are all for us. 'Tis the Mark and Point to which the Univerſality of Things does aim. Look into the Records that Philoſophy has kept for two thouſand Years and more, of the Affairs of Heaven: The Gods all that while have neither acted nor ſpoken but for Man: She does not allow them any other Conſultation or Vacation. See them here againſt us in War.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor. lib.* 1.

† *Ibid.*

——*Domi.*

——*Domituſque Herculea manu*
Telluris juvenes, unde periculum
Fulgens contremuit domus
Saturni veteris——*.

The brawny Sons of Earth, ſubdu'd by Hand
Of *Hercules* on the *Phlegræan* Strand;
Where the rude Shock did ſuch a Rattle make,
As made old *Saturn*'s ſparkling Palace ſhake.

And here you ſhall ſee them participate of our Troubles, to make a return for our having ſo often ſhared in theirs.

Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti
Fundamenta quatit, totamque à ſedibus urbem
Eruit; hic Juno Scæas ſæviſſima portas
Prima tenet——†.

Whilſt *Neptune* with his maſſy Trident ſtrake,
He made the Walls of the Foundation ſhake,
And the whole City from its Platform threw;
Here, to befriend the *Greeks*, fair *Juno* drew
Into the *Scæan* Ports.

The *Caunians*, jealous of the Authority of their own peculiar *Gods*, arm themſelves on the Days of their Devotion, and the whole Power of their Precincts run cutting and ſlaſhing the Air with their Swords, by that means to drive away and baniſh all *foreign Gods* out of their Territory. Their Powers are limitted according to our Neceſſity. That cures Horſes, that cures Men, that cures the Plague, the Scurf, the Phtiſick; one to cure one Sort of Itch, another another: *Adeo minimis etiam rebus prava Religio inſertit Deos: At ſuch a rate does falſe Religion create Gods for the moſt contemptible Uſes:* That makes the Grapes to grow, the Waters to flow. That has the Preſidence over Lechery, Superintendency over Merchandiſe; for every Sort of Artizan a *God:* That has his Province and Reputation in the Eaſt, and that has his in the Weſt.

Hic illius arma. ——*Hic currus fuit* ‡.

Here ſhe her Arms, here ſhe her Chariot had.

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* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 12.* † *Virg. Æneid. l. 2.*
‡ *Ibid. l. 1.*

O ſancte

O ſancte Apollo, qui umbilicum certum terrarum obtinens:*

O ſacred *Phœbus*, who with glorious Ray,
Over the Navel of the Earth doſt ſway.

Palladа Cecropidæ, Minoia Creta Dianam,
Vulcanum tellus Hipſipylæa colit.
Junonem Sparte, Pelopeiadeſque Mycenæ,
Pinnigerum Fauni Mænalis ora caput,
Mars Latio venerandus ——————†.

Th' *Athenians Pallas*, *Cynthia Crete* adore,
Vulcan is worſhip'd on the *Lemnian* Shore.
Proud *Juno*'s Altars are by *Spartans* fed,
Th' *Arcadians* worſhip *Faunus*; and 'tis ſaid,
That Mars *at* Latium *is ador'd.*

That has only one Town or one Family in his Poſſeſſion: That lives alone or in Company, either voluntary or upon neceſſity.

Junctaque ſunt magno templa nepotis avo. ‡
And Temples to the Nephew joined are,
To thoſe were rear'd to the Great-Grandfather.

There are ſome ſo wretched and mean (for the Number amounts to Six and thirty thouſand) that they muſt pack five or ſix together, to produce one Ear of Corn, and thence take their ſeveral Names. Three to a Door: That of the Plank, that of the Hinge, and that of the Threſhold. Four to a Child: Protectors of his Swathing-Clouts, his Drink, Meat, and Sucking. Some certain, ſome uncertain and doubtful, and ſome that are not yet enter'd Paradiſe.

Quos, quoniam Cæli nondum dignamur honore,
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare ſinamus.

Whom, ſince we yet not worthy think of Heaven,
We ſuffer to inhabit the Earth we've given.

There are amongſt them Phyſicians, Poets, and Civilians. Some mean ones, betwixt the Divine and human Nature, Mediators betwixt God and us, ador'd with a certain ſe-

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* *Cicer. de Divin. l.* 2. † *Ovid. Faſt. lib.* 3,
‡ *Ibid. l.* 1.

cond

cond and diminutive Sort of Adoration: Thoſe are infinite in Titles and Offices: Some good, and others ill; ſome old and decripit, and ſome that are mortal. For *Chryſippus* was of Opinion, that in the laſt Conflagration of the World, all the Gods were to die but *Jupiter*: And makes a thouſand pretty Societies betwixt God and him. Is he not his Countryman?

Jovis incunabula Creten *.

And this is the Excuſe, that upon Conſideration of this Subject, *Scævola*, a High Prieſt, and *Varro* a great Divine in their Times, make us: *That it is neceſſary that the People ſhould be ignorant of many Things that are true, and believe many Things that are falſe. Quam veritatem, qua liberetur, inquirat: Credatur ei expedire, quod fallitur* †. *Seeing he inquires into the Truth, by which he would be made free, 'tis fit he ſhould be deceiv'd.* Human Eyes cannot perceive things, but by the Forms they know. And we do not remember what a Leap miſerable *Phaeton* took, for attempting to guide his Father's Horſes with a mortal Hand. The Mind of Man falls into as great a Depth, and is after the ſame Manner bruis'd and ſhatter'd by his own Raſhneſs. If you aſk Philoſophy of what Matter the Sun is? What Anſwer will ſhe return, if not, that it is Iron and Stone, or ſome other Matter that ſhe makes uſe of? If a Man require of *Zeno*, *what Nature is? A Fire*, ſays he, *an* Artiſan *proper for Generation, and regularly proceeding. Archimedes*, Maſter of that Science, which attributes to itſelf the Precedency before all others, for Truth and Certainty; the *Sun*, ſays he, *is a God of red-hot Iron.* Was not this a fine Imagination, extracted from the inevitable Neceſſity of Geometrical Demonſtrations? Yet not ſo inevitable and uſeful, but that *Socrates* thought it was enough to know ſo much of Geometry only, as to meaſure the Land a Man bought or ſold; and that *Polyænus*, who had been a great and famous Maſter in it, deſpiſed it, as full of Falſity and manifeſt Vanity, after he once taſted the delicate Fruits of the Garden of *Epicurus*. *Socrates*

Geometry how far uſeful.

* *Ovid Met. lib.* 8. † *Aug. de Civit. Dei. l.* 4. *cap.* 27.

in

in *Xenophon*, concerning this Affair, ſays of *Anaxagoras*. reputed by Antiquity learn'd above all others in Cœleſtial and Divine Matters, *That he had crack'd his Brain, as all other Men do, who too immoderately ſearch into Knowledges, which nothing belong to them.* When he made the *Sun* to be a *burning Stone*, he did not conſider, that a *Stone* does not ſhine in the Fire; and which is worſe, that it will there Conſume. And in making the *Sun* and *Fire* one, that *Fire* does not turn the Complexions Black in ſhining upon them: That we are able to look fixtly upon *Fire:* And that *Fire* kills Herbs and Plants. 'Tis *Socrates*'s Opinion, and mine too, *That it is the beſt Judgment of Heaven, not to judge of it at all. Plato*, having Occaſion in his *Timæus* to ſpeak of the *Dæmons: This Undertaking*, ſays he, *exceeds my Ability.* We are therefore to believe thoſe Ancients, who have pretended to have been Begotten by them. 'Tis againſt all Reaſon to refuſe a Man's Faith to the Children of the Gods, tho' what they ſay ſhould not be prov'd by any neceſſary or very probable Reaſons; ſeeing they engage to ſpeak of domeſtick and familiar Things. Let us ſee if we have a little more Light in the Knowledge of human and natural Things. Is it not a ridiculous Attempt, for us to forge for thoſe, to whom, by our own Confeſſion, our Knowledge is not able to attain, another Body, and to lend a falſe Form of our own Invention: As is manifeſt in this Motion of the Planets; to which ſeeing our Wits cannot poſſibly arrive, nor conceive their natural Conduct, we lend them material, heavy, and ſubſtantial Springs of our own, by which to move?

——— Temo aureus, aurea ſummæ
Curvatura rotæ, radiorum argenteus ordo *.

A golden Beam, Wheels tir'd with golden Strokes,
About the Ring with ſets of Silver Spokes.

You would ſay that we had had Coach-makers, Wheelwrights, and Painters, that went up on high to make Engines of various Motions, and to range the Carriages and Interlacings of the heavenly Bodies of differing Colours about the Axis of Neceſſity, according to *Plato.*

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* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 2.

Mundus

Mundus domus eſt maxima rerum,
Quam quinque alitonæ fragimine Zonæ
Cingunt, per quam limbus bis ſex ſignis
Stellimicantibus, altus in obliquo æthere, lunæ
Bigas acceptat ———*.

The World's a Manſion that doth all Things hold,
Which thundering Zones, in Number five enfold,
Thro' which a Girdle painted with twelve Signs,
And that with ſparkling Conſtellations ſhines,
In th' oblique Roof marks the Diurnal Courſe,
For the Sun's Chariot, and his fiery Horſe.

Theſe are all Dreams and fantaſtick Follies. Why will not *Nature* pleaſe once for all to lay open her Boſom to us, and plainly diſcover to us the Means and Conduct of her Movements, and prepare our Eyes to ſee them? Good God, what Abuſe, what Miſtakes ſhould we diſcover in our poor Science! I am miſtaken, if that weak Knowledge of ours holds any one thing, as it really is, and I ſhall depart hence more Ignorant of all other things than my own Ignorance. Have I not read in *Plato* this Divine Saying, That, *Nature is nothing but an ænigmatick Poeſy!* As if a Man might perhaps ſay, a veil'd and ſhady Picture, breaking out here and there with an infinite Variety of falſe Lights to puzzle our Conjectures. *Latent iſta omnia craſſis occultata & circumfuſa tenebris: Ut nulla acies humani ingenii tanta ſit, quæ penetrare in Cælum, terram intrare poſſit* †. *All thoſe Things lye conceal'd and involv'd in ſo caliginous an Obſcurity, that no Point of human Wit can be ſo ſharp, as to pierce Heaven or penetrate the Earth.* And certainly *Philoſophy* is no other than a falſified *Poeſy*. From whence do the ancient Writers extract their Authorities, but from the *Poets?* and the firſt of them were *Poets* themſelves and writ accordingly. *Plato* is but a *Poet* unript. All ſuper-human Sciences make uſe of the Poetick Stile. Juſt as Women make uſe of Teeth of Ivory, where the Natural are wanting, and inſtead of their true Complexion, make one of ſome artificial Matter; as they ſtuff themſelves with Cotton to appear plump, and in the ſight of

* *Varro in Catal.*

† *Cicero in Acad.*

every

Have they not ſometimes in their Writings, ſcattered the Difficulties they have met with of knowing their own Being: We ſee very well that the Finger moves, that the Foot moves, that ſome Parts aſſume a voluntary Motion of themſelves without our Leaves and Conſent, and that others work by our Direction; that one ſort of Apprehenſion occaſions Bluſhing; another, Paleneſs; ſuch an Imagination works upon the Spleen only, another upon the Brain; one occaſions Laughter, another Tears, another ſtupifies and aſtoniſhes all our Senſes; at one Object the Stomach will riſe, at another a Member that lies ſomething lower. But how a Spiritual Impreſſion ſhould make ſuch a Breach into a maſſy and ſolid Subject, and the Nature of the Connexion and Contexture of theſe admirable Springs and Movements never Man yet knew: *Omnia incerta ratione, & naturæ majeſtate abdita* *. *All uncertain in Reaſon, and conceal'd in the Majeſty of Nature,* ſays *Pliny.* And St. *Auſtin, Modus, quo corporibus adherunt Spiritus, omnio minus, nec comprehendi ab homine poteſt: Et hoc ipſe homo eſt* ‡. *The manner whereby Souls adhere to Bodies, is altogether wonderful, and cannot be conceiv'd by Man, and yet this is Man.* And yet it is not ſo much as doubted: For the Opinions of Men are receiv'd according to the ancient Belief, by Authority and upon Truſt, as if it were *Religion* and *Law.* 'Tis receiv'd as Gibberiſh which is commonly ſpoken; this Truth with all its clutter of Arguments and Proofs, is admitted as a firm and ſolid Body, that is no more to be ſhaken, no more to be judg'd of. On the contrary, every one according to the utmoſt of his Talent, corroborates and fortifies this received Belief with the utmoſt Power of his Reaſon, which is a ſupple Utenſil, pliable, and to be accommodated to any Figure. And thus the World comes to be fill'd with Lies and Fopperies. The Reaſon that Men do not doubt of many Things, is, that they never examine common Expreſſions: They do not dig to the Root, where the Faults and Defects lie; they only debate upon the Branches: They do not examine whether ſuch and ſuch a Thing be true, but if it has been ſo, and ſo underſtood. It is not enquired into, whether

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* *Plin. l. 2. cap. 37.* ‡ *St. Aug. de ſpir. & anim. Galen*

Galen has ſaid any thing to purpoſe, but whether he has ſaid ſo or ſo. In Truth it was very good reaſon, that this Curb to the Liberty of our Judgments, and that Tyranny over our Opinions, ſhould be extended to the Schools, and Arts. The God of Scholaſtick Knowledge is *Ariſtotle:* 'Tis Irreligion to queſtion any of his Decrees, as it was thoſe of *Lycurgus* at *Sparta:* His Doctrine is a magiſterial Law, which peradventure is as falſe as another. I do not know why I ſhould not as willingly embrace either the Ideas of *Plato*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus*, or the *Plenum* or *Vacuum* of *Leucippus* and *Democritus*, or the Water of *Thales*, or the Infinity of Nature of *Anaximander*, or the Air of *Diogenes*, or the Members and Symmetry of *Pythagoras*, or the Infinity of *Parmenides*, or the One of *Muſæus*, or the Water and Fire of *Apollodorus*, or the ſimilar Parts of *Anaxagoras*, or the Diſcord and Friendſhip of *Empedocles*, or the Fire of *Heraclitus*, or any other Opinion (of that infinite Confuſion of Opinions and Determinations, which this fine human Reaſon does produce by its Certitude and Clear-ſightedneſs in every thing it meddles withal) as I ſhould the Opinion of *Ariſtotle* upon this Subject of the Principles of natural Things; which Principles he builds of three Pieces, Matter, Form, and Privation. And what can be more vain, than to make Inanity itſelf the Cauſe of the Production of Things? Privation is a Negative: Of what Humour could he then make the Cauſe and Original of Things that are: And yet that were not to be controverted, but for the Exerciſe of *Logick*. There is nothing diſputed neither to bring it into doubt, but to defend the Author of the School from foreign Objections: His Authority is the *non ultra*, beyond which it is not permitted to enquire. It is very eaſy upon approv'd Foundations to build whatever we pleaſe; for according to the Law and ordering of this Beginning, the other Parts of the Structure are eaſily carry'd on without any Failure. By this way we find our Reaſon well-grounded, and diſcourſe at a Venture; for our Maſters prepoſſeſs and gain before-hand as much room in our Belief, as is neceſſary towards concluding afterwards what they pleaſe: As *Geometricians* do by their granted Demands: The Conſent and Approbation we allow them, giving them Power to draw us to the Right and Left, and to whirl us about at their own Pleaſure.

Whatever ſprings from theſe Preſuppoſitions, is our Maſter and our God: He will take the Level of his Foundations ſo ample and ſo eaſy, that by them he may mount us up to the Clouds, if he ſo pleaſe. In this Practice and Negotiation of Science, we have taken the Saying of *Pythagoras*, *That every expert Perſon ought to be believ'd in his own Art, for current Pay.* The *Logician* refers the Signification of Words to the *Grammarian*, the *Rhetorician* borrows the State of Arguments from the *Logician*, the *Poet his* Meaſure from the *Muſician*, the *Geometrician* his Proportions from the *Arithmetician*, and the *Metaphyſicians* take the Phyſical Conjectures from their Foundations. For every Science has its Principle preſuppos'd, by which human Judgment is every where limited. If you come to ruſh againſt the Bar, where the principal Error lies, they have preſently this Sentence in their Mouths, *That there is no diſputing with Perſons, who deny Principles.* Now Men can have no Principles, if not reveal'd to them by the Divinity, of all the reſt the Beginning, the Middle, and the End, is nothing but Dream and Vapour. To thoſe that contend upon Preſuppoſition, we muſt on the contrary, preſuppoſe to them the ſame *Axiom* upon which the Diſpute is. For every human Preſuppoſition and Declaration has as much Authority one as another, if Reaſon do not make the Difference. Wherefore they are all to be put into the Balance, and firſt the Generals, and thoſe that tyrannize over us. The Perſwaſion of Certainty, is a certain Teſtimony of Folly and extreme Incertainty; and there are not a more fooliſh Sort of Men, nor that are leſs Philoſophers, than the *Philodoxes* of *Plato*. We muſt enquire, whether Fire be hot? whether Snow be white? if there be any ſuch Things as Hard or Soft. And as to thoſe Anſwers of which they make old Stories, as he that doubted if there were any ſuch Thing as Heat, whom they bid throw himſelf into the Fire; and he that deny'd the Coldneſs of Ice, whom they bid to put a Caſt of Ice into his Boſom, they are pitiful Things unworthy of, and much below the Profeſſion of *Philoſophy*. If they had let us alone in our Natural Being, to receive the Appearance of Things without us, according as they preſent themſelves to us by our Senſes; and had permitted us to follow our own natural Appetites, and be govern'd by the Condition of our

our Birth, they might then have reaſon to talk at that Rate; but 'tis from them, that we have learned to make ourſelves Judges of the World; 'Tis from them that we derive this Fancy, *that human Reaſon is Controuler-General of all that is without and within the Roof of Heaven, that comprehends every Thing, that can do every Thing: By the means of which, every Thing is known and underſtood.* This Anſwer would be good among *Cannibals*, who enjoy the Happineſs of a long, quiet and peaceable Life without *Ariſtotle*'s Precepts, and without the Knowledge of the Name of *Phyſicks*. This Anſwer would perhaps be of more Value and greater Force than all thoſe they borrow from their Reaſon and Invention. Of this, all Animals, and all, where the Power of the Law of Nature is yet pure and ſimple, but thoſe they have renounc'd, would be as capable as we. They need not tell us it is true, for we ſee and feel if it be ſo: They muſt tell me whether I really feel what I think I do; and if I do feel it, they muſt then tell me why I feel it, and how, and what: Let them tell me the Name, Original, the Parts and Junctures of Heat and Cold, the Qualities of the *Agent* and *Patient*: Or let them give up their Profeſſion, which is not to admit or approve of any Thing, but by the Way of Reaſon, that is their *Teſt* in all ſorts of Eſſays. But certainly 'tis a *Teſt* full of Falſity, Error, Weakneſs and Defect. Which way can we better prove it, than by itſelf? If we are not to believe her when ſpeaking of herſelf, ſhe can hardly be thought fit to judge of Exotick Things; if ſhe know any Thing, it muſt at leaſt be her own Being and Abode. She is in the *Soul*, and either a Part or an Effect of it: For true and eſſential *Reaſon*, from which we by a falſe Colour borrow the Name, is lodg'd in the Boſom of the *Almighty*. There is her Habitation and Receſs, and 'tis from thence that ſhe imparts her Rays, when *God* is pleas'd to impart any Beam of it to Mankind; as *Pallas* iſſued from her Father's Head, to communicate herſelf to the World. Now let us ſee what *Human Reaſon* tells us of herſelf, and of the Soul: Not of the Soul in general, of which almoſt all *Philoſophy* makes the Cœleſtial and firſt Bodies Participants; nor of that which *Thales* attributed to Things, which themſelves are reputed inanimate, drawn on ſo by

the Conſideration of the *Load-ſtone:* But of that which appertains to us, and that we ought the beſt to know.

Ignoratur enim quæ ſit natura animai,
Nata ſit, an contra naſcentibus inſinuetur,
Et ſimul intereat nobiſcum morte dirempta,
An tenebras Orci viſat, vaſtaſque lacunas,
An pecudes alias divinitus inſinuet ſe *.

For none the Nature of the Soul doth know,
Whether that it be born with us, or no;
Or be infus'd into us at our Birth,
And dies with us when we return to Earth,
Or does deſcend to theſe black Shades below,
Or into other Animals does go.

Crates and *Diæarchus* were of Opinion, *that there was no Soul at all: But that the Body thus ſtirs by a natural Motion:* Plato, *that it was a Subſtance moving of itſelf;* Thales, *a Nature without Repoſe:* Aſclepiades, *an exerciſing of the Senſes:* Heſiod *and* Anaximander, *a Thing compos'd of Earth and Water:* Parmenides, *of Earth and Fire:* Empedocles *of Blood:*

Sanguineum vomit ille animam †.

He vomits up his bloody Soul.

Poſſidonius, Cleanthes *and* Galen, *that it was Heat or a hot Complexion:*

Igneus eſt ollis vigor, & cæleſtis origo ‡.

Their Vigour is of Fire, and does prove
Itſelf deſcended from the Gods above.

Hippocrates, *a Spirit diffus'd all over the Body:* Varro, *that it was an Air receiv'd at the Mouth, heated in the Lungs, moiſtned in the Heart, and diffus'd throughout the whole Body:* Zeno, *the Quinteſſence of the four Elements:* Heraclitus Ponticus, *that it was the Light:* Zenocrates *and the* Ægyptians, *a Mobile Number:* The Chaldeans, *a Virtue without any determinate Form.*

Habitum quendam vitalem corporis eſſe,
Harmoniam Græci quam dicunt ‖.

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* *Lucr. l.* 1. † *Æneid. lib.* 9. ‡ *Ibid.* ‖ *Lucr. lib.* 6.

A vital

A vital Habit in Man's Frame to be,
Which by the *Greeks* is call'd a Harmony.

Let us not forget *Ariſtotle*, who held *the Soul to be that which naturally cauſes the Body to move*, which he calls *Entelechia*, with as cold an Invention as any of the reſt: For he neither ſpeaks of the *Eſſence*, nor of the Original, nor of the Nature of the Soul, only takes notice of the *Effect*. *Lactantius*, *Seneca*, and moſt of the *Dogmatiſts*, have confeſſed, *that it was a thing they did not underſtand*. After all this Enumeration of Opinions: *Harum Sententiarum quæ vera ſit, Deus aliquis viderit*, ſays *Cicero**: *Of theſe Opinions, which is the true, let ſome God determine. I know by myſelf*, ſays St. *Bernard*, *how incomprehenſible* God *is, ſeeing I cannot comprehend the Part of my own Being. Heraclitus*, who was of Opinion, that every Place was full of Souls and *Demons*, did nevertheleſs maintain, *that no one could advance ſo far towards the Knowledge of his Soul, as ever to arrive at it, ſo profound was the Eſſence of it.* Neither is there leſs Controverſy and Debate about ſeating of it. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* place it in *Ventricle of the Brain*: *Democritus* and *Ariſtotle* throughout the *whole Body*:

Ut bona ſæpe valetudo cum dicitur eſſe
Corporis, & non eſt tamen hæc pars ulla valentis †.

As when the Body's Health they do it call,
When of a ſound Man, that's no Part at all.

Epicurus in the *Stomach*:

Hic exultat enim pavor, ac metus, hæc loca circum
Lætitiæ mulcent ‡.

For this the Seat of Horror is and Fear,
And Joys in turn do likewiſe triumph here.

The *Stoicks*, about and within, *the Heart*: *Eraſiſtratus*, adjoining the Membrane of the *Epicranion*: *Empedocles*, in the *Blood*; as alſo *Moſes*, which was the Reaſon why he interdicted eating the Blood of Beaſts, becauſe the Soul is there ſeated. *Galen* thought, that every Part of the Body had its Soul: *Strato* has plac'd it betwixt the

* *Cic. in Philoſ.* † *Lucr. lib.* 3. ‡ *Ibid.*

Eye-brows:

Eye-brows: Qua facie quidem ſit animus, aut ubi habitet, ne quærendum quidem eſt *: *What Figure the Soul is of, or what Part it inhabits, is not to be enquir'd into,* ſays *Cicero.* I very willingly deliver this Author to you in his own Words: For ſhould I go about to alter Eloquence itſelf? Beſides, it were but an eaſy Prize to ſteal the Matter of his Inventions. They are neither very frequent, nor of any great Weight, and ſufficiently known. But the Reaſon why *Chryſippus* argues it to be about the *Heart,* as all the reſt of that Sect do, is not to be omitted. *It is,* ſays he, *becauſe when we would affirm any Thing, we lay our Hand upon our Breaſts: and when we will pronounce* ἐγώ, which ſignifies I, *we let the lower Mandable fall towards the Stomach.* This Place ought not to be overſlipt without a Remark upon the Vanity of ſo great a Man: For beſides that theſe Conſiderations are infinitely light in themſelves, the laſt is only a Proof to the *Greeks,* that they have their Souls lodg'd in that Part. No human Judgment is ſo ſprightly and vigilant, that it does not ſometimes ſleep. Why ſhould we be afraid to ſpeak? We ſee the *Stoicks,* who are the Fathers of human Prudence, have found out that the Soul of a Man cruſhed under a Ruin, long labours and ſtrives to get out, like a Mouſe caught in a Trap, before it can diſengage itſelf from the Burthen. Some hold, that the World was made to give Bodies, by way of Puniſhment, to the Spirits fallen, by their own Fault, from the Purity wherein they had been created: The firſt *Creation* having been no other than incorporeal: And that according as they are more or leſs deprav'd from their Spirituality, ſo are they, more or leſs jocundly or dully incorporated. And that thence proceeds all the Variety of ſo much created Matter. But the Spirit that for his Puniſhment was inveſted with the Body of the Sun, muſt certainly have a very rare and particular Meaſure of Thirſt. The Extremities of our Perquiſition do all fall into, and terminate in, Aſtoniſhment and Blindneſs. As *Plutarch* ſays of the Teſtimony of *Hiſtories*; *that, according to Charts and Maps, the utmoſt Bounds of known Countries are taken up with Marſhes, impenetrable Foreſts, Deſarts,*

* *Cic. Tuſc. l.* 1.

and

and uninhabitable Places. And this is the Reaſon why the moſt groſs and childiſh Ravings were moſt found in thoſe Authors who treat of the moſt elevated Subjects, and proceed the furtheſt in them: Loſing themſelves in their own Curioſity and Preſumption. The beginning and end of Knowledge, are equally reputed fooliſh. Obſerve to what a Pitch *Plato* flies in his Poetick Clouds: Do but take notice there of the Gibberiſh of the *Gods*. But what did he dream of when he defin'd a Man to be a two-legg'd Animal without Feathers: Giving thoſe who had a mind to deride him, a pleaſant Occaſion; For having pull'd a Capon alive, they call'd it the Man of *Plato*. And what did the *Epicureans* think of, out of what ſimplicity did they firſt imagine, that their *Atoms*, that they ſaid were Bodies having ſome Weight, and a natural Motion downwards, had made the World: Till they were put in Mind by their Adverſaries, that according to this Deſcription, it was impoſſible they ſhould unite and joyn to one another, their Fall being ſo direct and perpendicular, and making ſo many parallel Lines throughout? Wherefore there was a Neceſſity that they ſhould ſince add a fortuitous and ſide-ways Motion, and that they ſhould moreover accoutre their *Atoms* with hooked Tails, by which they might afterwards unite and cling to one another. And even then do not thoſe that attack them upon this ſecond Invention, put them hardly to it? If the *Atoms* have by chance form'd ſo many ſorts of Figures, why did it never fall out that they made a Houſe or a Shoe? Why at the ſame rate ſhould we not believe, that an infinite Number of *Greek* Letters, ſtrow'd all over a certain Place, might poſſibly fall into the Contexture of the *Iliad*? *Whatever is capable of Reaſon*, ſays *Zeno*, *is better than that which is not capable: There is nothing better than the World: The World is therefore capable of Reaſon. Cotta*, by this way of Argumentation, makes the World a *Mathematician:* And 'tis alſo made a *Muſician* and an *Organiſt*, by this other Argumentation, of *Zeno: The Whole is more than a Part; We are capable of Wiſdom, and are part of the World: Therefore the World is wiſe.* There are infinite like Examples, not only of Arguments that are falſe in themſelves, but ſilly ones, that do not hold in themſelves

The Atoms *of the* Epicureans, *What?*

ſelves, and that accuſe their Authors not ſo much of Ignorance, as Impudence, in the Reproaches the Philoſophers daſh one another in the Teeth withal, upon their Diſſentions in their Sects and Opinions. Whoever ſhould bundle up a luſty Faggot of the Fooleries of human Wiſdom, would produce Wonders. I willingly muſter up theſe few for a Pattern, by a certain Meaning not leſs profitable, than the moſt moderate Inſtructions. Let us judge by theſe, what Opinion we are to have of Man, of his Senſe and Reaſon; when in theſe great Perſons that have raiſed human Knowledge ſo high, ſo many groſs and manifeſt Errors and Miſtakes are to be found. For my Part, I am apt to believe, that they have treated of Knowledge caſually, and like a Toy, with both Hands; and have contended about Reaſon, as of a vain and frivilous Inſtrument, ſetting on Foot all ſorts of Fancies and Inventions, ſometimes more ſinewy, and ſometimes weaker. This ſame *Plato* who defines Man, as if he were a Cock, ſays elſewhere, after *Socrates*, *That he does not in Truth, know what Man is, and that he is a Member of the World the hardeſt to underſtand.* By this Variety and Inſtability of Opinions, they tacitly lead us, as it were, by the Hand to this Reſolution of their Irreſolution. They profeſs not always to deliver their Opinions bare-fac'd and apparent to us; they have one while diſguis'd them in the fabulous Shadows of Poetry; and another in ſome other Vizor: For our Imperfection carries this alſo along with it, that crude Meats are not always proper for our Stomachs; they muſt dry, alter and mix them: They do the ſame: They oft conceal their real Opinions and Judgments, and falſify them to accommodate themſelves to publick Cuſtom: They will not make an open Profeſſion of Ignorance, and of the Imbecility of human Reaſon, that they may not fright Children: But they ſufficiently diſcover it to us under the Appearance of a troubled and inconſtant Science. I adviſ'd a Perſon in *Italy*, who had a great Mind to ſpeak *Italian*, that provided he only had a Deſire to make himſelf underſtood, without being ambitious to excel, that he ſhould only make uſe of the firſt Word that came to the Tongue's end, whether *Latin*, *French*, *Spaniſh*, or *Gaſcon* and that in adding the *Italian* Terminations, he could not fail of hitting upon ſome *Idiom* of the Country, either *Tuſcan*,

Tuſcan, *Roman*, *Venetian*, *Piedmontois* or *Neapolitan*, and to apply himſelf to ſome one of thoſe many Forms. I ſay the ſame of *Philoſophy*, ſhe has ſo many Faces, ſo much Variety, and has ſaid ſo many Things, that all our Dreams and Ravings are there to be found. Human Fancy can conceive nothing good or bad that is not there: *Nihil tam abſurde dici poteſt, quod non dicatur ab aliquo Philoſophorum**. *Nothing can be ſo abſurdly ſaid, that has not been ſaid before by ſome of the Philoſophers.* And I am the more willing to expoſe my Whimſies to the Publick; foraſmuch as tho' they are ſpun out of myſelf, and without any Pattern, I know they will be found related to ſome ancient Humour, and ſome will not ſtick to ſay, *See whence he took it?* My Manners are natural, I have not call'd in the Aſſiſtance of any Diſcipline to erect them: But weak as they are, when it came into my Head to lay them open to the World's View, and that to expoſe them to the Light in a little more decent Garb, I went to adorn them with Reaſons and Examples; it was a Wonder to myſelf, accidentally to find them conformable to ſo many Philoſophical Diſcourſes and Examples. I never knew what Regimen my Life was of, till after it was near worn out and ſpent. A new Figure: An unpremeditate and accidental *Philoſopher*. But to return to the Soul, inaſmuch as *Plato* has plac'd the Reaſon in the Brain, the Anger in the Heart, and the Concupiſcence in the Liver; 'tis likely that it was rather an Interpretation of the Movements of the Soul, than that he intended a Diviſion and Separation of it, as of a Body into ſeveral Members: And the moſt likely of their Opinion is, that 'tis always a Soul, that by its Faculty, reaſons, remembers, comprehends, deſires, and exerciſes all its other Operations by divers Inſtruments of the Body, as the *Pilot* guides his Ship according to his Experience, one while ſtraining or ſlacking the Cordage, one while hoiſting the Main-yard, or removing the Rudder, by one and the ſame Strength carrying on ſo many ſeveral Effects: And that it is lodg'd in the Brain, which appears in that the Wounds and Accidents that touch that Part, do immediately offend the Faculties of the Soul; and 'tis not incongruous, that

* *Cicero de Divin. l.* 1.

it

it ſhould thence diffuſe itſelf into the other Parts of the Body:

Cæli Phæbus iter, radiis tamen omnia luſtrat *.

Phæbus ne'er deviates from the *Zodiack*'s Way;
Yet all Things does illuſtrate with his Ray.

As the Sun ſheds from Heaven's Light and Influence, and fills the World with them.

Cætera pars animæ per totum diffita corpus
Paret, & ad numen mentis, nomenque movetur †.

The other Part o'th' Soul diffus'd all o'er
The Body, does obey the Reaſon's lore.

Some have ſaid, that there was a General Soul, as it were a great Body, from whence all the particular Souls were extracted, and thither again return, always reſtoring itſelf to that univerſal Matter.

——— *Deum namque ire per omnes*
Terraſque tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum:
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum;
Quemque ſibi tenues naſcentem arceſſere vitas,
Scilicet hoc reddit deinde, ac reſoluta referri
Omnia: Nec morti eſſe locum ‡:

——— For they ſuppoſe
That God through Earth, the Sea and Heaven goes,
Hence Men, Beaſts, Reptiles, Inſects, Fiſhes, Fowls
Take all their Iſſue to the Light, their Souls;
And there again reſtore them when they die,
They being not ſubject to Mortality.

Others, that they only rejoin'd and re-united themſelves to it; others that they were produc'd from the Divine Subſtance: Others by the *Angels* of Fire and Air: Others that they were from all Antiquity; and ſome that they were created at the very Article of Time the Bodies wanted them: Others make them to deſcend from the Orb of the Moon, and return thither. The generality of the Antients, that they were begot from Father to Son, after a

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* *Claud. in Paneg. de Conſul Hon.* † *Lucr. l.* 3.
‡ *Virg. Georg. lib.* 4.

like

like Manner, and produc'd with all other natural Things; raiſing their Argument from the Likeneſs of Children to their Fathers.

Inſtillata patris virtus tibi,
Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis *.

Thou haſt thy Father's Virtues with his Blood;
For the Brave ſtill ſpring from the Brave and Good.

And that we ſee deſcend from Fathers to their Children, not only Bodily Marks, but moreover a Reſemblance of Humours, Complexions and Inclinations of the Soul.

Denique cur acrum violentia triſte leonum
Seminium ſequitur, dolus vulpibus, & fuga cervis,
A patribus datur, & patrius pavor incitat artus,
Si non certa ſuo quia ſemine ſeminioque,
Vis animi pariter creſcit cum corpore toto †.

For why ſhould Rage from the fierce Lion's Seed,
Or from the ſubtle Fox's Craft proceed,
Or why the tim'rous and flying Hart
His fear and trembling to his Race impart,
But that a certain Force of Mind does grow,
And ſtill increaſes as the Bodies do?

That thereupon the Divine Juſtice is grounded, puniſhing in the Children, the Faults of their Fathers: Foraſmuch as the Contagion of paternal Vices is in ſome Sort imprinted in the Soul of Children, and that the ill Government of their Will extends to them. Moreover, that if Souls had any other Derivation than a natural Conſequence, and that they had been ſome other Thing out of the Body, they would retain ſome Memory of their firſt Being, the natural Faculties that are proper to them of diſcourſing, reaſoning, and remembring, conſider'd.

——Si in corpus naſcentibus inſinuatur,
Cur ſuperiorem nullam ætatem meminiſſe nequimus,
Nec veſtigia geſtarum rerum ulla tenemus ‡?

For at our Birth if it infuſed be,
Why do we then retain no Memory
Of our foregoing Life, and why no more
Remember any Thing we did before?

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* *Hor. lib.* 4. *Ode* 4. † *Lucr. l.* 3. ‡ *Ibid.*

For

For to make the Condition of our Souls ſuch as we would have it to be, we muſt ſuppoſe them all-knowing, even in their natural Simplicity and Purity. By theſe Means they had been ſuch, being free from the Priſon of the Body, as well before they enter'd into it, as we hope they ſhall be after they are gone out of it. And from this Knowledge it ſhould follow, that they ſhould remember being got in the Body, as *Plato* ſaid, *That what we learn is no other than a Remembrance of what we knew before*; a Thing which every one by Experience may maintain to be falſe. Foraſmuch, in the firſt Place, as that we do not juſtly remember any Thing but what we have been taught: And that if the Memory did purely perform its Office, it would at leaſt ſuggeſt to us ſomething more than what we have learned. Secondly, That which ſhe knew being in her Purity, was a true Knowledge, knowing Things as they are by her Divine Intelligence: Whereas here we make her receive Falſhood and Vice, when we inſtruct her; wherein ſhe cannot employ her Reminiſcence, that Image and Conception having never been planted in her. To ſay, that the corporal Priſon does in ſuch ſort ſuffocate her natural Faculties, that they are there utterly extinct, is firſt, contrary to this other Belief of acknowledging her Power to be ſo great, and the Operations of it that Men ſenſibly perceive in this Life ſo admirable, as to have thereby concluded this Divinity, and paſt Eternity, and the Immortality to come:

Nam ſi tantopere eſt animi mutata poteſtas,
Omnis & actarum exciderit retinentia rerum,
Non ut opinor ea ab letho jam longior errat *.

For if the Mind be chang'd to that Degree,
As of paſt Things to loſe all Memory,
So great a Change as that, I muſt confeſs,
Appears to me than Death but little leſs.

Furthermore, 'tis here with us, and not elſewhere, that the Force and Effects of the Soul ought to be conſider'd: All the reſt of her Perfections are vain and uſeleſs to her; 'tis by her preſent Condition, that all her Immortality is to be

* *Lucr. l.* 3.

rewarded

rewarded and paid, and of the Life of Man only that ſhe is to render an Account: It had been Injuſtice to have ſtript her of her Means and Powers, and to have diſarm'd her, only from the Time of her Capacity and Impriſonment in the Fleſh, of her Weakneſs and Infirmity, from the Time wherein ſhe was forc'd and compell'd to extract an infinite and perpetual Sentence and Condemnation, and to inſiſt upon the Conſideration of ſo ſhort a Time, peradventure but an Hour or two, or at the moſt but an Age (which have no more Proportion with Infinity, than an Inſtant) for this Momentary Interval to ordain, and definitively to determine of her whole Eternity. It were an unreaſonable Diſproportion to extract an eternal Recompence in Conſequence of ſo ſhort a Life. *Plato* to defend himſelf from this Inconvenience, will have *future Rewards limited to the Term of a hundred Years, relatively to human Duration:* And of us ourſelves there are enow, who have given them temporal Limits. By this they judg'd that the *Generation of the Soul follow'd the common Condition of human Things:* As alſo her Life according to the Opinion of *Epicurus* and *Democritus*, which has been the moſt received, in conſequence of theſe fine Appearances, that they ſaw it born, and that according as the Body grew more capable, they ſaw it increaſe in Vigour, as the other did; that its Feebleneſs in Infancy was very manifeſt, and in Time its better Strength and Maturity, and after that its Declenſion and Old Age, and at laſt its Decripitude:

———*Gigni pariter cum corpore, & una*
Creſcere ſentimus, pariterque ſeneſcere mentem *.

Souls with the Bodies to be born we may
Diſcern, with them t'increaſe, with them decay.

They perceiv'd it to be capable of divers Paſſions, and agitated with ſeveral painful Motions, from whence it fell into a Laſſitude and Uneaſineſs, capable of Alteration and Change, of Chearfulneſs and Stupidity, and Faintneſs, and ſubject to Diſeaſes and Injuries, as the Stomach or the Foot:

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* *Lucr. l.* 3.

———*Men-*

——— Mentem ſanari, corpus ut ægrum
Cernimus, & flecti medicina poſſe videmus *.

Sick Minds, as well as Bodies, we do ſee,
By Med'cines Virtue oft reſtor'd to be.

Dazzled and intoxicated with the Fumes of Wine; juſtled from her Seat by the Vapours of a Burning Fever, laid aſleep by the Application of ſome Medicaments, and rous'd awake by others.

——Corpoream naturam animâ eſſe neceſſe eſt,
Corpoream quoniam telis ictuque laborat †.

There muſt be of Neceſſity, we find,
A nature that's corporeal of the Mind,
Becauſe we evidently ſee it ſmarts,
And wounded is with Shafts the Body darts,

They ſaw it in Aſtoniſhment, and ſuch a one as overthrew all its Faculties, through the meer Contagion of a mad Dog, and in that Condition to have no Stability of Reaſon, no Sufficiency, no Virtue, no Philoſophical Reſolution, no Reſiſtance that could exempt it from the ſubjection of Accidents: The Slaver of a Contemptible Curr, ſhed upon the Hand of *Socrates*, to ſhake all his Wiſdom, and all his great and regular Imaginations, and ſo to annihilate them, as that there remain'd no Tracing or Footſtep of his Former Knowledge:

——— Vis animai
Conturbatur ——& divisa ſeorſum
Diijectatur eodem illo diſtracta veneno ‡.

The Power of the Soul's diſturb'd, and when
That once is but ſequeſtred from her, then
By the ſame Poyſon 'tis diſpers'd abroad.

And this Poyſon to find no more Reſiſtance in that great Soul, than in that of an Infant of four Years old: A Poyſon ſufficient to make all Philoſophy, if it were incarnate, to become furious and mad; inſomuch that *Cato*, who ever diſdain'd Death and Fortune, could not endure the ſight of a Looking-glaſs, or of Water, confounded

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* *Lucr. l.* 3. † *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

with

with Horror and Affright at the Thought of falling by the Contagion of a mad Dog into the Diſeaſe call'd by Phyſicians, *Hydrophobia*.

——Vis morbi diſtracta per artus
Turbat agens animam, ſpumantes æquore ſalſo
Ventorum ut validis ferveſcunt viribus undæ *.

Throughout the Limbs diffus'd, the fierce Diſeaſe,
Diſturbs the Soul, as in the briny Seas,
The foaming Waves to ſwell and boil we ſee,
Stirr'd by the Winds Impetuoſity.

Now as to this Particular, *Philoſophy* has ſufficiently arm'd Man to encounter all other Accidents either with Patience; or if the Search of that coſts too dear, by an infallible Defeat, in totally depriving himſelf of all Sentiment: But theſe are Expedients, that are only of uſe to a Soul being itſelf, and in its full Power, capable of Reaſon and Deliberation: But not at all proper for this Inconvenience where even in a *Philoſopher*, the Soul becomes the Soul of a Madman, troubled, overturn'd, and loſt. Which many Occaſions may produce, as a too vehement Agitation that any violent Paſſion of the Soul may beget in itſelf; or a Wound in a certain Part of the Perſon, or Vapours from the Stomach, any of which may ſtupify the Underſtanding and turn the Brain.

——Morbis in corporis avius errat
Sæpe animus, dementât enim deliraque fatur,
Interdumque gravi lethargo fertur in altum
Æternumque ſoporem, oculis nutuque cadenti †

For when the Body's ſick, and ill at eaſe,
The Mind does often ſhare in the Diſeaſe;
Wonders, grows wild, and raves, and ſometimes by
A heavy and a ſtupid Lethargy,
Is overcome and caſt into a deep,
A moſt profound and everlaſting Sleep.

The *Philoſophers*, methinks, have not much touch'd this String, no more than another of the ſame Importance: They have this *Dilemma* continually in their Mouths to

* *Lucr. l.* 3. † *Ibid.*

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conſolate our mortal Condition: *The Soul is either mortal or immortal; if mortal, it will ſuffer no Pain; if immortal, it will change for the better,* they never touch the other Branch; what if ſhe change for the worſe, and leave to the *Poets* the Menaces of future Torments. But thereby they make themſelves a good Game. They are two Omiſſions that I often meet with in their Diſcourſes: I return to the firſt: This Soul loſes the uſe of the Sovereign Stoical Good, ſo conſtant and ſo firm. Our fine human Wiſdom muſt here yield, and give up her Arms. As to the reſt, they did alſo conſider by the Vanity of human Reaſon, that the Mixture and Aſſociation of two ſo contrary Things as mortal and immortal, was unimaginable:

Quippe etenim mortale æterno jungere, & una
Conſentire putare, & fungi mutua poſſe,
Deſipere eſt. Quid enim diverſius eſſe putandum eſt,
Aut magis inter ſe disjunctum, diſcrepitanſque,
Quam mortale quod eſt, immortale atque perenni
Junctum in concilio, ſævas tolerare procellas?

To join the Mortal then and the ætern
And think they can agree in one Concern,
Is Madneſs. For what Things more diff'ring are
Unlike betwixt themſelves, and fit to jarr?
How can it then be thought that theſe ſhould bear,
When thus conjoin'd, of Storms an equal Share?

Moreover, they perceiv'd the Soul tending towards Death, as well as the Body.

Simul ævo feſſa fatiſcit *.

Which, according to *Zeno*, the Image of Sleep does ſufficiently demonſtrate to us. For he looks upon it as a fainting and Fall of the Soul, as well as of the Body. *Contrahi animum, & quaſi labi putat, atque decidere* †. He thinks the Mind is tranſported, and that it ſlips and falls. And what they perceiv'd in ſome, that the Soul maintained its Force and Vigour to the laſt Gaſp of Life, they attributed to the

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* *Lucr. l.* 3. † *Cic. de Divin. l.* 2.

Variety

Variety of Diſeaſes, as it is obſervable in Men at the laſt Extremity, that ſome retain one Senſe, and ſome another, one the Hearing, and another the Smell, without any manner of Defects or Alteration; and that there is not ſo univerſal a Deprivation, that ſome Parts do not remain vigorous aud entire:

Non alio pacto quam ſi pes cum dolet ægri,
In nullo caput interea ſit forte dolore.

As if a ſick Man's Foot in Pain ſhould be,
And yet his Head perhaps from Dolors free.

The Sight of our Judgment is to Truth, the ſame that the Owl's Eyes are to the Sun, ſays *Ariſtotle:* By what can we better convince him, than by ſo groſs Blindneſs in ſo apparent a Light? For the contrary Opinion of the Immortality of the Soul, which *Cicero* ſays, was firſt introduc'd (by the Teſtimony of the Authors at leaſt) by *Pherecides Syrius* in the Time of King *Tullus*; (tho' others attribute it to *Thales*, and others to others) 'tis the part of human Science, that is treated of with the utmoſt Doubt, and the greateſt Reſervation. The moſt poſitive *Dogmatiſts*, are in this Point, principally to fly to the Refuge of the *Academy*. No one knows what *Ariſtotle* has eſtabliſhed upon this Subject, no more than all the Ancients in general, who handle it with a wavering Belief: *Rem gratiſſimam promittentium magis quam probantium: A Thing more acceptable in the Promiſers, than the Provers.* He conceals himſelf in Clouds of Words of difficult and unintelligible Senſe, and has left to thoſe of his Sect as great a Diſpute about his Judgment, as the Matter itſelf. Two Things render this Opinion plauſible to them: One, *that without the Immortality of Souls, there would be nothing whereon to ground the vain Hopes of Glory*, which is a Conſideration of wonderful Repute in the World: The other, *that it is a very profitable Impreſſion*, as *Plato* ſays, *that Vices, when they eſcape the Diſcovery and Cognizance of human Juſtice, are ſtill within the Reach of the Divine, which will purſue them even after the Death of the Guilty.* Man is exceſſively ſolicitous to prolong his Being, and has to the utmoſt of his Power provided for it. Monuments are erected, and Embalming in uſe, for the Conſervation of the Body, and Glory to preſerve the Name. He has employ'd all

Vice puniſhed by the Divine Juſtice after Death.

his Wit and Opinion to the rebuilding of himſelf (impatient of his Form) and to prop himſelf by his Inventions. The Soul, by reaſon of its Anxiety and Impotence, being unable to ſtand by itſelf, wanders up and down to ſeek out Conſolations, Hopes, and Foundations, and alien Circumſtances, to which ſhe adheres and fixes. And how light or fantaſtick ſoever Invention delivers them to it, relies more willingly, and with greater Aſſurance upon them, than itſelf. But 'tis wonderful to obſerve, how ſhort the moſt conſtant and obſtinate Maintainers of this juſt and clear Perſuaſion of the Immortality of the Soul do fall, and how weak their Arguments are, when they go about to prove it by human Reaſon. *Somnia ſunt non docentis ſed optantis* *. *They are Dreams not of the Teacher, but Wiſher,* ſays one of the Antients. By which Teſtimony Man may know, that he owes the Truth he himſelf finds out to Fortune and Accident; ſince that even then, when it is fallen into his Hand, he has not wherewith to hold and maintain it, and that his Reaſon has not Force to make uſe of it. All Things produc'd by our own Meditation and Underſtanding, whether true or falſe, are ſubject to Incertitude and Controverſy. 'Twas for the Chaſtiſement of our Pride, and for the Inſtruction of our Miſery and Incapacity, that God wrought the Perplexity and Confuſion at the Tower of *Babel.* Whatever we undertake without his Aſſiſtance, whatever we ſee without the Lamp of his Grace, is but Vanity and Folly. We corrupt the very Eſſence of Truth, which is uniform and conſtant, by our Weakneſs, when Fortune puts it into our Poſſeſſion. What Courſe ſoever Man takes of himſelf, God ſtill permits it to come to the ſame Confuſion, the Image whereof he ſo lively repreſents to us in the juſt Chaſtiſement wherewith he cruſh'd *Nimrod*'s Preſumption, and fruſtrated the vain Attempt of his proud Structure. *Perdam ſapientiam ſapientum, & prudentiam prudentum reprobo* †. *I will deſtroy the Wiſdom of the Wiſe, and will bring to nothing the Underſtanding of the Prudent.* The Diverſity of *Idioms* and *Languages* with which he diſturb'd this Work, what are they other, than this infinite and perpetual Alteration and Diſcordance of Opinions and

* *Cic. Acad. l.* 4. † 1 *Col.* i. 19.

Reaſons,

Reaſons, which accompany and confound the vain Building of human Wiſdom? and 'tis to very good Effect, that they do ſo. For what would hold us if we had but the leaſt Grain of Knowledge; this Saint has very much oblig'd me. *Ipſa utilitatis occultatio, aut humilitatis exercitatio eſt, aut elationis attritio. The very concealment of the Utility, is either an exercise of Humility, or a quelling of Preſumption.* To what a pitch of Preſumption and Inſolence do we raiſe our Blindneſs and Folly? But to return to my Subject, it was truly very good Reaſon, that we ſhould be beholden to God only, and to the Favour of his Grace, for the Truth of ſo noble a Belief, ſince from his ſole Bounty we receive the Fruit of Immortality, which conſiſts in the Enjoyment of eternal Beatitude. Let us ingeniouſly confeſs, that *God* alone has dictated it and the Faith to us: For 'tis no Leſſon of Nature and our own Reaſon. And whoever will enquire into his own Being and Power, both within and without, without this divine Privilege; Whoever ſhall conſider Man impartially, and without Flattery, will ſee nothing in him of Efficacy, nor any kind of Faculty, that reliſhes of any thing but Death and Earth. The more we give and confeſs to owe and render to *God*, we do it with the greater Chriſtianity. That which this Stoick *Philoſopher* ſays, he holds from the fortuitous Conſent of the popular Voice; had it not been better, that he had held it from *God? Cum de animorum æternitate diſſerimus, non leve momentum apud nos habet conſenſus hominum, aut timentium inferos, aut colentium. Utor hac publica perſuaſione *. When we diſcourſe of the Immortality of Souls, the Conſent of Men, that either fear or adore the infernal Power, is of no ſmall Advantage. I make uſe of this publick Perſwaſion.* Now the Weakneſs of human Arguments upon this Subject, is particularly manifeſted by the fabulous Arguments they have ſuperadded as Conſequences of this Opinion; to find out of what Condition this Immortality of ours was. Let us omit the Stoicks; *Uſuram nobis largiuntur, tanquam cornicibus; diu manſuros aiunt animos; ſemper, negant* †. *They give us a long Life, as alſo they do to Crows; They ſay our Soul ſhall*

* *Seneca. Epiſt.* 117. † *Cicero. Tuſc. l.* 1.

continue long, but that it ſhall continue always, they deny. Who gives to Souls a Life after this, but finite. The moſt univerſal and receiv'd Fancy, and that continues down to our Times, is that, of which they make *Pythagoras* the Author; not that he was the original Inventor, but becauſe it receiv'd a great deal of Weight and Repute by the Authority of his Approbation, is, *That Souls, at their departure out of us, did nothing but ſhift from one Body to another, from a Lion to a Horſe, from a Horſe to a King, continually travelling at this rate from Habitation to Habitation.* And he himſelf ſaid, *that he remembred he had been* Athalides, *ſince that* Euphorbus, *and afterwards* Nermotimus; *and finally from* Pyrrhus, *was paſs'd into* Pythagoras, *having a Memory of himſelf of two Hundred and ſix Years.* And ſome have added that theſe very Souls ſometimes mount up to Heaven, and come down again.

O pater anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putandum eſt
Sublimes animas iterumque ad tarda reverti
Corpora? Quæ lucis miſeris tam dira cupido *?*

Is it to be believ'd, that ſome ſublime
And high-flown Souls, ſhould hence to Heaven climb,
And thence return t'immure themſelves in ſlow
And heavy Priſons of dull Fleſh below?

Origen makes them eternally to go and come, from a better to a worſe Eſtate. The Opinion that *Varro* makes mention of, is, that after four Hundred and forty Years Revolution, they ſhould be re-united to their firſt Bodies. *Chryſippus* held, that that would happen after a certain Space of Time unknown and unlimitted. *Plato* (who profeſſes to have embrac'd this Belief from *Pindar*, and the ancient Poets) thinks *they are to undergo infinite Viciſſitudes of Mutation, for which the Soul is prepar'd, having neither Puniſhment nor Reward in the other World, but what is Temporal, as its Life here is but Temporal, concludes that it has a ſingular Knowledge of the Affairs of Heaven, of Hell, of the World, thro' all which it has paſt, repaſt, and made ſtay in ſeveral Voyages; fit Matters for her Memory.* Obſerve her Progreſs elſewhere; *the Soul that has liv'd well is re-united to the Star, to which it is aſſign'd: That re-*

* *Virg. l.* 6.

moves

moves into a Woman, and, if it do not there reform, is again remov'd into a Beaſt of Condition ſuitable to its vicious Manners, and ſhall ſee no End of its Puniſhments, 'till it be return'd to its natural Conſtitution, and that it has by the Force of Reaſon purg'd itſelf from thoſe groſs, ſtupid and elementary Qualities it was polluted with. But I will not omit the Objection the *Epicureans* make againſt this Tranſmigration from one Body to another, and 'tis a pleaſant one. They aſk, *what Expedient would be found out, if the Number of the Dying ſhould chance to be greater than that of thoſe who are coming into the World. For the Souls, turned out of their old Habitation, would ſcuffle and croud which ſhould firſt get Poſſeſſion of this new Lodging.* And they further demand, *how they ſhall paſs away their Time, whilſt waiting till new Quarters were made ready for them: Or, on the contrary, if more Animals ſhould be born than die, the Body,* they ſay, *would be but in an ill Condition, whilſt in Expectation of a Soul to be infuſed into it; and it would fall out, that ſome Bodies would die before they had been alive.*

Denique connubia ad Veneris, partuſque ferarum,
Eſſe animas præſto deridiculum eſſe videtur,
Et ſpectare immortales mortalia membra
Innumero numero, certareque præproperanter
Inter ſe, quæ prima potiſſimaque inſinuetur *.

It ſeems ridiculous, that Souls ſhould be,
Always attending on Beaſts Venery,
And being immortal, mortal Bodies ſhou'd
Covet to have, and in vaſt Numbers crowd,
Strive and contend with Heat and Eagerneſs,
Which ſhould the firſt and moſt deſired poſſeſs.

Others have arreſted the Soul in the Body of the Deceaſed, with it to animate Serpents, Worms, and other Beaſts, which are ſaid to be bred out of the Corruption of our Members, and even out of our Aſhes; others divide them into two Parts, the one Mortal, the other Immortal. Others make it Corporeal, and nevertheleſs Immortal. Some make it Immortal without Science or Knowledge. And there are even of us ourſelves who have believ'd that Devils were

* *Lucr. l.* 3.

made of the Souls of the Damned; as *Plutarch* thinks, that *Gods* were made of thoſe that were ſaved. For there are few Things which that Author is ſo poſitive in, as he is in this; maintaining elſewhere a doubtful and ambiguous Way of Expreſſion. *We are to hold,* ſays he, *and ſtedfaſtly to believe, that the Souls of virtuous Men, both according to Nature and the Divine Juſtice, become Saints, and from Saints Demy-Gods, and from Demy-Gods, after they are perfectly, as in Sacrifices of Purgation, cleanſed and purified, being deliver'd from all Paſſibility and all Mortality, they become not by any civil Decree, but in real Truth, and according to all Probability of Reaſon, entire and perfect Gods, in receiving a moſt happy and glorious End.* But who deſires to ſee him, I ſay, who is the moſt ſober and moderate of the whole Gang of *Philoſophers,* lay about him with greater Boldneſs, and relate his Miracles upon this Subject, I refer him to his Treatiſe of the *Moon,* and his *Dæmon* of *Socrates,* where he may as evidently as in any other Place whatever, ſatisfy himſelf, and affirm, that the Myſteries of *Philoſophy* have many ſtrange Things in common with thoſe of Poetry; human Underſtanding loſing itſelf, in attempting to ſound and ſearch all Things to the Bottom: Even as we, tir'd and worn out with a long Courſe of Life, return to Infancy and Dotage. See here the fine and certain Inſtructions which we extract from human Knowledge concerning the Soul. Neither is there leſs Temerity in what they teach us touching our corporal Parts. Let us chuſe out one or two Examples; for otherwiſe we ſhould loſe ourſelves in this vaſt and troubled *Ocean* of Medicinal Errors. Let us firſt know, whether at leaſt they agree about the Matter whereof Men produce one another. For as to their firſt Production, it is no Wonder, if in a Thing ſo high, and ſo long ſince paſt, human Underſtanding finds itſelf puzzled and perplexed. *Archeſilaus* the Phyſician, whoſe Diſciple and Favourite *Socrates* was, according to *Ariſtoxenus,* ſaid, *That both Men and Beaſts were made of a lacteous Slime, expreſt by the Heat of the Earth.* Pythagoras ſays, *that our Seed is the Foam or Cream of our better Blood.* Plato, *that it is the Diſtillation of the Marrow of the Back-bone,* and raiſes his Arguments from this, *that that Part is firſt ſenſible of being weary of the Work.* Alcmeon, *that it is Part of the Subſtance of the Brain, and that it is ſo,* ſays he, *it cauſes Weakneſs of the Eyes*

Eyes in thoſe who are over-immoderately addicted to that Exerciſe: Democritus, *that it is a Subſtance extracted from the whole Maſs of the Body:* Epicurus, *extracted from Soul and Body:* Ariſtotle, *an Excrement drawn from the Aliment of the laſt Blood which is diffuſed over all our Members:* Others, *that it is a Blood concocted and digeſted by the Heat of the Genitals,* which they judge, by reaſon that in exceſſive Endeavours a Man voids pure florid Blood: Wherein there ſeems to be the moſt Likelihood, could a a Man extract any Appearance from ſo infinite a Confuſion. Now to bring this Seed to do its Work, how many contrary Opinions do they ſet on Foot? *Ariſtotle* and *Democritus* are of Opinion, *that Women have no Sperm, and that 'tis nothing but a Sweat that they diſtil in the Heat of Pleaſure and Motion, that contributes nothing at all to Generation. Galen* on the contrary, and his Followers, believe, *that without the Concurrence of Seeds, there can be no Generation.* Here are the *Phyſicians,* the *Philoſophers,* the *Lawyers* and *Divines,* by the Ears with our Wives about the Diſpute, upon what Terms Women conceive their Fruit. And I, for my Part, by the Example of myſelf, ſtickle with thoſe that maintain a Woman going eleven Months with Child. The World is built upon this Experience; there is not ſo pitiful a little Female that cannot give her Judgment in all theſe Controverſies; and yet we cannot agree. Here is enough to evidence, that Man is no better inſtructed in the Knowledge of himſelf, in his corporal, than in his ſpiritual Part. We have propoſed himſelf to himſelf, and his Reaſon to his Reaſon, to ſee what ſhe could ſay; and, I think, I have ſufficiently demonſtrated how little ſhe underſtands herſelf in herſelf. And who underſtands not himſelf in himſelf, in what can he poſſibly underſtand? *Quaſi vero menſuram ullius rei poſſit agere, qui ſui neſciat* *. *As if he could underſtand the Meaſure of any other Thing, that knows not his own.* In earneſt, *Protagoras* told us a petty Flam, in making Man the Meaſure of all Things, that never knew ſo much as his own. If it be not he, his Dignity will not permit, that any other Creature ſhould have this Advantage. Now he being ſo contrary inhimſelf, and one Judgment ſo inceſ-

* *Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. 2. cap. 1.*

ſantly ſubverting another, this favourable Propoſition was but a Mockery, which induc'd us neceſſarily to conclude the Nullity of the Compaſs and the Compaſſer; when *Thales* reputes the Knowledge of Man very difficult for Man to comprehend, he at the ſame Time gives him to underſtand, that all our Knowledge is impoſſible. You, for whom I have taken the Pains, contrary to my Cuſtom, to write ſo long a Diſcourſe, will not refuſe to maintain your *Sebonde*, by the ordinary Forms of Arguing, wherewith you are every Day inſtructed, and in this will exerciſe both your Wit and Learning: For this fancying Trick is never to be made uſe of, but as an extreme Remedy. 'Tis a deſperate Thruſt wherein you are to quit your own Arms, to make your Adverſary abandon his: And a ſecret Slight, which muſt be very rarely, and then very reſervedly put in Practice. 'Tis great Temerity to loſe yourſelf, that you may deſtroy another; you muſt not die to be reveng'd, as *Gobrias* did: For being hotly grappled in Combat with a Lord of *Perſia*, *Darius* coming in with his Sword in his Hand, and fearing to ſtrike leaſt he ſhould kill *Gobrias*, he called out to him boldly to fall on, tho' he ſhould run them both thorough at once. I have known the Arms and Conditions of ſingle Combat to the utmoſt, and wherein he that offer'd them put himſelf and his Adverſary upon Terms of inevitable Death to them both, cenſured for unjuſt. The *Portugueſe* in the *Indian* Sea, took certain *Turks* Priſoners, who, impatient of their Captivity, reſolv'd, and it ſucceeded, by ſtriking the Nails of the Ship one againſt another, and making a Spark to fall into the Barrels of Powder (that were ſet in the Place where they were guarded) to blow up and reduce themſelves, their Maſters, and the Veſſel to Aſhes. We have touch'd the Out-plate and utmoſt Limits of Sciences; wherein the Extremity is vicious, as in Virtue. Keep yourſelves in the common Road, it is not good to be ſo ſubtle and cunning. Remember the *Tuſcan* Proverb.

Chi troppo s'aſſottiglia, ſi ſcavezza.

Who makes himſelf too wiſe, becomes a Fool.

I adviſe you, that, in all your Opinions and Diſcourſes, as well as in your Manners, and all other Things, you keep yourſelves moderate and temperate, and to avoid all Novelty.

velty. I am an Enemy to all extravagant Ways. You, who by the Authority of your Grandeur, and yet more by the Advantages which thoſe Qualities give you that are moſt your own, may with the Wink of an Eye command whom you pleaſe, ought to give this Caution to ſome one who made Profeſſion of Letters, who might after a better Manner have proved and illuſtrated theſe Things to you. But here is as much as you will ſtand in need of. *Epicurus* ſaid of the *Laws, that the worſt were neceſſary for us, and that without them Men would devour one another.* And *Plato* affirms, *that without Laws, we ſhould live like Beaſts.* Our Spirit is a wandring, dangerous and temerarious Utenſil, it is hard to couple any Order or Meaſure to it. In thoſe of our own Time, who are endued with any rare Excellence above others, or any extraordinary Vivacity of Underſtanding, we ſee them almoſt all laſh out into Licentiouſneſs of Opinions and Manners; and 'tis almoſt a Miracle to find one temperate and ſociable. 'Tis all the Reaſon in the World to limit human Wit within the ſtricteſt Limits imaginable. In Study, as in all the reſt, we ought to have its Steps and Advances number'd and fix'd, and that the Limits of its Inquiſition be bounded by Act. It is curb'd and fetter'd by *Religions, Laws,* and *Cuſtoms,* by *Sciences, Precepts,* mortal and immortal *Penalties:* And yet we ſee, that it eſcapes from all theſe Bounds by its Volubility and Diſſolution. 'Tis a vain Body which has nothing to lay hold on, or to ſeize; a various and deform Body, incapable of being either bound or held. In earneſt, there are few Souls ſo regular, firm, and well deſcended, as are to be truſted with their own Conduct; and that can with Moderation, and without Temerity, fail in the Liberty of their own Judgments, beyond the common and receiv'd Opinions. 'Tis more expedient to put them under Pupillage. Wit is a dangerous Weapon, even to the Poſſeſſor, if he knows not how to uſe it diſcreetly; and there is not a Beaſt to whom a Head-board is more juſtly to be given, to keep his Looks down and before his Feet, and to hinder him from wandring here and there out of the Tracks, which Cuſtom and the Laws have laid before him. And therefore it will much better become you to keep yourſelves in the beaten Path, let it be what it will, than to fly out at a venture with this unbridled Liberty. But if any

any of theſe new *Doctors* will pretend to be ingenious in your Preſence, at the Expence both of your Soul and his own, to avoid this dangerous Plague, which is every Day laid in your Way to infect you, this Preſervative, in the extreameſt Neceſſity, will prevent the Danger and hinder the Contagion of this Poiſon from offending either you or your Company. The Liberty then, and frolick Forwardneſs of theſe ancient Wits, produced in Philoſophy and human Sciences ſeveral Sects of different Opinions, every one undertaking to judge and make choice of what he would ſtick to and maintain. But now that Men go all one Way: *Qui certis quibuſdam deſtinatiſque ſententiis addicti & conſecrati ſunt, ut etiam, quæ non probant, cogantur defendere* *. *Who are ſo tyed and obliged to certain Beliefs, that they are bound to defend even thoſe they do not approve.* And that we receive the *Arts* by civil Authority and Decree; ſo that the Schools have but one Pattern, and a like circumſcribed Inſtitution and Diſcipline, we no more take notice what the Coin weighs, and is really worth, but every one receives it according to the Eſtimate that common Approbation puts upon it: The Alloy is not diſputed, but how much it is current for; and in like Manner all Things paſs. We take *Phyſick* as we do *Geometry* and Tricks of *Hocus pocus*, *Enchantments*, *Codpiece Points*, the Correſpondence of the Souls of the Dead, *Prognoſtications*, *Domifications*, and ſo much as this ridiculous Purſuit of the Philoſophers Stone, all things paſs for current Pay, without any Manner of Scruple or Contradiction. We need to know no more, but that *Mars*'s Houſe is in the Middle of the Triangle of the Hand, that of *Venus* in the Thumb, and that of *Mercury* in the Little-finger, that when the Table Line cuts the *Tubercle* of the Fore-fingers, 'tis a Sign of Cruelty; that when it falls ſhort of the Middle-finger, and that the natural *Median-Line* makes an Angle with the Vital in the ſame Side, 'tis a Sign of a miſerable Death, that if in a Woman the natural Line be open, and does not cloſe the Angle with the Vital, denotes that ſhe ſhall not be very chaſte. I leave you to judge, whether a

Sign of Cruelty.

Of a miſerable Death.

Of Unchaſtity.

* *Cicero.*

Man

Man thus qualified may not paſs with Reputation and Eſteem in all Companies. *Theophraſtus* ſaid, *that human Knowledge, guided by the Senſes, might judge of the Cauſes of Things to a certain Degree; but that being arrived to firſt and extreme Cauſes, it muſt ſtop ſhort and retire, by reaſon either of its own Infirmity, or the Difficulty of Things.* 'Tis a moderate and gentle Opinion, that our own Underſtandings may conduct us to the Knowledge of ſome Things, and that it has certain Meaſures of Power, beyond which, 'tis Temerity to employ it. This Opinion is plauſible, and introduc'd by Men of well-compos'd Minds; but 'tis hard to limit our Wit, 'tis curious and greedy, and will no more ſtop at a thouſand than at fifty Paces. Having myſelf experimentally found, that wherein one has fail'd, the other has hit, and that what was unknown to one Age, the Age following has explained; and that *Arts* and *Sciences* are not caſt in a Mould, but are form'd and perfected by Degrees, by often handling and poliſhing, as Bears leiſurely lick their Cubs into Form; what my Force cannot diſcover, I do not yet deſiſt to ſound and to try: But handling and kneading this new Matter over and over again, by turning and heating it, I lay open to him that ſhall ſucceed me, a kind of Facility to enjoy it more at his Eaſe, and make it more maniable and ſupple for him:

——————ut Hymettia ſole
Cera remolleſcit, tractaque pollice multas
Vertitur in facies, ipſoque fit utilis uſu *.

As Wax does ſofter in the Sun become,
And temper'd 'twixt the Finger and the Thumb,
Will various Forms, and ſev'ral Shapes admit,
'Till for the preſent Uſe 'tis render'd fit.

As much will the ſecond do to the third, which is the Cauſe that the Difficulty ought not to make me deſpair, and my own Imbecillity as little; for 'tis nothing but my own. Man is as capable of all Things, as of ſome: *And if he confeſſes,* as *Theophraſtus* ſays, *the Ignorance of firſt Cauſes, let him almoſt ſurrender to me all the reſt of his Knowledge:* If he is defective in Foundation, his Reaſon

* *Ovid. Met. l.* 10.

is

is on the Ground: Diſputation and Enquiry have no other Aim nor Stop but Principles; if this do not ſtop his Career, he runs into an infinite Irreſolution. *Non poteſt aliud alio magis minuſve comprehendi, quoniam omnium rerum una eſt definitio comprehendendi: One thing can no more be comprehended than another, becauſe the Definition of comprehending all Things is the ſame.* Now 'tis very likely, that if the Soul knew any Thing, it would in the firſt place know itſelf; and if it knew any Thing out of itſelf, it would be its own Body and Caſe, before any Thing elſe. If we ſee the *Gods* of Phyſick to this very Day debating about our Anatomy,

——*Mulciber in Trojam, pro Troja ſtabat Apollo**.

Vulcan againſt, for *Troy Apollo* ſtood.

When are we to expect, that they will be agreed? We are nearer Neighbours to ourſelves, than Whiteneſs of Snow, or the Weight of Stone are to us. If Man do not know himſelf, how ſhould he know his Forces and Functions? it is not, perhaps, that we have not ſome real Knowledge in us; but 'tis by Chance; and foraſmuch as Errors are receiv'd into our Soul by the ſame Way, after the ſame Manner, and by the ſame Conduct, it has not wherewithal to diſtinguiſh them, nor wherewithal to chuſe the Truth from Falſhood. The *Academicks* admitted a certain Partiality of Judgment; and thought it not too crude to ſay, that it was not more likely, that Snow was white than black, and that we were no more aſſur'd of the Motion of a Stone, thrown by a Hand, than that of the eighth Sphere. And to avoid this Difficulty and Strangeneſs, that can, in Truth, hardly lodge in our Imagination; though they did conclude, that we were in no ſort capable of Knowledge, and that Truth is ingulfed in ſo profound an *Abyſs*, as is not to be penetrated by human Sight: Yet do they acknowledge ſomething to be more likely than others, and receiv'd into their Judgment this Faculty, that they had a Power to incline to one Appearance more than another. They allow'd him this Propenſity. Interdicting all Reſolution. The *Pyrrhonians* Opinion is more

* *Ovid Tr. lib.* 1. *El.* 2.

bold

bold, and alſo more likely. For this *Accademic* Inclination, and this Propenſity to one Propoſition rather than another, what is it other than a Diſcovery of ſome more apparent Truth in this, than in that? If our Underſtanding be capable of the Form, Lineaments, Comportment and Face of Truth, it might as well ſee it entire, as by Halves, ſpringing and imperfect. This Appearance of Likelihood, which makes them rather take the Left Hand than the Right, augments it: Multiply this Ounce of Verifimilitude, that turns the Scales to a hundred, to a thouſand Ounces, it will happen in the End, that the Balance will itſelf end the Controverſy, and determine one Choice and entire Truth. But why do they ſuffer themſelves to incline to, and to be ſway'd by Verifimilitude, if they know not the Truth? How ſhould they know the Similitude of that whereof they do not know the Eſſence: Either we can abſolutely judge, or abſolutely we cannot. If our intellectual and ſenſible Faculties are without Foot or Foundation; if they only *pull* and *drive*, 'tis to no Purpoſe that we ſuffer our Judgments to be carried away with any thing of their Operation, what Appearance ſoever they may ſeem to preſent us. And the ſureſt and moſt happy Seat of our Underſtanding, would be that, where it kept itſelf temperate, upright, and inflexible, without tottering, or without Agitation. *Inter viſa, verâ, aut falſa, ad animi aſſenſum, nihil intereſt*. Amongſt Things that ſeem, whether true or falſe, it ſignifies nothing to the Aſſent of the Mind.* That Things do not lodge in us in their Form and Eſſence, and do not there make their Entry by their own Force and Authority, we ſufficiently ſee. Becauſe if it were ſo, we ſhould receive them after the ſame Manner: Wine would have the ſame Reliſh with the Sick, as with the Healthful. He who has his Finger chapt or benum'd, would find the ſame Hardneſs in Wood or Iron that he handles, that another does. Strange Subjects then ſurrender themſelves to our Mercy, and are ſeated in us as we pleaſe. Now if on our part we did receive any thing without Alteration, if human Graſp were capable and ſtrong enough to ſeize on Truth by our own Means, being common to all Men,

* *Cic. Acad. l.* 4.

this

this Truth would be conveyed from hand to hand, from one to another; and at leaſt there would be ſome one thing to be found in the World amongſt ſo many as there are, that would be believ'd by Men with an univerſal Conſent. But this, that there is no one Propoſition, that is not debated and controverted amongſt us, or that may not be, makes it very manifeſt, that our natural Judgment does not very clearly diſcern what it embraces: For my Judgment cannot make my Companions approve of what it approves: Which is a Sign that I ſeized it by ſome other Means, than by a Natural Power that is in me, and in all other Men. Let us lay aſide this infinite Confuſion of Opinions, which we ſee even amongſt the *Philoſophers* themſelves, and this perpetual and univerſal Diſpute about the Knowledge of Things. For this is truly preſuppos'd, that Men, I mean the moſt knowing, the beſt born, and of the beſt Parts, are not agreed about any one Thing: Not that *Heaven* is over our Heads: For they that doubt of every Thing, do alſo doubt of that; and they who deny that we are able to comprehend any Thing, ſay, that we have not comprehended, that the *Heaven* is over our Heads, and theſe two Opinions are without Compariſon the ſtronger in Number. Beſides this infinite Diverſity and Diviſion, through the Trouble that our Judgment gives ourſelves, and the Incertainty that every one is ſenſible of in himſelf, 'tis eaſy to perceive that it's Seat is very unſtable and unſecure. How variouſly do we judge of Things? How often do we alter our Opinions? What I hold and believe to Day, I hold and believe with my whole Belief: All my Inſtruments and Engines ſeize and take hold of this Opinion, and become reſponſible to me for it, at leaſt as much as in them lies; I could not embrace, nor conſerve any Truth with greater Confidence and Aſſurance, than I do this. I am wholly and entirely poſſeſſed with it: But has it not befallen me not only once, but a thouſand Times, every Day to have embraced ſome other Thing with all the ſame Inſtruments, and in the ſame Condition, which I have ſince judg'd to be falſe? A Man muſt at leaſt become wiſe at his own Expence. If I have often found myſelf betray'd under this Colour, if my Touch proves commonly falſe, and my Balance unequal and unjuſt, what Aſſurance can I now have more, than

than at other Times? Is it not Stupidity and Madneſs to ſuffer myſelf to be ſo often deceiv'd by my Guide? Nevertheleſs let Fortune remove and ſhift us five hundred Times from Place to Place, let her do nothing but inceſſantly empty and fill into our Belief, as into a Veſſel, other and other Opinions; yet ſtill the preſent and the laſt is the certain and infallible: For this we muſt abandon Goods, Honour, Life, Health and all.

———Poſterior res ille reperta
Perdit, & immutat ſenſus ad priſtina quæque *.

The laſt things we find out are always beſt,
And make us to diſreliſh all the reſt.

Whatever is preach'd to us, and whatever we learn, we ſhould ſtill remember, that it is Man that gives, and Man that receives; 'tis a mortal Hand that preſents it to us, 'tis a mortal Hand that accepts it. The Things that come to us from Heaven, have the ſole Right and Authority of Perſuaſion, the ſole Mark of Truth: Which alſo we do not ſee with our own Eyes, nor receive by our own means: That Great and Sacred Image could not abide in ſo wretched a Habitation, if *God* for this End did not prepare it, if *God* did not by his particular and ſupernatural Grace and Favour, fortify and reform it: At leaſt our frail and defective Condition ought to make us behave ourſelves with more Reſervedneſs and Moderation in our Innovations and Change. We ought to remember, that whatever we receive into the Underſtanding, we often receive Things that are falſe, and that it is by the ſame Inſtruments that ſo often give themſelves the Lye, and are ſo oft deceived. Now it is no Wonder they ſhould ſo often contradict themſelves, being ſo eaſy to be turn'd and ſway'd by very light Occurrences. It is certain that our Apprehenſions, our Judgment, and the Faculties of the Soul in general, ſuffer according to the Movements and Alterations of the Body; which Alterations are continual. Are not our Wits more ſpritely, our Memories more prompt and quick, and our Meditations more lively in Health, than in Sickneſs? Do not Joy and Gaiety make us receive Subjects that preſent themſelves to our Souls, quite other-

* *Lucr. l.* 13.

wiſe

wiſe than Care and Melancholy? Do you believe that *Catullus*'s Verſes, or thoſe of *Sappho* pleaſe an old doting Miſer, as they do a vigorous amorous young Man? *Cleomenes*, the Son of *Anaxandrias*, being ſick, his Friends reproach'd him, that he had Humours and Whimſies that were new and unaccuſtom'd; *I believe it*, ſaid he, *neither am I the ſame Man now, as when I am in Health: Being now another Thing, my Opinions and Fancies are alſo other than they were before.* In our Courts of Juſtice, this Word which is ſpoken of Criminals, when they find the Judges in a good Humour, gentle and mild, *Gaudeat de bona Fortuna, Let him rejoice in his good Fortune,* is much in Uſe. For it is moſt certain that Men's Judgments are ſometimes more prone to Condemnation, more ſharp and ſevere; and at others more facile, eaſy, and inclin'd to excuſe. He that carries with him from his Houſe, the Pain of the Gout, Jealouſy or Theft by his Man, having his whole Soul poſſeſt with Grief and Anger, it is not to be doubted but that his Judgment will lean this Way. That venerable *Senate* of the *Areopagites*, was uſed to hear and determine by Night, for fear leſt the Sight of the Parties might corrupt their Juſtice. The very Air itſelf, and the Serenity of Heaven, will cauſe ſome Mutation in us, according to theſe Verſes in *Cicero:*

Tales ſunt Hominum Mentes, quales pater ipſe
Jupiter, auctifera luſtravit lampade terras *.
The Minds of Men do in the Weather ſhare,
Dark or ſerene, as the Day's foul or fair.

'Tis not only *Fevers*, *Debauches*, and great Accidents that overthrow our Judgments; the leaſt Things in the World will do it. We are not to doubt, tho' we are not ſenſible of it, but that if a *continued Fever* can overwhelm the Soul, a *Tertian* will in ſome proportionate Meaſure alter it. If an *Apoplexy* can ſtupify, and totally extinguiſh the Sight of our Underſtanding, we are not to doubt but that a great *Cold* will dazzle it. And conſequently there is hardly one ſingle Hour in a Man's whole Life, wherein our Judgment is in its due Place and right Condition, our Bodies

* *Cicero ex Incerto.*

being

being ſubject to ſo many continual Mutations, and ſtuff'd with ſo many ſeveral ſorts of Springs and Devices, that I believe *Phyſicians* know how hard it is, but that there muſt be always ſome one or other out of Order. As to what remains, this Malady does not very eaſily diſcover itſelf, unleſs it be extreme and paſt Remedy: Foraſmuch as Reaſon goes always lame, halting, and that too as well with Falſhood, as with Truth; and therefore 'tis hard to diſcover her Derivations and Miſtakes: I always call that Appearance of Meditation which every one forgets in himſelf, Reaſon: This Reaſon, of the Condition of which there may be an Hundred contrary ones about one and the ſame Subject, is an Inſtrument of Lead and of Wax, ductile, pliable and accommodate to all ſorts of Biaſſes, and to all Meaſures; ſo that nothing remains but the Art and Skill, how to run and mould it. How uprightly ſoever a Judge may reſolve to demean himſelf, if he does not look well to himſelf, which few are careful to do, his Inclination to Friendſhip, to Relation, to Beauty or Revenge, and not only Things of that Weight, but even the fortuitous Inſtinct, that makes us favour one Thing more than another, and that without Reaſon's Permiſſion, puts the Choice upon us in two equal Subjects; or ſome Shadow of like Vanity, may inſenſibly inſinuate into his Judgment, the Recommendation or Disfavour of a Cauſe, and make the Ballance dip. I that watch myſelf as narrowly as I can, and that have my Eyes continually bent upon myſelf, like one that has no great Buſineſs to do elſewhere,

——— *Quis ſub Arcto*
Rex gelidæ metuator oræ,
Quid Tyridatem terreat, unice
Securus. *———

——— Secure whatever King
Does rule the ſtubborn North, or whatſoe'er
The mighty *Tyradates* puts in fear.

dare hardly tell the Vanity and Weakneſs I find in myſelf. My Foot is ſo unſtable, and ſtands ſo unſteady, I find

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Ode* 26.

myſelf ſo apt to totter and reel, and my ſight ſo diſordered, that faſting I am quite another Man than when full; if Health and a fair Day ſmile upon me, I am a very affable good natur'd Man; if a Corn trouble my Toe, I am ſullen, out of Humour, and not to be ſeen. The ſame Pace of a Horſe ſeems to be one while hard, and another eaſy, and the ſame way one while ſhorter, and another longer: And the ſame Form, one while more, another leſs taking. I am one while for doing every Thing, and another for doing nothing at all; and what pleaſes me now, would be a Trouble to me at another Time. I have a Thouſand ſenſeleſs and caſual Actions within myſelf. Either I am poſſeſt by Melancholy, or ſway'd by Choler; now by its own private Authority, Sadneſs predominates in me, and by and by I am as merry as a Cricket. When I take a Book in Hand, I have then diſcover'd admirable Graces in ſuch and ſuch Paſſages, and ſuch as have ſtruck my Soul; let me light upon them at another Time, I may turn and toſs, tumble and rattle the Leaves to no Purpoſe, 'tis then to me an inform and undiſcover'd Maſs. Even in my own Writings, I do not always find the Air of my firſt Fancy: I know not what I would have ſaid, but am often put to it to correct and pump for a new Senſe, becauſe I have loſt the firſt that was better. I do nothing but go and come: My Judgment does not always advance, it floats and roams,

> ——— *Velut minuta magno*
> *Deprenſa navis in mari veſaniente vento* *.
>
> Like a ſmall Bark upon the ſwelling Main,
> When Winds do ruffle up the liquid Plain.

Very often (as I am apt to do) having for diverſion undertaken to maintain an Opinion contrary to my own, my Mind bending and applying itſelf that Way, does ſo rarely engage me in the Quarrel, that I no more diſcern the Reaſon of my former Belief, and forſake it. I am as it were miſled by the Side to which I incline, be it what it will, and carried away by my own Weight. Every one would almoſt ſay the ſame of himſelf, if he conſider'd himſelf as I do.

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* *Catullus.*

Preachers

Preachers very well know, that the Emotions which ſteal upon them in ſpeaking, do animate them towards Belief; and that in Paſſion we are more ſtiff in the Defence of our Propoſition, take ourſelves a deeper Impreſſion of it, and embrace it with greater Vehemence and Approbation, than we do in our colder and more temperate Senſe. You only give your *Council* a ſimple Brief of your Cauſe, he returns you a dubious and uncertain Anſwer, by which you find him indifferent, which Side he takes: Have you fee'd him well, that he may reliſh it the better, does he begin to be really concern'd, and do you find him truly intereſted and zealous in your Quarrel? His Reaſon and Learning will by degrees grow hot in your Cauſe, behold an apparent and undoubted Truth preſents itſelf to his Underſtanding; he diſcovers a new Light in your Buſineſs, and does in good earneſt believe, and perſuade himſelf that it is ſo. Nay, I do not know whether the Ardour that ſprings from Spite and Obſtinacy, againſt the Power and Violence of the Magiſtrate and Danger; or the Intereſt of Reputation, may not have made ſome Men, even at the Stake, maintain the Opinion, for which at Liberty, and amongſt Friends, he would not have burn'd his Finger. The Shocks and Juſtles, that the Soul receives from the Body's Paſſions can do much in it, but its own can do a great deal more: To which it is ſo ſubjected, that perhaps it is to be made good, that it has no other Pace and Motion, but from the Breath of thoſe Winds, without the Agitation of which, it would be becalm'd and without Action, like a Ship in the Middle of the Sea, to which the Winds have deny'd their Aſſiſtance. And whoever ſhould maintain this, ſiding with the *Peripatetick*, would do us no great Wrong. Seeing it is very well known, that the greateſt and moſt noble Actions of the Soul proceed from, and ſtand in need of this Impulſe of Paſſions. Valour, they ſay, cannot be perfect without the Aſſiſtance of Anger.

Semper Ajax *fortis, fortiſſimus tamen in furore* *.

Ajax was always brave, but moſt when mad.

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* *Cicer. Tuſc. l.* 4.

Neither do we encounter the Wicked and the Enemy vigorouſly enough, if we be not angry: Nay, the *Advocate* is to inſpire the *Judges* with Indignation, to obtain Juſtice. Illicit Deſires diſorder'd *Themiſtocles* and *Demoſthenes*, and have puſh'd on the *Philoſophers* to Watching, Faſting, and Pilgrimages; and lead us to Honour, Learning and Health, which are all very uſeful Ends. And this Meanneſs of Soul, in ſuffering Anxiety and Trouble, ſerves to breed Remorſe and Repentance in the Conſcience, and to make us ſenſible of the Scourge of *God*, and politick Correction for the Chaſtiſement of our Offences. Compaſſion is a Spur to Clemency and Prudence; and the Prudence of preſerving and governing ourſelves is rous'd by our Fear; and how many brave Actions by Ambition? How many by Preſumption? Finally, there is no brave and ſpiritual Virtue, without ſome irregular Agitation. Should it not be one of the Reaſons that mov'd the *Epicureans* to diſcharge *God* from all Care and Solicitude of our Affairs; becauſe even the Effects of Bounty could not be exercis'd in our Behalf, without diſturbing his Repoſe, by the Means of Paſſions, which are ſo many Spurs and Inſtruments pricking on the Soul to virtuous Actions; or have they thought otherwiſe, and taken them for Tempeſts, that ſhamefully hurry the Soul from her Tranquility? *Ut maris tranquillitas intelligitur, nulla, ne minima quidem, aura fluctus commovente: Sic animi quietus & placitus ſtatus cernitur; quum perturbatio nulla eſt qua moveri queat* *. *As it is underſtood to be a calm Sea, when there is not the leaſt Breath of the Air ſtirring: So the State of the Soul is diſcern'd to be quiet and appeaſed, when there is no Perturbation to move it.* What Variety of Senſe and Reaſon, what Contrariety of Imagination does the Diverſity of our Paſſions inſpire us with? What Aſſurance then can we take of a Thing ſo mobile, and unſtable, ſubject by its Condition to the Dominion of Trouble, and never going other than a forced and borrowed Pace? If our Judgment be in the Power even of Sickneſs and Perturbation; if it be from Folly and Raſhneſs, that it is held to receive the Impreſſion of Things, what Aſſurance can we expect from it? Is it

* *Cicer. Ibid. l.* 4.

not

not a great boldneſs in Philoſophy, to believe that Men perform the greateſt Actions, and neareſt approaching the Divinity, when they are Furious, Mad, and beſides themſelves? We better ourſelves by the Aſtoniſhment and Privation of Reaſon. The two natural Ways to enter into the Cabinet of the *Gods*, and there to foreſee the Courſe of Deſtiny, are Fury and Sleep. This is pleaſant to conſider. By the Diſlocation that Paſſions cauſe in our Reaſon, we muſt become Virtuous: By its Exturpation occaſioned by Madneſs, as the Image of Death, we become *Divinors* and *Prophets*. I was never ſo willing to believe Philoſophy in any Thing, as this. 'Tis a pure *Enthuſiaſm*, wherewith ſacred Truth has inſpir'd the Spirit of *Philoſophy*, which makes it confeſs, contrary to its own Propoſition, that the moſt calm, compoſed and healthful Eſtate of the Soul, that *Philoſophy* can ſeat it in, is not its beſt Condition. Our Waking is more a Sleep, than Sleep itſelf; our Wiſdom leſs Wiſe than Folly: Our Dreams are worth more than our Meditation; and the worſt Place we can take is in ourſelves. But does not Philoſophy think that we are Wiſe enough to conſider, that the Voice that the Spirit utters, when diſmiſt from Man, ſo clear-ſighted, ſo great, and ſo perfect, and whilſt it is in Man terreſtrial, ignorant and dark, is a Voice proceeding from the Spirit of a dark, terreſtrial and ignorant Man, and for this Reaſon a Voice not to be truſted and believed? I have no great Experience of theſe vehement Agitations, being of a ſoft and heavy Complexion, the moſt of which ſurprize the Soul on a ſudden, without giving it leiſure to recollect itſelf. But the Paſſion that is ſaid to be produc'd by Illneſs in the Hearts of young Men, tho' it proceed leiſurely, and with a meaſured Progreſs, does evidently manifeſt to thoſe who have try'd to oppoſe its Power, the Violence our Judgment ſuffers in this Alteration and Converſion. I have formerly attempted to withſtand and repel it. For I am ſo far from being one of thoſe that invite Vices, that I do not ſo much as follow them, if they do not haule me along: I perceiv'd it to ſpring, grow and increaſe in ſpite of my Reſiſtance; and at laſt, living and ſeeing as I was, wholly to ſeize and poſſeſs me: So that, as if newly rous'd from Drunkenneſs, the Images of Things began to appear to me quite other than they uſed to be: I evidently ſaw the Perſon, I deſired, grow and increaſe

in Advantage of Beauty, and to expand and blow fairer by the Influence of my Imagination, and the Difficulties of my Attempt to grow more eaſy and ſmooth; and both my Reaſon and Conſcience to be laid aſide: But this Fire being evaporated in an Inſtant, as from a flaſh of Lightning, I was aware that my Soul reſum'd another kind of Sight, another ſort of State, and another Judgment. The Difficulties of my Retreat appear'd great and invincible, and the ſame Things had quite another Taſte and Aſpect, than the Heat of Deſire had preſented them to me. Than which *Pyrrho* himſelf knows nothing more truly. We are never without Sickneſs. Agues have their hot and cold Fits; from the Effects of an ardent Paſſion, we fall again to ſhivering. As much as I had advanc'd, ſo much I retir'd.

Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus,
Nunc ruit ad terras ſcopuliſque ſuperjacit undam
Spumeus, extremamque ſinu perfundit arenam:
Nunc rapidus retro, atque æſtu revoluta reſorbens
Saxa fugit, littuſque vado labente reliquit *.

As ſpumy *Neptune* with repeated Waves,
Now the pale Shoar, and craggy Beaches laves,
And like a Drunkard vomits up the Sand,
That deepeſt lay, in heaving Tides to Land;
And now retiring thence, as loud does roar,
Sucking in Pebbles from the new waſh'd Shoar.

Now from the Knowledge of this Volubility of mine, I have accidentally begot in myſelf a certain Conſtancy of Opinions, and have not much altered thoſe that were firſt and natural in me: For what Appearance ſoever there may be in Novelty, I do not eaſily change, for fear of loſing by the Bargain: And beſides I am not capable of chuſing, I take other Men's Choice, and keep myſelf in the Station wherein *God* has placed me, I could not otherwiſe keep myſelf from perpetual rolling. Thus have I, by the Grace of *God*, preſerv'd myſelf entire, without Anxiety or Trouble of Conſcience, amidſt ſo many Sects and Diviſions, as our Age has produc'd. The Writings of the Ancients, the beſt Authors I mean, being full and ſolid, tempt and carry me which Way almoſt they will: He, that I am reading, ſeems always to have the moſt Force, and I find

* *Æn. l.* 11.

that

that every one has Reaſon, tho' they contradict one another. The Facility that good Wits have of rendring every Thing likely they would recommend; and that nothing is ſo ſtrange to which they do not undertake to give Colour enough to deceive ſuch a Simplicity as mine, this evidently ſhews the Weakneſs of their Teſtimony. The Heaven and the Stars have been three thouſand Years in Motion, and all the World were of that Belief, till *Cleanthes* the *Samian*, (or, according to *Theophraſtus*) *Nicetas* of *Syracuſa* bethought him to maintain, that it was the Earth that mov'd, turning about the *Axis* by the oblique Circle of the *Zodiac*. And *Copernicus* has in other Times ſo grounded this Doctrine, that it very regularly ſerves to all *Aſtrological* Conſequences. What Uſe can we make of this, if not, that we ought not much to care which is the true Opinion? And who knows but that a third, a thouſand Years hence, may overthrow the two former?

Sic volvenda ætas commutat tempora rerum,
Quod fuit in pretio, fit nullo denique honore,
Porro aliud ſuccedit, & è contemptibus exit,
Inque dies magis appetitur, floretque repertum
Laudibus, & miro eſt mortales inter honore *.

Things are ſo chang'd by Revolution,
That what had Credit once, had after none,
To which ſome other Thing, deſpis'd before,
Succeeds, and grows in Vogue ſtill more and more,
And once receiv'd, all Praiſe too little ſeems,
So highly it is rais'd in Men's Eſteems.

Why new Opinions are to be rejected.

So that when any new Doctrine preſents itſelf to us, we have great Reaſon to miſtruſt, and to conſider, that before that was ſet on Foot, the Contrary had been generally receiv'd; and that, as that has been overthrown by this, a third Invention, in Time to come may ſtart up which may damn the ſecond. Before the Principles that *Ariſtotle* introduc'd were in reputation, other Principles contented human Reaſon, as theſe ſatisfy us now. What *Patent* have theſe People? What particular Privilege, that the

Ariſtotle's *Principles in Vogue.*

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

Career of our Invention muſt be ſtopped by them, and that the Poſſeſſion of our whole future Belief ſhould belong to them? They are no more exempt from being thruſt out of Doors than their Predeceſſors were. When any one preſſes me with a new Argument, I ought to believe, that what I cannot anſwer, another can: For to believe all Likelihoods that a Man cannot confute, is great Simplicity: It would by that means come to paſs, that all the Vulgar (and we are all of the Vulgar) would have their Belief as turnable as a Weathercock: For the Soul being ſo eaſy to be impos'd upon, and without any Reſiſtance, muſt of Force inceſſantly receive other and other Impreſſions, the laſt ſtill effacing all Footſteps of that which went before. He that finds himſelf weak, ought to anſwer according to Practice, that he will ſpeak with his *Council*, or refer himſelf to the Wiſe, from whom he receiv'd his Inſtruction. How long is it that *Phyſick* has been practiſed in the World? 'Tis ſaid, that a new Comer, call'd *Paracelſus*, changes and overthrows the whole Order of antient Rules, and maintains that 'till now, it has been of no other Uſe, but to kill Men. I do believe, that he will eaſily make this good: But I do not think it were Wiſdom to venture my Life, in making Trial of his own Experience. *We are not to believe every one*, (ſays the Precept) *becauſe every one can ſay all Things.* A Man of this Profeſſion of Novelties and Phyſical Reformations, not long ſince told me, *that all the* Ancients *were notoriouſly miſtaken in the Nature and Motions of the Winds, which he would evidently demonſtrate to me, if I would give him the hearing.* After I had with ſome Patience heard his Arguments, which were all full of Likelihood of Truth, *What then*, ſaid I, *did thoſe that ſailed according to* Theophraſtus, *make Way Weſtward, when they had the Prow towards the* Eaſt, *did they go ſideward or backward? That's Fortune*, anſwer'd he, *but ſo it is, that they were miſtaken.* I then reply'd, *that I had rather follow Effects than Reaſon.* Now theſe are Things that often interfere, and I have been told, that in *Geometry* (which pretends to have gained the higheſt Point of Certainty of all Science) there are Demonſtrations found ſo inevitable, as ſubvert the Truth of all Experience. As *Jaques Pelletier* told me at my own Houſe, that *he had found out two Lines ſtretching themſelves one towards the other to meet, which nevertheleſs he affirmed, tho'*

tho' extended to all Inunity, could never happen to touch one another; and the *Pyrrhonians* make no other Uſe of their Arguments and their Reaſon, than to ruin the Appearance of Experience; and 'tis a Wonder, how far the Suppleneſs of our Reaſon has followed them in this Deſign of controverting the Evidence of Effects. For they affirm, *that we do not move, that we do not ſpeak,* and *that there is neither Weight nor Heat,* with the ſame Force of Argument, that we verify the moſt likely Things. *Ptolemy,* who was a great Man, had eſtabliſh'd the Bounds of this World of ours; all the ancient Philoſophers thought they had the Meaſure of it, excepting ſome remote *Iſles,* that might eſcape their Knowledge. It had been *Pyrrhoniſm* a thouſand Years ago, to doubt the Science of *Coſmography,* and the Opinions that every one had receiv'd from it: It was Hereſy to hold the *Antipodes*; and behold in this Age of ours, there is an infinite Extent of firm Land diſcover'd, not an Iſland or a Greatneſs to that we knew before. The Geographers of our Times ſtick not to aſſure us, that now all is found, all is ſeen;

Nam quod adeſt præſto placet, & pollere videtur *.

What preſent is does pleaſe, and ſeems the beſt.

But the Queſtion is, whether, if *Ptolemy* was therein formerly deceiv'd, upon the Foundations of his Reaſon, it were not very fooliſh to truſt now in what theſe People ſay? And whether it is not more like, that this great Body, which we call the World, is not quite another Thing than what we imagine; *Plato* ſays, *that it changes Countenance in all Reſpects: That the* Heavens, *the* Stars *and the* Sun, *have all of them ſometimes Motions retrograde to what we ſee changing* Eaſt *into* Weſt. *The Ægyptian Prieſts* told *Herodotus, that from the Time of their firſt King, which was Eleven Thouſand and odd Years, (and they ſhewed him the Effigies of all their Kings in Statues taken by the Life) the Sun had four times alter'd his Courſe: That the* Sea *and the* Earth *did alternately change into one another. Ariſtotle* and *Cicero* both ſay, *that the Beginning of the World is undetermined.* And ſome amongſt us are of Opi-

Several Opinions concerning the World.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

nion,

nion, *that it has been from all Eternity, is mortal and renewed again by ſeveral Viciſſitudes*; calling *Solomon* and *Iſaiah* to witneſs: To evade thoſe Oppoſitions, that *God* has once been a *Creator* without a *Creature*; that he has had nothing to do, that he has contradicted that Vacancy, by putting his Hand to this Work; and that conſequently he is Subject to Change. In the moſt famous of the *Greek* Schools, the World is taken for a *God*, made by another *God* greater than he, and is compoſed of a Body and a Soul, fix'd in his *Center*, and dilating himſelf by muſical Numbers to his Circumference: Divine, infinitely Happy, and infinitely Great, infinitely Wiſe and Eternal. In him are other Gods, the *Sea*, the *Earth*, the *Stars* who entertain one another with an harmonious and perpetual Agitation and divine Dance: Sometimes meeting, ſometimes retiring from one another; concealing and diſcovering themſelves' changing their Order, one while before, and another behind. *Heraclitus* was poſitive *that the World was compos'd of Fire, and by the Order of Deſtiny was one Day to be enflam'd and conſum'd in Fire, and then to be again renew'd.* And *Apuleius* ſays of Men: *Sigillatim mortales, cunctim perpetui* *. *That they are Mortal in particular, and Immortal in general.* *Alexander* writ to his Mother the Narration of an *Ægyptian Prieſt* drawn from their Monuments, teſtifying the Antiquity of that *Nation* to be infinite, and comprizing the Birth and Progreſs of other Countries. *Cicero* and *Diodorus* ſay, *that in their Time, the* Chaldees *kept a Regiſter of Four Hundred Thouſand and odd Years. Ariſtotle, Pliny,* and others, *that* Zoroaſter *flouriſhed Six Thouſand Years before* Plato's *Time. Plato* ſays, *that they of the City of* Sais *have Records in Writing of Eight Thouſand Years:* And *that the City of* Athens *was built a Thouſand Years before the ſaid City of* Sais. Epicurus, *that at the ſame Time, Things are here in the Poſture we ſee, they are alike and in the ſame Manner in ſeveral other Worlds.* Which he would have delivered with greater Aſſurance, had he ſeen the Similitude and Concordance of the new diſcovered World of the *Weſt Indies*, with ours preſent and paſt in ſo many ſtrange Examples. In earneſt, conſidering what is arriv'd at our Knowledge from the Courſe

* *Apuleius.*

of

of this terreſtrial Polity, I have often wondred to ſee in ſo vaſt a Diſtance of Places and Times, ſuch a Concurrence of ſo great a Number of popular and wild Opinions, and of ſavage Manners and Beliefs, which by no Means ſeem to proceed from our natural Meditation. Human Wit is a greater Worker of Miracles. But this Relation has moreover, I know not what of Extraordinary in it, 'tis found to be in Names alſo and a thouſand other things. For they found *Nations* there (that, for ought we know, never heard of us) where Circumciſion was in Uſe: Where there were States and ſtrict Civil Governments maintain'd by Women only, without Men: Where *Feaſts* and *Lent* were repreſented, to which was added, the Abſtinence from Women: Where our Croſſes were ſeveral Ways in Repute: Where they were made uſe of to honour and adorn their Sepultures, where they were erected, and namely, that of St. *Andrew*, to protect themſelves from nocturnal Viſions, and to lay upon the Cradles of the Infants againſt Inchantments: Elſewhere there was found one of Wood, of very great Stature, which was ador'd for the *God* of Rain; and that a great Way into the firm Land, where there were ſeen an expreſs Image of our ſhivring Prieſts, with the Uſe of Mitres, the Cœlibacy of Prieſts, the Art of Divination by the Entrails of ſacrific'd Beaſts, Abſtinence from all Sorts of Fleſh and Fiſh in their Diet, the Manner of *Prieſts* Officiating in a particular and not a vulgar Language: And this Fancy, that the firſt *God* was diſhonoured by a Second, his younger Brother: That they were created with all ſorts of Neceſſaries and Conveniencies, which have ſince been taken from them for their Sins, their Territory chang'd, and their natural Condition made worſe. That they where of Old overwhelmed by the Inundation of Water from Heaven; that but few Families eſcaped, who retired into Caves of high Mountains, the Mouths of which they ſtopped; that the Waters could not get in, having ſhut up, together with themſelves, ſeveral ſorts of Animals: That when they perceiv'd the Rain to ceaſe they ſent out Dogs, which returning clean and wet, they judg'd that the Water was not much abated: Afterward ſending

Circumciſion.

St. Andrew's *Croſs.*

ACroſs ador'd for the God of Rain.

The Creation of the World.

ſending out others, and ſeeing them return dirty, they iſſued out to re-people the World, which they found only full of Serpents. In one Place they met with the Belief of a Day of Judgment; inſomuch that they were marvellouſly diſpleaſed at the *Spaniards* for diſcompoſing the Bones of the Dead, in rifling the Sepultures for Riches, ſaying, that thoſe Bones ſo diſordered could not eaſily rejoin: The Traffick by Exchange, and no other Way, Fairs, and Markets for that End: Dwarfs and deform'd People for the Ornament of the Tables of Princes: The Uſe of Falconry, according to the Natures of their Hawks; tyrannical Subſidies; Curioſity in Gardens, Dances, tumbling Tricks, Muſick of Inſtruments, Armories, Tennis Courts, Dice and Lotteries, wherein they are ſometimes ſo eager and hot, as to ſtake and play themſelves and their Liberty: *Phyſick*, no otherwiſe, than by *Charms:* And the Way of Writing in *Cypher:* The Belief of only one firſt Man, the Father of all Nations: The Adoration of one God, who formerly liv'd a Man in perfect Virginity, Faſting and Penitence, preaching the *Law of Nature*, and the *Ceremonies* of *Religion*; and that vaniſhed from the World without a natural Death; the Opinion of *Giants*; the Cuſtom of making themſelves drunk with their Beverages, and drinking to the utmoſt; the religious Ornaments painted with Bones and dead Men's Skulls: Surplices, holy Water ſprinkled, Wives and Servants, who preſent themſelves with Emulation, to be burnt and interr'd with the dead Huſband or Maſter: a Law by which the Eldeſt ſucceeds to all the Eſtate, no other Proviſion being made for the Younger, but Obedience: The Cuſtom that upon Promotion to a certain Office of great Authority, the Promoted is to take upon him a new Name, and to leave that which he had before: Another to ſtrew Lime upon the Knee of the New-born Child: with theſe Words, *From Duſt thou cameſt, and to Duſt thou muſt return:* As alſo the Art of *Augury*. Theſe vain Shadows of our Religion, which are obſervable in ſome of theſe Examples, are Teſtimonies of its Dignity and Divinity. It is not only in

The Day of Judgment.

Dwarfs at the Tables of Princes.

Divers Sorts of Games.

Adoration of one God made Man.

in ſome ſort inſinuated into all the infidel *Nations* on this ſide of the World, by a certain Imitation, but in the forenam'd *Barbarians* alſo, as by a common and ſupernatural Inſpiration: For we find there the Belief of Purgatory, but of a new Form; that which we give to the Fire they give to the Cold, and imagine, that the Souls are purged and puniſhed by the Rigour of an exceſſive Coldneſs. And this Example puts me in mind of another pleaſant Diverſity: For as there were in that Place ſome People who took a Pride to ſtrip and unmuffle the Glands of their Inſtruments, and clipt off the Prepuce after the *Mahometan* and *Jewiſh* Manner; there were others who made ſo great Conſcience of laying it bare, that they carefully purſed it up with little Springs, to keep that End from peeping into the Air. And of this other Diverſity, that whereas we, to honour Kings and Feſtivals, put on the beſt Clothes we have; in ſome Regions, to expreſs their Diſparity and Submiſſion to their King, his Subjects preſent themſelves before him in their vileſt Habits, and entring his *Palace*, throw ſome old tatter'd Garment over their better Apparel, to the End that all the Luſtre and Ornament may ſolely remain in him. But to proceed; if Nature incloſe within the Bounds of her ordinary Progreſs, the Beliefs, Judgments and Opinions of Men, as well as all other Things; if they have their Revolution, their Seaſon, their Birth and Death, like Cabbage-plants; if the Heavens agitate and rule them at their Pleaſure, what magiſterial and permanent Authority do we attribute to them? If we experimentally ſee, that the Form of our Beings depends upon the Air, upon the Climate, and upon the Soil where we are born: And not only the Colour, the Stature, the Complexion and the Countenances, but moreover the very Faculties of the Soul itſelf: *Et plaga Cæli non ſolum ad robur corporum, ſed etiam animorum facit*: The Climate is of great Efficacy, not only to the Strength of Bodies, but to that of Souls alſo*, ſays *Vegetius:* And that the Goddeſs who founded the City of *Athens* choſe to ſituate it in a Temperature of Air fit to make Men prudent, as the *Ægyptian* Prieſts told

A new ſort of Purgatory.

* *Veget. l.* 1. *Cap.* 2.

Solon:

Solon: Athenis tenue Cœlum: Ex quo etiam acutiores putantur Attici: Craſſum Thebis: Itaque pingues Thebani, & valentes *: *The Air of* Athens *is ſubtile and thin; from whence alſo the* Athenians *are reputed to be more acute: And at* Thebes *more groſs and thick; wherefore the* Thebans *are looked upon as more heavy-witted and more ſtrong:* In ſuch ſort, that as the Fruits and Animals differ, the Men ſhould alſo be more or leſs warlike, juſt, temperate, and docile; here given to Wine, elſewhere to Theft or Uncleanneſs: Here inclin'd to Superſtition; elſewhere to Unbelief: In one Place to Liberty, in another to Servitude; capable of one Science or of one Art, dull or ingenious, obedient or mutinous, good or ill, according as the Place where they are ſeated inclines them, and aſſume a new Complexion, if remov'd, like Trees: Which was the Reaſon why *Cyrus* would not grant the *Perſians* leave to quit their rough and craggy Country to remove to another more pleaſant and plain: Saying, *That fertile and tender Soils made Men effeminate and ſoft.* If we ſee one while one Art and one Belief flouriſh, and another while another, thro' ſome cœleſtial Influence; ſuch an Age to produce ſuch Natures, and to incline Mankind to ſuch and ſuch a Propenſity; the Spirits of Men one while gay, and another grum; like our Fields, what becomes of all thoſe fine Prerogatives we ſo ſooth ourſelves withal; ſeeing that a wiſe Man may be miſtaken: A hundred Men, a hundred Nations, nay, that even human Nature itſelf, as we believe, is many Ages wide in one Thing or another, what Aſſurances have we that ſhe ſometimes is not miſtaken, or not in this very Age of ours? Methinks, that amongſt other Teſtimonies of our Imbecility, this ought not to be forgotten, that Man cannot, by his own Wiſh and Deſire, find out what is neceſſary for him; that not in Fruition only, but in Imagination and Wiſh, we cannot agree about what we would have to ſatisfy and content us. Let us leave it to our own Thought, to cut out and make up at Pleaſure: It cannot ſo much as covet what is proper for it, and ſatisfy itſelf.

——— *quid enim ratione timemus*
Aut cupimus? Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat, votique peracti † *?*

* *Cicero de Fato.* † *Juv. Sat.* 10.

For

For what with Reaſon does Man wiſh or fear,
Or undertake upon a Ground ſo clear,
That afterward he may not well repent
Both the Attempt and the deſir'd Event.

Socrates's *Prayers.*

And therefore it was, that *Socrates* begg'd nothing of the *Gods* but what they knew to be beſt for him. And the both private and publick Prayers of the *Lacedæmonians* were only ſimply to obtain good and uſeful Things, referring the Choice and Election of them to the Diſcretion of the Supreme Power.

Conjugium petimus, partumque Uxoris, at illis
Notum qui pueri, qualiſque futura ſit Uxor.*

We pray for Wives and Children, they above
Know only when we have them, what they'll prove.

And *Chriſtians pray to God, That his Will may be done:* That they may not fall into the Inconvenience the Poet feigns of the King *Midas. He prayed to the* Gods, *that all he touch'd might be turn'd into Gold: His Prayer was heard, his Wine was* Gold, *his Bread was* Gold, *and the Feathers of his Bed, his Shirt and Clothes were turn'd into* Gold; ſo that he found himſelf ruin'd and overwhelmed with the Fruition of his Deſire; and being enrich'd with an intolerable Wealth was fain to unpray his Prayers:

Attonitus novitate mali, diveſque, miſerque,
Effugere optat opes, & quæ modo voverat odit †.

Aſtoniſh'd at the Strangeneſs of the Ill,
To be ſo rich, yet miſerable ſtill;
He wiſhes now he could his Wealth evade,
And hates the Thing for which before he pray'd.

The Order of St. Michael *of high Eſteem in* France.

To inſtance in myſelf, being young, I deſir'd of Fortune, above all Things, the Order of St. *Michael*; which was then the utmoſt Diſtinction of Honour amongſt the *French* Nobles, and very rare. She pleaſantly gratify'd my Longing. Inſtead of raiſing me, and lifting me up from my own Place to attain to it, ſhe

* *Juv. Sat.* 10. † *Ovid. Met. l.* 11.

was

was much kinder to me; for ſhe brought it ſo low, and made it ſo cheap, that it ſtoopt down to my Shoulders, and lower. *Cleobis* and *Biton*, *Trophonius* and *Agamedes*, having requeſted, the firſt of their Goddeſs, the laſt of their God, *a Recompence worthy of their Piety*, had *Death* for a Reward: So differing are heavenly Opinions, concerning what is fit for us; for our *God* might grant us Riches, Honours, Life and Health ſometimes to our own Hurt: For every thing that is pleaſing to us is not always good for us; if he ſends us Death, or an Increaſe of Sickneſs inſtead of a Cure, *Virga tua, & baculus tuus ipſa me conſolata ſunt* *: *Thy Rod and thy Staff have comforted me:* He does it by the Rule of his Providence, which better and more certainly diſcerns what is proper for us than we can do; and we ought to take it in good part, as coming from a wiſe and moſt friendly Hand.

———Si conſilium vis,
Permittis ipſis expendere numinibus quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris;
Charior eſt illis homo, quam ſibi †.

If thoul't be rul'd, leave to the *Gods* in Pray'rs
To weigh what's fit for us in our Affairs;
For Man to them, by infinite Degrees,
Than he is to himſelf, far dearer is.

For to require Honours and Commands, is to require, that he may throw you into a Battle; ſet you upon a Caſt at Dice, or ſomething of the like Nature; whereof the Iſſue is to you unknown, and the Fruit doubtful. There is no Diſpute ſo ſharp and violent amongſt the *Philoſophers* as about the Queſtion of *the ſovereign Good of Man:* From whence, by the Calculation of *Varro*, two hundred and fourſcore *Sects*. *Qui autem de ſummo bono diſſentit, de tota Philoſophiæ ratione diſputat* ‡. *For, whoever enters into Controverſy, concerning the Supreme Good, diſputes upon the whole Reaſon of Philoſophy.*

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato,
Quid dem? Quid non dem? Renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſane eſt invifum, acidumque duobus ‖.

* *Pſal.* xxiii. † *Juv. Sat.* 10. ‡ *Cicero de Fin. ib.* 5. ‖ *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 2.

T'invite

T'invite three Gueſts of differing Palates home
To a Man's Table, ſure is troubleſome;
What one likes thou diſlik'ſt: What ſhall I do?
And what thou lik'ſt diſlikes the other two.

Nature ſhould ſay the ſame to their Conteſts and Debates. Some ſay, that our well-being lies in *Virtue*, others in *Pleaſure*, others in your *ſubmitting to* Nature: One in *Knowledge*, another in *being exempt from Pain*, another in *not ſuffering ourſelves to be carried away by Appearances*: And this Fancy ſeems to have ſome relation to that of the ancient *Pythagoras*.

Nil admirari prope res eſt una, Numaci,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere, & ſervare beatum *.

Nothing t'admire's the only Thing I know
Can make us happy, and can keep us ſo.

Which is the Drift of the *Pyrrhonian* Sect. *Ariſtotle* attributes the admiring of nothing to *Magnanimity*. And *Arceſilaus* ſaid, *that Conſtancy, and a right inflexible State of Judgment were the true Goods: But that Conſent and Application the Evils*; and there, it is true, in being thus poſitive, and eſtabliſhing it by a certain Axiom, he quitted *Pyrrhoniſm*. For the *Pyrrhonians*, when they ſay, *that the Ataraxy*, which is the Immobility of Judgment, *is the ſovereign Good*, do not deſign to ſpeak it affirmatively; but that the ſame Motion of Soul which makes them avoid Precipices, and take ſhelter from the Cold, preſents them ſuch a Fancy, and makes them refuſe another. How much do I wiſh, that whilſt I live, either ſome other, or *Juſtus Lipſius*, the moſt learned Man now living, of a moſt polite and judicious Underſtanding, and truly reſembling my *Turnebus*; had both the Will and Health, and Leiſure ſufficient, ſincerely to collect into a Regiſter according to their Diviſions and Claſſes, as many as are to be found of the Opinions of the ancient Philoſophers, about the Subject of our Being and Manners, their Controverſies, the Succeſſion and Reputation of *Sects*; with the Application of the Lives of the Authors and their

Character of Juſtus Lipſius.

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 6.

Diſciples to their own Precepts, in memorable Accidents, and upon exemplary Occaſions. What a beautiful and uſeful Work that would be! As to what remains, if it be from ourſelves that we are to extract the Rules of our Manners, upon what a Confuſion do we throw ourſelves? For that which our Reaſon adviſes us to, as the moſt probable, is generally *for every one to obey the* Laws *of his Country*, as it was that of *Socrates*, inſpir'd, as he pretends himſelf, by a divine Counſel. And by that what would it ſay, if not that our Duty has no other Rule but what is accidental? Truth ought to have a like and univerſal Viſage: If Man could know *Equity and Juſtice*, that it had a Body and a true Being, he would not fetter it to the Conditions of this Country or that. It would not be from the Whimſies of the *Perſians* or *Indians* that Virtue would receive its Form. There is nothing more ſubject to perpetual Agitation than the *Laws*. Since the Time that I was born, I have known thoſe of the *Engliſh*, our Neighbours, three or four times chang'd, not only in Matters of *Civil Regimen*, which is the only Thing wherein Conſtancy is diſpenſed with, but in the moſt important Subject that can be; namely, *Religion*. At which I am the more troubled, and of which I am the more aſhamed, becauſe it is a Nation with whom thoſe of my *Province* have formerly had ſo great Familiarity and Acquaintance; that there yet remains in my Houſe ſome Footſteps of our antient Kindred. And here with us at home, I have known a Thing that was capital to become lawful; and we that hold others, are likewiſe, according to the Chance of War, in a Poſſibility of being found one Day guilty of High-Treaſon, both divine and human, ſhould the Juſtice of our Arms fall into the Power of Injuſtice: And after a few Years Poſſeſſion taking a quite contrary Being. How could that ancient *God (Apollo)* more clearly accuſe the Ignorance of human Knowledge, concerning the divine Being, and give Men to underſtand, that their *Religion* was but a Thing of their own Contrivance, uſeful as a Bond to their Society, than declaring as he did to thoſe who came to his *Tripod* for Inſtruction: *That every one's true Worſhip was that which he found in Uſe in the Place where he chanced to be? O God*, what infinite Obligation have we to the Bounty of our ſovereign *Creator*, for having diſabuſed our Belief from wandring and arbitrary

trary Devotions, and for having ſeated it upon the eternal Foundation of the Holy Word? But what will then *Philoſophy* ſay to us in this Neceſſity? Why, that we follow the *Laws* of our Country, that is to ſay, this floating Sea of the Opinions of a *Republick*, or a *Prince*, that will paint out Juſtice for me in as many Colours, and reform it as many Ways as there are Changes of Paſſions in themſelves. I cannot ſuffer my Judgment to be flexible. What a kind of Bounty is that which I ſhall ſee one Day in repute, and that To-morrow ſhall be in none, and that the croſſing of a River ſhall be made a Crime? What Truth is it that theſe Mountains impale, and keep it from the World beyond them? But they are pleaſant, when to give ſome Certainty to the *Laws*, they ſay, *that there are ſome firm, perpetual and immoveable*, which they call natural, *that are imprinted in human kind by the Condition of their own proper Being*, and thoſe ſome reckon *three*, ſome *four*, ſome more, ſome leſs, a Sign that it is a Mark as doubtful as the reſt. Now they are ſo unfortunate, (for what can I call it elſe but Misfortune) that of ſo infinite a Number of Laws, there ſhould not be found one at leaſt, that Fortune and the Raſhneſs of Chance has ſuffer'd to be univerſally receiv'd by the Conſent of all Nations? They are, I ſay, ſo miſerable, that of theſe *three* or *four* ſelect *Laws*, there is not ſo much as one that is not contradicted and diſown'd, not only by one Nation, but by many. Now, the only likely Sign, by which they can argue, or infer ſome Laws to be natural, is the Univerſality of Approbation; for we ſhould, without doubt, follow that which Nature had truly ordained us; and not only every Nation, but every particular Man would reſent the Force and Violence that any one ſhould do him, who would tempt him to any Thing contrary to this *Law*. Let them produce me but one of this Condition: *Protagoras* and *Ariſto* gave no other Eſſence to the Juſtice of Laws *than the Authority and Opinion of the* Legiſlator, and *that theſe laid aſide, the Honeſt and the Good would loſe their Qualities, and remain empty Names of indifferent Things. Thraſymachus*, in *Plato*, is of Opinion, *that there is no other Right but the Convenience of the Superior*. There is not any Thing wherein the World is ſo various, as in *Laws* and *Cuſtoms*; ſuch a Thing is abominable here, which is elſewhere in Eſteem, as

Natural Laws.

in *Lacedæmonia*, the Dexterity of Stealing. Marriages within the forbidden Degrees are capitally interdicted amongſt us, they are elſewhere in Honour.

> ——— *Gentes eſſe feruntur,*
> *In quibus & nato genitrix, & nata Parenti,*
> *Jungitur, & pietas geminato creſcit amore* *.
>
> There are ſome Nations in the World, 'tis ſaid,
> Where Fathers Daughters, Sons their Mothers wed:
> And their Affections ſtill do higher riſe,
> More firm and conſtant by theſe double Ties.

The Murder of Infants, Murder of Fathers, Communication of Wives, Traffick of Robberies, Licence in all Sorts of Voluptuouſneſs: Finally, there is nothing ſo extreme, that is not allowed by the Cuſtom, and the common Uſance of ſome Nation or other. It is credible that there are natural *Laws*, but they are loſt in us; this fine human Reaſon every where ſo inſinuating itſelf to govern and command, as to ſhuffle and confound the Face of Things, according to its own Vanity and Inconſtancy. *Nihil itaque amplius noſtrum eſt; quod noſtrum dico, artis eſt: Therefore nothing is any more truly ours: What we call ours belongs to Art.* Subjects have divers Luſtres, and divers Conſiderations; and from thence the Diverſity of Opinions principally proceeds. One Nation conſiders a Subject in one Aſpect, and ſtops there; another takes it from another Proſpect. There is nothing of greater Horror to be imagin'd, than for a Man to eat his Father; and yet the People, whoſe ancient Cuſtom it was ſo to do, look'd upon it as a Teſtimony of Piety and natural Affection, ſeeking thereby to give their Progenitors the moſt worthy and honourable Sepulture; ſtoring up in themſelves, and as it were in their own Marrow, the Bodies and Relicks of their Fathers; and in ſome ſort regenerating them by Tranſmutation into their living Fleſh, by Means of Nouriſhment and Digeſtion. It is eaſy to conſider what a Cruelty and Abomination it muſt have appear'd to be to Men poſſeſt and imbute with this Superſtition,

The Bodies of their deceaſed Fathers eaten by ſome People, and why.

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 10.

to

to throw their Father's Remains to the Corruption of the Earth, and the Nouriſhment of Beaſts and Worms. *Lycurgus* conſider'd in *Theft*, the Vivacity, Diligence, Boldneſs and Dexterity of purloining any Thing from our Neighbours, and the Benefit that redounded to the Publick that every one may look more narrowly to the Conſervation of what was his own, and believed, that from his double Inſtitution of Aſſaulting and Defending, Advantage was to be made for Military Diſcipline (which was the principal Science and Virtue, to which he would inure that Nation) of greater Conſideration than the Diſorder and Injuſtice of taking another Man's Goods. *Dionyſius*, the Tyrant, offered *Plato* a Robe of the *Perſian* Faſhion, long, damaſk'd, and perfum'd; *Plato* refuſed it, ſaying, *That being born a Man, he would not willingly dreſs himſelf in Woman's Cloath's*; but *Ariſtippus* accepted it with this Anſwer, *That no Accoutrement could corrupt a chaſte Courage*. His Friends reproaching him with *Meanneſs of Spirit*, for laying it no more to Heart, that *Dionyſius* had ſpit in his Face; *Fiſhermen*, ſaid he, *ſuffer themſelves to be daſh'd with the Waves of the Sea from Head to Foot to catch a Gudgeon*. *Diogenes* was waſhing Cabbages, and ſeeing him paſs by; *If thou couldſt live on Cabbage*, ſaid he, *thou wouldſt not fawn upon a Tyrant*. To whom *Ariſtippus* reply'd, *And if thou knewſt how to live amongſt Men, thou wouldſt not be waſhing Cabbages*. Thus Reaſon finds Appearance for divers Effects. 'Tis a Pot with two Ears, that a Man may take by the Right or Left.

Theft allowed by Lycurgus, *and why.*

A perfum'd Robe refuſed by Plato, *and accepted by* Ariſtippus.

> ——— *bellum, ô terra hoſpita portas,*
> *Bello armantur equi; bellum hæc armenta minantur:*
> *Sed tamen iidem olim curru ſuccedere ſueti*
> *Quadrupedes, & frena jugo concordia ferre,*
> *Spes eſt paces* *.

O, Earth, it is thy Womb that War does bear,
Horſes are arm'd for; Herds do threaten War:

* *Æn. l.* 3.

And yet theſe Brutes having with Patience bore
The Yoak, and yielded to the Reins before,
There's Hopes of Peace.

Solon's *Tears for the Death of his Son.*

Solon, being importun'd by his Friends not to ſhed powerleſs and unprofitable Tears for the Death of his Son: *It is for that Reaſon that I the more juſtly ſhed them*, ſaid he, *becauſe they are powerleſs and unprofitable.* *Socrates*'s Wife, exaſperated her Grief by this Circumſtance, *Oh, how unjuſtly do theſe wicked Judges put him to Death! Why*; reply'd he, *hadſt thou rather they ſhould juſtly execute me?* We have our Ears bor'd; the *Greeks* look'd upon that as a Mark of Slavery. We retire in private to enjoy our Wives, the *Indians* do it in publick: The *Scythians* immolated Strangers in their Temples, elſewhere Temples were a Refuge.

The Mourning of Socrates's *Wife.*

Inde furor vulgi, quod numina viciniorum
Odit quiſque locus, cum ſolus credat habendos
Eſſe Deos, quos ipſe colit *.

This 'tis the popular Fury that creates,
That all their Neighbours Gods each Nation hates;
And that the more, becauſe conceive they do
None but their own ſhould be reputed ſo.

I have heard of a Judge, that where he met with a ſharp Conflict betwixt *Bartolus* and *Baldus*, and ſome Point controverted with many Contrarieties, writ in the Margent of his Book, *A Queſtion for a Friend*, that is to ſay, that Truth was there ſo controverted and diſputed, that in a like Cauſe, he might favour which of the Parties he thought fit: 'Twas only for want of Wit, that he did not write, a *Queſtion for a Friend*, throughout. *The Advocates* and *Judges* of our Times, find Biaſs enough in all Cauſes to accommodate them to what they themſelves think fit: In ſo infinite a Science, depending upon the Authority of ſo many Opinions, and ſo arbitrary a Subject, it cannot be, but that of Neceſſity, an extreme Confuſion of Judgments muſt ariſe. There is alſo hardly any Suit ſo clear, wherein Opi-

* *Juven. Sat.* 15.

nions

nions do not very much differ; what one Court has determin'd, another determines quite contrary, and itſelf contrary to that at another Time. Of which we ſee very frequent Examples, which is a marvellous Blemiſh to the Ceremonious Authority and Luſtre of our Juſtice, not to ſtick to poſitive Sentences, but to run from Judge to Judge, and Court to Court, to decide one and the ſame Cauſe. As to the Liberty of Philoſophical Opinions concerning *Vice* and *Virtue*, 'tis not neceſſary to be inſiſted upon; and wherein are found many Opinions that are better conceal'd than publiſhed to weak Spirits: *Arceſilaus* ſaid, *That in Fornication it was no Matter where, or with whom it was committed**. *Et obſcœnas voluptates, ſi natura requirit, non genere, aut loco, aut ordine, ſed forma, ætate, figura metiendas* Epicurus *putat, ne amores quidem ſanctos à ſapiente alienos eſſe arbitrantur; Quæramus ad quam uſque ætatem juvenes amandi ſint. And obſcene Pleaſures, if Nature requires*, Epicurus *thinks are not to be meaſur'd, either by Kind, Place, or Order, but by Age and Beauty. Neither are Holy Loves thought to be ſtrangers to wiſe Men; we are to enquire 'till what Age young Men are to be lov'd.* Theſe two laſt Stoical Quotations, and the Reproach that *Dicearchus* threw into the Teeth of *Plato* himſelf upon this Account, ſhew how much the ſoundeſt Philoſophy indulges Licences and Exceſſes, very remote from common Cuſtom. *Laws* derive their Authority from Poſſeſſion and Cuſtom: 'Tis dangerous to trace them backward to their Beginning; they grow great, and ennoble themſelves like our Rivers by running: But follow them upward to their Sourſe, 'tis but a little Spring, ſcarce diſcernable, that ſwells thus, and thus fortifies itſelf by growing old. Do but conſult the ancient Conſiderations that gave the firſt Motion to this famous Torrent, ſo full of Dignity and Reverence; you will find them ſo light and weak, that it is no Wonder if theſe People, who weigh and reduce every Thing to Reaſon, and who admit nothing by Authority, or upon Truſt, have their Judgments very remote and differing from thoſe of the Publick. It is no Wonder if People who take their Pattern from the firſt Image of Nature,

Laws authoriz'd by Cuſtoms.

* *Cicero. Tuſc. lib.* 5.

ſhould in moſt of their Opinions ſwerve from the common Path: As for Example, few amongſt them would have approv'd of the ſtrict Conditions of our Marriages, and moſt of them have been for having Wives in common, and without Obligation: They would refuſe our Ceremonies. *Chryſippus* ſaid, *That a certain Philoſopher would have made a Dozen Somerſaults, and turn'd up his Tail without his Breeches, for a Dozen of Olives.* That Philoſopher would hardly have advis'd *Caliſthenes* to have refuſed *Hippoclides* the fair *Agariſta* his Daughter, for having ſeen him ſtand on his Head upon a Table. *Metrocles* let a Fart a little indiſcreetly in Diſputation, in the Preſence of a great Auditory in his School, and kept himſelf hid in his own Houſe for Shame, 'till *Crates* coming to viſit him, and adding to his Conſolations and Reaſons, the Example of his own Liberty, falling to Fart with him who ſhould let moſt, cur'd him of that Scruple, and withal drew him to his own Stoical *Sect*, more free than that more reſerv'd one of the *Peripateticks*, of which he had been 'till then. That which we call Decency, not to dare to do that in publick which it is decent enough to do in private, the *Stoicks* call Foppery; and to mince it, and to be ſo modeſt as to conceal and diſown what Nature, Cuſtom, and our Deſires publiſh and proclaim of our Actions, they reputed a Vice. The other thought it was to undervalue the Myſteries of *Venus*, to draw them out of the private Oratory, to expoſe them to the View of the People: And that to bring them out from behind the Curtain, was to loſe them. Modeſty is a Thing of Weight; Secrecy, Reſervation, and Circumſpection are Parts of Eſteem. Pleaſure did very ingeniouſly, when under the Maſk of Virtue, ſhe ſued not to be proſtituted in the open Streets, trodden under Foot, and expoſed to the publick View, wanting the Dignity and Convenience of her private *Cabinets*. Hence ſome ſay, that to put down publick Stews, is not only to diſperſe Fornication into all Places that was confin'd to one, but moreover, by the Difficulty to incite wild and wanton People to this Vice.

Mœchus es Auſidiæ qui vir, Corvine, fuiſti,
Rivalis fuerat qui tuus ille vir eſt.
Cur aliena placet tibi, quæ tua non placet Uxor?
*Nunquid ſe curus non potes arrigere *?*

* *Mart. lib.* 3. *Epig.* 68.

This

This Experience diverſifies itſelf in a thouſand Examples.

Nullus in Urbe fuit tota, qui tangere vellet
Uxorem gratis, Cæciliane, tuam,
Dum licuit: Sed nunc poſitis cuſtodibus, ingens
Turba futurorum eſt. Ingenioſus homo es *.

A *Philoſopher* being taken in the very Act, and aſked what he was doing, coldly reply'd, *I am planting Man*; no more bluſhing to be ſo caught, than if they had found him planting Garlick. It is, I ſuppoſe, out of Tenderneſs and Reſpect to the natural Modeſty of Mankind, that a great and religious Author is of Opinion, *that this Act is ſo neceſſarily bound to Privacy and Shame, that he cannot perſuade himſelf there could be any abſolute Performance in thoſe impudent Embraces of the* Cynicks, *but that they only made it their Buſineſs to repreſent the laſcivious Geſtures of Luſt; to maintain the Impudence of their Schools Profeſſion; and that to eject what Shame had with-held, it was afterward neceſſary for them to withdraw into the Shade.* But he had not thoroughly examin'd their Debauches; for *Diogenes*, playing the Beaſt with himſelf in Publick, wiſh'd in the Preſence of all that ſaw him, *that he could fill his Belly by that Exerciſe.* To thoſe who aſked him, *Why he did not find out a more commodious Place to eat in, than the open Street*; he made Anſwer, *Becauſe I am hungry in the open Street.* The Women Philoſophers, who mixt with their *Sect*, mixt alſo with their Perſons in all Places without Reſervation: And *Hipperchia* was not receiv'd into *Crates*'s Society, but upon Condition that ſhe ſhould in all Things follow the Practice and Cuſtoms of his Rule. Theſe Philoſophers ſet a great Price upon Virtue, and renounce all other Diſcipline but the Moral: and yet in all their Actions they attributed the Sovereign Authority to the Election of their Sage, and above the *Laws*, and gave no other Curb to Voluptuouſneſs but Moderation only, and the Conſervation of the Liberty of others. *Heraclitus* and *Protagoras*, for as much as Wine ſeem'd bitter to the Sick, and pleaſant to the Sound, the Rudder crooked in the Water,

The Embraces of the Cynicks *impudent, and in open Sight.*

* *Mart. lib.* 1. *Epig.* 74.

and

and ſtrait when out, and ſuch like contrary Appearances as are found in Subjects, argued from thence, *That all Subjects had in themſelves the Cauſes of theſe Appearances; and there was ſome Bitterneſs in the Wine, which had ſome Sympathy with the ſick Man's Taſte, and the Rudder ſome bending Quality, ſympathizing with him that looks upon it in the Water.* And ſo of all the reſt, which is to ſay, *that All is in all Things, and conſequently Nothing in any one; for where All is, there is nothing.* This Opinion put me in mind of the Experience we have, that there is no Senſe or Aſpect of any Thing, whether bitter or ſweet, ſtrait or crooked, that human Wit does not find out in the Writings he undertakes to tumble over. Into the cleaneſt, pureſt, and moſt perfect Speaking that can poſſibly be, how many Lies and Falſities have we ſuggeſted? What Hereſy has not there found Ground and Teſtimony ſufficient to make itſelf embrac'd and defended? 'Tis for this, that the Authors of ſuch Errors will never depart from Proof of the Teſtimony of the Interpretation of Words. A Perſon of Dignity, who would prove to me by Authority, the Search of the Philoſophers Stone, wherein he was over Head and Ears engag'd, alledg'd to me at leaſt Five or Six Paſſages in the *Bible*, upon which he ſaid, he firſt founded his Attempt, for the Diſcharge of his Conſcience (for he is a Divine) and in Truth was not only pleaſant, but moreover very well accommodated to the Defence of this fine Science. By this Way the Reputation of divining Fables is acquir'd. There is no Fortune-teller, if we have this Authority, but, if a Man will take the Pains to tumble and toſs, and narrowly to peep into all the Folds and Gloſſes of his Words, he may make him, like the *Sibyls*, ſay what he will. There are ſo many Ways of Interpretation, that it will be hard but that, either obliquely, or in a direct Line, an ingenious Wit will find out in every Subject ſome Air that will ſerve for his Purpoſe; Therefore there is a cloudy and ambiguous Stile in this ſo frequent and ancient Uſe; let the Author but make himſelf Maſter of that, he may extract and buſy Poſterity about his Predictions; which not only his own Parts, but the accidental Favour of the Matter itſelf, may as much or more aſſiſt him to obtain. That, as to the reſt, he expreſſes

The pureſt Way of Speaking, capable of various Interpretations.

The Philoſophers Stone approv'd.

preſſes himſelf after a fooliſh or a ſubtle Manner, whether obſcurely or contradictorily, 'tis no Matter; a Number of Wits ſhaking and ſifting him, will bring out a great many ſeveral Forms, either according to his Meaning, or colateral, or contrary to it, which will all redound to his Honour. He will ſee himſelf enrich'd by the Means of his Diſciples, like the Regents of Colleges by their Pupils and yearly Preſents. This it is which has given Reputation to many Things of no worth at all; that has brought ſeveral Writings in Vogue, and given them the Fame of containing all Sorts of Matter can be deſir'd; one and the ſame Thing receiving a Thouſand and a Thouſand Images and various Conſiderations; nay, even as many as we pleaſe. Is it poſſible that *Homer* could deſign to ſay all that we make him: And that he deſign'd ſo many and ſo various Figures, as that the *Divines*, *Lawgivers*, *Captains*, *Philoſophers*, and all Sorts of Men who treat of Sciences, how variouſly and oppoſitely ſoever, ſhould indifferently quote him, and ſupport their Arguments by his Authority, as the Sovereign Lord and Maſter of all Offices, Works and Artizans, and Counſellor General of all Enterprizes; whoever has had Occaſion for Oracles and Predictions, has there found ſufficient to ſerve his Turn. 'Tis a Wonder how many, and how admirable Concurrences an intelligent Perſon, and a particular Friend of mine, has there found out in Favour of our Religion; and cannot eaſily be put out of the Conceit that it was *Homer*'s Deſign: And yet he is as well acquainted with this Author, as any Man whatever of his Time. And what he has found in Favour of ours, very many anciently have found in Favour of theirs. Do but obſerve how *Plato* is tumbled and toſt, every one ennobling his own Opinions by applying him to himſelf, make him take what Side they pleaſe. They draw him in, and engage him in all the new Opinions the World receives; and make him, according to the different Courſe of Things, differ from himſelf; Every one makes him according to his own Senſe, the Manners and Cuſtoms lawful in his Age, becauſe they are unlawful in ours; and all with this Vivacity and Power, according to the Force and Spritelineſs of the Wit of the Interpreter. From the ſame Foundation that *Heraclitus* and this Sentence of his had,

Homer, *the general Leader of all Sorts of People.*

That

That all Things had in them thoſe Forms that we diſcern, *Democritus* drew a quite contrary Concluſion; namely, *Honey is ſweet to one and bitter to another*; he thence argued, *that it was neither ſweet nor bitter.* The *Pyrrhonians* would ſay, *that they knew not whether it is ſweet or bitter, or neither the one or the other, or both*; for thoſe always gain the higheſt Point of Dubitation. The *Cyrenaicks* held, *that nothing was perceptible, from without, and that That only was perceptible, that internally touch'd us, as Grief and Pleaſure; acknowledging neither Sound nor Colour, but certain Affections only that we receive from them, and that Man's Judgment had no other Seat. Protagoras believ'd, that what ſeem'd to every one is true to every one.* The *Epicureans* lodg'd *all Judgment in the Senſes*, and *in the Knowledge of Things*, and *in Pleaſure*. *Plato* would have *the Judgment of Truth, and Truth itſelf deriv'd from Opinions and the Senſes to belong to the Wit and Cogitation.* This Diſcourſe put me upon the Conſideration of theſe *Senſes*, in which lies the greateſt Foundation and Proof of our Ignorance. Whatſoever is known, is doubtleſs known by the Faculty of the Knower; for ſeeing the Judgment proceeds from the Operation of him that judges, 'tis Reaſon that this Operation performs it by his Means, and will not by the Conſtraint of another; as it would happen, if we knew Things by the Power, and according to the Law of their Eſſence. Now all Knowledge is convey'd to us by the Senſes; they are our Maſters:

——— via qua munita fidei
Proxima fert humanum in pectus, templaque mentis *.
It is the ſureſt Path that Faith can find
By which to enter human Heart and Mind.

Science begins by them, and is reſolv'd into them. After all, we ſhould know no more than a Stone, if we did not know that there is a Sound, Odour, Light, Taſte, Meaſure, Weight, Softneſs, Hardneſs, Sharpneſs, Colour, Smoothneſs, Breadth and Depth. Theſe are the Platforms and Principles of the Structure of all our Knowledge. And, according to ſome, Science is nothing elſe but Senſe. He that could make me contradict the Senſes, would have me

* *Luc. l.* 5.

by

by the Throat, he could not make me go further back. The Senſes are the Beginning and the End of human Knowledge.

Invenies primis ab ſenſibus eſſe creatam
Notitiam veri, neque ſenſus poſſe refelli.
Quid majore fide porro quam ſenſus haberi
Debet * *?*

You'll find of Truth, that all Diſcoveries made,
Are firſt by Senſes to the Soul convey'd;
Neither will Senſe be baffled, and on what
Can we rely more ſafely than on that?

Let us attribute to them the leaſt we can, we muſt however of Neceſſity grant them this, that it is by their Means and Mediation that all our Inſtruction is directed. *Cicero* ſays, *that* Chryſippus, *having attempted to extenuate the Force and Virtue of the Senſes, preſented to himſelf Arguments and ſo vehement Oppoſitions to the contrary, that he could not be ſatisfied in himſelf therein:* Whereupon *Carneades*, who maintain'd the contrary Side, boaſted, *that he would make uſe of the ſame Words and Arguments that* Chryſippus *had done, with them to controvert and confute him*, and therefore thus cry'd out againſt him: *O Miſerable! Thy Force has deſtroy'd thee.* There can be nothing abſurd to a greater Degree, than to maintain that Fire does not warm, that Light does not ſhine, and, that there is no Weight nor Solidity in Iron, which are Advertiſements convey'd to us by the Senſes: neither is there Belief nor Knowledge in Man that can be compar'd to that for Certainty. The firſt Conſideration I have upon the Subject of the Senſes is, that I make a Doubt whether or no Man be furniſh'd with all natural Senſes. I ſee ſeveral Animals who live an intire and perfect Life, ſome without Sight, others without Hearing: Who knows whether to us alſo, One, Two or Three, or many other Senſes may not be wanting? For if any one be wanting, our Examination cannot diſcover the Defect. 'Tis the Privilege of the Senſes to be the utmoſt Limit of

Doubt whether Man have all the Senſes.

* *Luc. lib.* 4.

our

our Diſcovery: There is nothing beyond them that can aſſiſt us in Exploration, not ſo much as one Senſe in the Diſcovery of another.

An poterunt oculos aures reprehendere, an aures
Tactus, an hunc porro tactum ſapor arguet oris,
An confutabunt nares, oculive revincent * *?*

Can Ears the Eyes, the Touch the Ears correct?
Or is that Touch by Taſting to be check'd?
Or th' other Senſes ſhall the Noſe, or Eyes
Confute in their peculiar Faculties?

They all make the extreameſt Limits of our Ability.

——— ſorſum cuique poteſtas
Diviſa eſt, ſua vis cuique eſt †.

Each has its Power diſtinctly, and alone,
And every Senſe's Power is its own.

It is impoſſible to make a Man naturally blind, conceive that he does not ſee, impoſſible to make him deſire Sight, or to be ſenſible of his Defect. For which Reaſon we ought not to derive any Aſſurance from the Soul's being contented and ſatisfy with thoſe we have: Conſidering that it cannot be ſenſible herein of its Infirmity and Imperfection, if there be any ſuch thing. It is impoſſible to ſay any thing to this blind Man, either by Argument or Similitude, that can poſſeſs his Imagination with any Apprehenſions of Light, Colour, or Sight. There nothing remains behind that can puſh on the Senſes to Evidence. Thoſe that are born blind, whom we hear to wiſh they could ſee, it is not that they underſtand what they deſire: They have learn'd from us that they want ſomething, that there is ſomething to be deſir'd that we have, which they can name indeed, and ſpeak of its Effects and Conſequences, but yet they know not what it is, nor apprehend it at all. I have ſeen a Gentleman of a good Family, who was born blind, or at leaſt blind from ſuch an Age that he knows not what Sight is; who is ſo little ſenſible of his Defect, that he makes uſe as we do of Words proper for ſeeing, and applies them after a Manner wholly particular, and his own. They brought him a Child to which he was God-father, which having

* *Luc. lib.* 4. † *Ibid.*

taken

taken into his Arms: *Good God*, ſaid he, *what a fine Child is this, how beautiful to look upon, what a pretty Face it has!* He will ſay, like one of us, *this Room has a very fine Proſpect, it is clear Weather, the Sun ſhines bright.* And moreover, being that Hunting, Tennis and Buts are our Exerciſes, and he has heard ſo, he has taken a liking to them, will ride a Hunting, and believes he has as good Share of the Sport as we have; and will expreſs himſelf as angry or pleas'd as the beſt of us all, and yet knows nothing of it but by the Ear. One cries out to him, *here's a Hare*, when he is upon ſome even Plain where he may ſafely ride; and afterwards when they tell him, *the Hare is kill'd*, he will be as over-joy'd and proud of it as he hears others ſay they are. He will take a Tennis-ball in his Left-hand and ſtrike it away with the Racket. He will ſhoot with a Muſket at random, and is contented with what his People tell him, that he is over, or wide. Who knows whether all Human Kind commit not the like Abſurdity, for want of ſome Senſe, and that thro' this Default the greateſt Part of the Face of Things is conceal'd from us? What do we know but that the Difficulties which we find in ſeveral Effects of Animals, which exceed our Capacity, are not produc'd by Faculty of ſome Senſe that we are defective in? and whether ſome of them have not by this Means a Life more full and intire than ours? We ſeize an Apple as it were with all our Senſes: We there find Redneſs, Smoothneſs, Odour and Sweetneſs; but it may have other Virtues beſides theſe, as to Heat or Binding, which no Senſe of ours can have any reference unto. Is it not likely, that there are ſenſitive Faculties in Nature that are fit to judge of, and to diſcern thoſe which we call the occult Proprieties in ſeveral Things, as for the Load-ſtone to attract Iron; and that the Want of ſuch Faculties is the Cauſe that we are ignorant of the true Eſſence of ſuch Things? 'Tis perhaps ſome particular Senſe that gives *Cocks* to underſtand what Hour it is of Midnight, and when it grows to be towards Day, and that makes them crow accordingly; that teaches *Chickens*, before they have any Experience of what they are, to fear a *Spar-hawk*, and not a *Gooſe* or a *Peacock*, tho' Birds of a much larger Size: That cautions them againſt the hoſtile Quality the *Cat* has againſt them, and makes them not to fear a *Dog*: To arm themſelves againſt the *Mewing* (a Kind of flattering Voice)

of

of the one, and not againſt the *Barking* (a ſhrill and threatning Voice) of the other. That teaches *Waſps*, *Ants* and *Rats* to fall upon the beſt Pear and the beſt Cheeſe before they have taſted them, and inſpires the *Stag*, *Elephant* and *Serpents* with the Knowledge of a certain Herb proper for their Cure. There is no Senſe that has not a mighty Dominion, and that does not by its Power introduce an infinite Number of Knowledges. If we were defective in the Intelligence of Sounds of Muſick, and of the Voice, it would cauſe an unimaginable Confuſion in all the reſt of our Science. For, beſides what belongs to the proper Effect of every Senſe, how many Arguments, Conſequences and Concluſions do we draw to other Things, by comparing one Senſe with another? Let an underſtanding Man imagine human Nature originally produced without the Senſe of Seeing, and conſider what Ignorance and Trouble ſuch a Defect would bring upon him, what a Darkneſs and Blindneſs in the Soul; he will then ſee by that, of how great Importance to the Knowledge of Truth, the Privation of ſuch another Senſe, or of Two or Three, ſhould we be ſo depriv'd, would be. We have form'd a Truth by the Conſultation and Concurrence of our Five Senſes; but perhaps, we ſhould have the Conſent and Contribution of Eight or Ten to make a certain Diſcovery of our own Being. The *Sects* that controvert the *Knowledge* of Man, do it principally by the Incertainty and Weakneſs of our Senſes. For ſince all Knowledge is by their Means and Mediation convey'd unto us, if they fail in their Report, if they corrupt, or alter what they bring us from without, if the Light, which by them creeps into the Soul, be obſcur'd in the Paſſage, we have nothing elſe to hold by. From this extreme Difficulty all theſe Fancies proceed, that every Subject has all we there find in itſelf: That it has nothing in it of what we think we there find; and that of the *Epicureans*, that the *Sun* is no bigger than 'tis judg'd by our Sight to be:

Quicquid id eſt nihilo fertur majore figura,
Quam noſtris oculis quam cernimus eſſe videtur *.

* *Lucret. l.* 5.

But

But be it what it will in our Eſteems,
It is no bigger than to us it ſeems.

That the Appearances, which repreſent a Body great to him that is near, and leſs to him that is more remote, are both true:

Nec tamen hic oculis falli concedimus hilum;
Proinde animi vitium hoc oculis adfingere noli *.

Yet that the Eye's deluded we deny;
Charge not the Soul's Fault therefore on the Eye.

And reſolutely, that there is no Deceit in the Senſes; that we are to lie at their Mercy, and ſeek elſewhere Reaſons to ſalve and excuſe the Difference and Contradictions we there find; even to the inventing of Lyes and other Flams, if it come to that, rather than accuſe the Senſes. *Timagoras* vow'd, *that by preſſing or turning his Eye, he could never perceive the Light of the Candle to double, and that the ſeeming ſo proceeded from the Vice of Opinion, and not from the Inſtrument.* The moſt abſurd of all the *Epicureans* Abſurdities, is, in *denying the Force and Effect of the Senſes.*

Proinde quod in quoque eſt his viſum tempore, verum eſt.
Et ſi non potuit ratio diſſolvere cauſam,
Cur ea quæ fuerint juxtim quadrata, procul ſint
Viſa rotunda: Tamen præſtat rationis egentem
Reddere mendoſe cauſas utriuſque figuræ,
Quam manibus manifeſta ſuis emittere quæquam,
Et violare fidem primam, & convellere tota
Fundamenta, quibus nixatur vita ſaluſque.
Non modo enim ratio ruat omnis, vita quoque ipſa
Concidat extemplo, niſi credere ſenſibus auſis
Præcipiteſque locos vitare, & cætera quæ ſint
In genera hoc fugienda †.

Whatever, and whenever ſeen, is true,
And if our Reaſon can't the Knot undo,
Why Things ſeem to be Square when very near,
And at a greater Diſtance Round appear;
'Tis better yet for him that's at a Pauſe,
To give of either Figure a falſe Cauſe,
Than to permit Things manifeſt to go
Out of his Hands, to give the Lye unto

* *Lucr. lib.* 4. † *Ibid.*

His firſt Belief, and the Foundations rend
On which all Life and Safety do depend.
For not alone Reaſon, but Life and all
Together will with ſudden Ruin fall;
Unleſs we dare our Senſes truſt to miſs
The Danger of a dreadful Precipice,
And other ſuch like Dangers, that with Care
And Wearineſs to be evaded are.

This ſo deſperate and unphiloſophical Advice expreſſes only this, *That Human Knowledge cannot ſupport itſelf but by Reaſon; that it is unreaſonable, fooliſh and mad; but that it is yet better that Man, to ſet a greater Value upon himſelf, make uſe of any other Remedy, how fantaſtick ſoever, than to confeſs his neceſſary Ignorance; a Truth ſo diſadvantagious to him.* He cannot avoid owning, that the Senſes are the Sovereign Lords of his Knowledge; but they are uncertain, and falſifiable in all Circumſtances. 'Tis there that he is to fight it out to the laſt; and if his juſt Forces fail him, as they do, to ſupply that Defect with Obſtinacy, Temerity and Impudence. In caſe that what the *Epicureans* ſay be true, *viz. That we have no Knowledge if the Senſes Appearances be falſe*; and if that alſo be true which the *Stoicks* ſay, *That the Appearances of the Senſes are ſo falſe, that they can furniſh us with no Manner of Knowledge:* We ſhall conclude, to the Diſadvantage of theſe Two great Dogmatical *Sects, that there is no Science at all.* As to what concerns the Error and Uncertainty of the Operation of the Senſes, every one may furniſh himſelf with as many Examples as he pleaſes; ſo ordinary are the Faults and Tricks they put upon us. In the *Eccho* of a Valley the Sound of the Trumpet ſeems to meet us, which comes from a Place behind.

Extanteſque procul medio de gurgite montes
Idem apparent longe diverſi licet.
Et fugere ad puppim colles, campique videntur
Quos agimus propter Navim *.

And Rocks i'th' Seas that proudly raiſe their Head,
Tho' far disjoyn'd, tho' Royal Navies ſpread

* *Id. lib.* 4.

Their

Their Sails between; yet if from Diſtance ſhown,
They ſeem an Iſland all combin'd in one.
Thus Ships, tho' driven by a proſperous Gale,
Seem fixt to Sailors, thoſe ſeem under ſail
That ride at Anchor ſafe; and all admire,
As they row by, to ſee the Rocks retire.

——*Ubi in medio nobis equus acer obhæſit*
Flumine, equi corpus tranſverſum ferre videtur
Vis, & in adverſum Flumen contrudere raptim *.

Thus, when in rapid Streams my Horſe had ſtood,
And I look'd downward on the rowling Flood;
Tho' he ſtood ſtill, I thought he did divide
The headlong Streams, and ſtrive againſt the Tide,
And all Things ſeem'd to move on every Side.

Like a Muſket Bullet under the Fore-finger, the Middle-finger being lapp'd over it, which feels ſo like Two, that a Man will have much ado to perſuade himſelf there is but One; the End of the two Fingers feeling each of them one at the ſame Time. For that the *Senſes* are very often Maſters of our *Reaſon*, and conſtrain it to receive Impreſſions which it judges and knows to be falſe, is frequently ſeen. I ſet aſide the Senſe of *Feeling*, that has its Functions nearer, more lively and ſubſtantial; that ſo often by the Effect of the Pains it helps the Body to, ſubverts and overthrows all thoſe fine Stoical Reſolutions, and compels him to cry out of his Belly, who has reſolutely eſtabliſh'd this Doctrine in his Soul, that the Colick, and all other Pains and Diſeaſes are indifferent Things, not having the Power to abate any Thing of the Sovereign Felicity, wherein the wiſe Man is ſeated by his Virtue. There is no Heart ſo effeminate, that the Rattle and Sound of our Drums and Trumpets will not inflame with Courage; nor ſo ſullen, that the Harmony of our Muſick will not rouſe and chear; nor ſo ſtubborn a Soul, that will not feel itſelf ſtruck with ſome Reverence, in conſidering the gloomy Vaſtneſs of our Churches, the Variety of Ornaments, and Order of our Ceremonies, and to hear the ſolemn Muſick of our Organs, and the Grace and devout Harmony of our Voices. Even

* *Id. lib.* 4.

thoſe that come in with Contempt feel a certain Shivering in their Hearts, and ſomething of Dread that makes them begin to doubt their Opinions. For my Part, I do not think myſelf ſtrong enough to hear an Ode of *Horace* or *Catullus* ſung by a beautiful young Mouth without Emotion. And *Zeno* had Reaſon to ſay, *That the Voice was the Flower of Beauty.* One would once make me believe, that a certain Perſon, whom all we *Frenchmen* know, had impoſed upon me, in repeating ſome Verſes that he had made; that they were not the ſame upon the Paper that they were in the Air, and that my Eyes would make a contrary Judgment to my Ears: So great a Power has Pronunciation to give Faſhion and Value to Works that are left to the Efficacy and Modulation of the Voice. And therefore *Philoxenus* was not ſo much to blame, hearing one give an ill Accent to ſome Compoſition of his, for ſpurning and breaking certain Earthen Veſſels of his, ſaying, *I break what is thine, becauſe thou corrupteſt what is mine.* To what End did thoſe Men, who have with a poſitive Reſolution deſtroy'd themſelves, turn away their Faces that they might not ſee the Blow that was by themſelves appointed? And that thoſe, who for their Health deſire and command Inciſions to be made, and Cauteries to be apply'd to them, cannot endure the Sight of the Preparations, Inſtruments and Operations of the *Chyrurgeon*; being that the Sight is not any Way to participate in the Pain? Are not theſe proper Examples to verify the Authority the Senſes have over the Imagination? 'Tis to much Purpoſe that we know theſe Treſſes were borrow'd from a *Page*, or a *Lacquey*; that this *Vermillion* came from *Spain*, and this *Ceruſs* from the Ocean Sea: Our Sight will nevertheleſs compel us to confeſs that Subject more agreeable and more lovely againſt all Reaſon. For in this there is nothing of its own.

The Voice the Flower of Beauty.

Auferimur cultu, gemmis, auroque teguntur
Crimina: Pars minima eſt ipſa puella ſui.
Sæpe ubi ſit quod ames inter tam multa requiras,
Decipit hac oculos Ægide. dives amor *.

* *Ovid. de Rem. Amor. l.* 1.

Faults

Faults are with Jewels hid, we're gull'd by Art,
The Girl is of herſelf the ſmalleſt Part;
When 'mongſt ſo many Things, we ſeek for her
We love, our Eyes often deceived are.

What a ſtrange Power do the *Poets* attribute to the Senſes, that make *Narciſſus* ſo deſperately in love with his own Shadow!

Cunctaque miratur, quibus eſt mirabilis ipſe,
Se cupit imprudens, & qui probat, ipſe probatur,
Dumque petit, petitur: Pariterque accendit & ardet *.

Admireth all; for which to be admir'd:
And inconſiderately himſelf deſir'd.
The Praiſes which he gives, his Beauty claim'd,
Who ſeeks, is ſought, th'Enflamer is inflam'd.

And *Pygmalion*'s Judgment, ſo troubled by the Impreſſion of the Sight of his Ivory Statue, that he loves and adores it as if it were a living Woman.

Oſcula dat, reddique putat, ſequiturque tenetque,
Et credit tactis digitos inſidere membris,
Et metuit preſſos veniat ne livor in artus †.

He kiſſes, and believes he's kiſs'd again,
Seizes, and 'twixt his Arms his Love doth ſtrain,
And thinks the poliſh'd Ivory thus held,
Does to his Fingers amorous Preſſure yield,
And has a tender Fear, leſt black and blue
Should in the Parts with Ardour preſs'd enſue.

Let a *Philoſopher* be put into a Cage of ſmall thin ſet Bars of Iron, and hang him on the Top of the high Tower of *Noſtredame* at *Paris*; he will ſee by manifeſt Reaſon, that he cannot poſſibly fall, and yet he will find (unleſs he has been uſed to the Plumbers Trade) that he cannot help, but the exceſſive Height will fright and aſtoniſh him. For we have enough to do to aſſure ourſelves in the *Galleries* of our Steeples, if they are made with Rail and Ballaſter, altho' they are of Stone; and ſome there are that cannot endure ſo much as to think of it. Let there be a Beam thrown

* *Ovid. Met. lib.* 3. † *Ibid. l* 10.

over betwixt theſe two Towers, of Breadth ſufficient to walk upon, there is no Philoſophical Wiſdom ſo firm that can give us the Courage to walk over it, as we ſhould do upon the Ground. I have often try'd this upon our Mountains in theſe Parts; and yet I am one who am not the moſt ſubject to be afraid, that I was not able to endure to look into that infinite Depth without Horror and Trembling, tho' I ſtood above my Length from the Edge of the Precipice, and could not have fallen down if I would. Where I alſo obſerv'd, that what Height ſoever the Precipice were, provided there were ſome Tree, or ſome Jutting out of a Rock, a little to ſupport and divide the Sight, it a little eaſes our Fears, and gives greater Aſſurance; as if they were Things by which in falling we might have ſome Relief: But that direct Precipices we are not able to look upon without being giddy; *ut deſpici vertigine ſimul oculorum animique non poſſit.* Which is a manifeſt Impoſture of the Sight. And therefore it was that the fine Philoſopher put out his own Eyes, to free the Soul from being diverted by them, and that he might philoſophize at greater Liberty. But by the ſame Rule, he ſhould have damm'd up his Ears, that *Theophraſtus* ſays are the moſt dangerous Inſtruments about us, for receiving violent Impreſſions to alter and diſturb us; and finally, ſhould have depriv'd himſelf of all his other Senſes, that is to ſay, of his Life and Being; for they have all the Power to command our Soul and Reaſon. *Fit etiam ſæpe ſpecie quadam, ſæpe vocum gravitate & cantibus, ut pellantur animi vehementius: Sæpe etiam cura & timore* *. *For it oft falls out, that the Minds are more vehemently ſtruck by ſome Sight, by the Quality and Sound of the Voice, or by Singing; and oft-times alſo by Grief and Fear.* Phyſicians hold, *that there are certain Complexions that are agitated by the ſame Sounds and Inſtruments, even to Fury.* I have ſeen ſome, who could not hear a Bone gnaw'd under the Table without Impatience; and there is ſcarce any Man, who is not diſturb'd at the ſharp and ſhrill Noiſe that the File makes in grating upon the Iron; as alſo to hear Chewing near them, or to hear any one ſpeak, who has an Impediment in the Throat or Noſe, will move ſome People

* *Cicero de Divin. l.* 1.

even

even to Anger and Hatred. Of what Uſe was that piping Prompter of *Gracchus*, who ſoftned, raiſed and moved his Maſter's Voice, whilſt he declaim'd at *Rome*, if the Movements and Quality of the Sound had not the Power to move and alter the Judgments of the Auditory? In earneſt, there is wonderful Reaſon to keep ſuch a Clutter about the Firmity of this fine Piece, that ſuffers itſelf to be turn'd and twin'd by the motion and Accidents of ſo light a Wind. The ſame Cheat that the Senſes put upon our Underſtanding, they have in turn put upon them. The Soul alſo ſometimes has its Revenge, they lie and contend which ſhould moſt deceive one another. What we ſee and hear when we are tranſported with Paſſion, we neither ſee nor hear as it is.

Et ſolem geminum, & duplices ſe oſtendere Thebas *.

The *Sun* did ſeem as if two *Suns* it were,
And *Thebes* a double City did appear.

The Object that we love appears to us more beautiful than it really is;

Multimodis igitur pravas, turpeſque videmus,
Eſſe in deliciis, ſummoque in honore vigere †.

Hence 'tis, that ugly Things in fancy'd Dreſs
Seem gay, look fair to Lovers Eyes, and pleaſe.

and that we hate more ugly. To a diſcontented and afflicted Man the Light of the Day ſeems dark and overcaſt. Our Senſes are not only deprav'd, but very often ſtupified by the Paſſions of the Soul. How many Things do we ſee that we do not take notice of, if the Mind be taken up with other Thoughts?

——— in rebus quoque apertis noſcere poſſis,
Si non advertas Animum, proinde eſſe, quaſi omni
Tempore ſemotæ fuerint, longeque remotæ ‡.

Nay, even in plaineſt Things, unleſs the Mind
Take heed, unleſs ſhe ſets herſelf to find,
The Thing no more is ſeen, no more belov'd,
Than if the moſt obſcure, and moſt remov'd.

* *Æneid. l.* 10. † *Luc. l.* 4. ‡ *Ibid.*

It appears, that the Soul retires within, and amuſes the Powers of the Senſes. And ſo both the inſide and the outſide of Man is full of Infirmities and Miſtakes. They who have compared our Lives to a Dream, were, perhaps, more in the right than they were aware of; when we dream, the Soul lives, works and exerciſes all its Faculties, neither more nor leſs than when awake; but more largely and obſcurely; yet not ſo much neither, that the Difference ſhould be as great as betwixt Night and the Meridional Brightneſs of the Sun, but as betwixt Night and Shade; there ſhe ſleeps, here ſhe ſlumbers: but whether more or leſs, 'tis ſtill dark, and *Cymmerian* Darkneſs. We wake ſleeping, and ſleep waking. I do not ſee ſo clearly in my ſleep; but as to my being awake, I never found it clear enough, and free from Clouds. Moreover, Sleep, when it is profound, ſometimes rocks even Dreams themſelves aſleep, but our waking is never ſo ſprightly, that it does rightly and as it ſhould, purge and diſſipate thoſe Ravings and Whimſies, which are waking Dreams, and worſe than Dreams. Our Reaſon and Soul receiving thoſe Fancies and Opinions that come in Dreams, and authorizing the Actions of our Dreams with the like Approbation that they do thoſe of the Day; wherefore do we not doubt, whether our Thought and Action is another ſort of Dreaming, and our Waking a certain kind of Sleep? If the Senſes be our firſt Judges, it is not ours that we are to conſult; For in Faculty, Beaſts have as great, far greater Right than we. It is certain that ſome of them have the ſenſe of hearing more quick than Man; others that of ſeeing, others that of feeling, others that of touch and taſte. *Democritus* ſaid, *that the Gods and* Brutes *had the ſenſitive Faculties more perfect than Man.* But betwixt the Effects of their Senſes and ours, the Difference is extreme. Our Spittle cleanſes and dries up our Wounds, it kills the Serpent.

The Life of Man compared to a Dream.

Tantaque in his rebus diſtantia, differitaſque eſt,
Ut quod aliis cibus eſt, aliis fuit acre venenum.
Sæpe etenim ſerpens, hominis contacta ſaliva,
Diſperit, ac ſeſe mandendo conficit ipſa *.

* *Luc. l.* 4.

And

And in thoſe Things the Difference is ſo great,
That what's one's Poiſon is another's Meat;
For Serpents often have been ſeen, 'tis ſaid,
When touch'd with human Spittle to go mad,
And bite themſelves to death.

What Quality do we attribute to our Spittle, either in reſpect to ourſelves, or to the Serpent? By which of the two Senſes ſhall we prove the true Eſſence that we ſeek for? *Pliny* ſays, *that there are certain* Sea-Hares *in the* Indies *that are Poiſon to us; inſomuch, that with the leaſt Touch we kill them.* Which ſhall be truly Poiſon, the Man, or the Fiſh? Which ſhall we believe, the Fiſh of the Man, or the Man of the Fiſh? One Quality of the Air infects a Man, that does the Ox no harm; ſome other infects the Ox, but hurts not the Man: Which of the Two ſhall, in Truth and Nature, be the peſtilent Quality? To them who have the *Jaundice* all Things ſeem yellow and paler than to us:

Lurida præterea fiunt, quæcunque tuentur *
Arquati———

Beſides whatever Jaundice Eyes do view,
Look pale as well as thoſe, and yellow too:
For lurid Parts fly off with nimble Wings,
And meet the diſtant coming Forms of Things:
And others lurk within the Eyes, and ſeize,
And ſtrain with pale the entring Images.

They who are troubled with the Diſeaſe that the Phyſicians call *Hypoſphragma*, which is a Suffuſion of Blood under the Skin, ſee all Things red and bloody. What do we know, but that theſe Humours, which thus alter the Operations of Sight, predominate over Beaſts, and are uſual with them? For we ſee ſome, whoſe Eyes are yellow, like our People who have the *Jaundice*; and others of a bloody Colour. 'Tis likely, that the Colour of Objects ſeem other to them than to us: Which of the Two ſhall make a right Judgment? For, it is not ſaid, that the Eſſences of Things have a Relation to Man only; Hardneſs, Whiteneſs, Depth

* *Lucr. l.* 4.

and

and Sharpneſs have Reference to the Service and Knowledge of Animals as well as to us; and *Nature* has equally deſign'd them for their Uſe. When we preſs down the Eye, the Body that we look upon we perceive to be longer and more extended; many Beaſts have their Eyes ſo preſſed down: This Length therefore is, perhaps, the true Form of that Body, and not that which our Eyes give it in the uſual State. If we cloſe the lower Part of the Eye, Things appear double to us.

Bina Lucernarum florentia lumina Flammis,
Et duplices hominum facies, & corpora bina *.

One Lamp ſeems two, and each Man does appear
Upon a double Bulk two Heads to bear.

If our Ears be hindred, or the Paſſage ſtopp'd with any Thing, we receive the Sound quite otherwiſe than we uſually do; the Animals likewiſe, who have either the Ears hairy, or but a very little Hole inſtead of an Ear, do not conſequently hear as we do; but another Kind of Sound. We ſee at *Feſtivals* and *Theatres*, that oppoſing a painted Glaſs of a certain Colour to the Light of the *Flambeaus*, all Things in the Room appear to us Green, Yellow, or Violet.

Et vulgo faciunt id lutea, ruſſaque vela,
Et furrugineæ, cum magnis intenta Theatris
Per malos vulgata trabeſque trementia pendent:
Namque ibi conceſſum caveai ſubter, & omnem
Scenai ſpeciem, patrum matrumque deorumque
Inficiunt, cogantque ſuo volitare colore †.

Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper red,
O'er all the ſpacious Theatre are ſpread,
Which mighty Maſts and ſturdy Pillars bear,
And the looſe Curtains wanton in the Air;
Whole Streams of Colours from the Top do flow,
The Rays divide them in their Paſſage thro',
And ſtain the Scenes, and Men and Gods below.

'Tis likely that the Eyes of Animals, which we ſee to be of divers Colours, do produce the Appearance of Bodies the ſame with their Eyes. We ſhould therefore, to make

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Ibid.*

a right

a right Judgment of the Operations of the Senſes, be firſt agreed with Beaſts, and ſecondly, amongſt ourſelves, which we by no Means are, but enter at every Turn into Diſpute; foraſmuch as one hears, ſees, or taſtes ſomething otherwiſe than another does, and conteſts as much as upon any other Thing of the Diverſity of the Images that the Senſes repreſent to us. A Child, by the ordinary Rule of Nature, hears, ſees and taſtes otherwiſe than a Man of Thirty Years old, and he than one of Threeſcore. The Senſes are in ſome, more obſcure and duſky, and more open and quick in others; and we receive Things variouſly according as we are, and accordingly as they appear to us. Now our Perception being ſo uncertain and uncontroverted, it is no more a Wonder if we are told, that we may declare that Snow appears white to us, but that to affirm that it is in its own Eſſence really ſo, is more than we are able to juſtify: And this Foundation being ſhaken, all the Knowledge in the World muſt of Neceſſity fall to Ruin. What, do our Senſes themſelves hinder one another? A Picture ſeems raiſed and emboſſed to the Sight, in the handling it ſeems flat to the Touch: Shall we ſay, that Muſk, which delights the Smell, and is offenſive to the Taſte, is agreeable or no? There are *Herbs* and *Unguents*, proper for one Part of the Body, that are hurtful to another: Honey is pleaſant to the Taſte, but offenſive to the Sight. They, who to aſſiſt their Luſt, uſed in ancient Times to make uſe of magnifying Glaſſes, to repreſent the Members they were to employ, bigger, by that ocular Tumidity, to pleaſe themſelves the more; to which of their Senſes did they give the Prize, whether to the Sight, that repreſents the Members as large and great as they would deſire; or to their Feeling, which repreſents them little and contemptible? Are they our Senſes that ſupply the ſubject with theſe different Conditions, and have the Subjects themſelves nevertheleſs but one? As we ſee in the Bread we eat, it is nothing but Bread, but by being eaten, it becomes Bones, Blood, Fleſh Hair and Nails.

Ut cibus in membra atque artus cum diditur omnes
Diſperit, atque aliam naturam ſufficit ex ſe *.

* *Id. lib.* 3.

As

As Meat, diffus'd thro' all the Members, loſe
Their former Nature, and different Things compoſe.

The Humidity ſuck'd up by the Root of a Tree, becomes Trunk, Leaf and Fruit: And the Air being but one, is modulated in a Trumpet to a Thouſand ſorts of Sounds. Are they our Senſes, I would fain know, that in like Manner form theſe ſubjects into ſo many divers Qualities, or have they them really ſuch in themſelves? And upon this Doubt, what can we determine of their true Eſſence? Moreover, ſince the Accidents of Diſeaſes, of Raving, or Sleep make Things appear otherwiſe to us than they do to the Healthful, the Wiſe, and thoſe that are awake: Is it not likely, that our right Poſture of Health and Underſtanding, and our natural Humours, have alſo wherewith to give a Being to Things that have a relation to their own Condition, and accommodate them to themſelves, as well as when they are diſorder'd; and our Health as capable of giving them an Aſpect as Sickneſs? Why has not the Temperate a certain Form of Objects relative to it as well as the Intemperate? and why may it not as well ſtamp it with its own Character as the other? He whoſe Mouth is out of Taſte, ſays the Wine is flat? the healthful Man commends its Flavour, and the Thirſty its Briſkneſs. Now our Condition always accommodating Things to itſelf, and tranſforming them according to its own Poſture, we cannot know what Things truly are in themſelves, being that nothing comes to us but what is falſified and altered by the Senſes. Where the *Compaſs*, the *Square*, and the *Rule* are crooked, all Propoſitions drawn from thence, and all Building erected by thoſe Guides, muſt of Neceſſity be alſo defective. The Incertainty of our Senſes renders every Thing uncertain that they produce.

Denique ut in fabrica, ſi prava eſt regula prima,
Normaque ſi fallax rectis regionibus exit,
Et libella aliqua ſi ex parte claudicat hilum,
Omnia mendoſe fieri, atque obſtipa neceſſum eſt,
Prava, cubantia, prona, ſupina, atque abſona tecta,
Jam ruere ut quædam videantur velle ruantque
Prodita judiciis fallacibus omnia primis:
Hic igitur ratio tibi rerum prava neceſſe eſt,
Falſaque ſit falſis quæcunque à ſenſibus orta eſt *.

* *Id. l.* 4.

But

> But laſtly, as in Building, if the Line,
> Be not exact and ſtrait, the Rule decline,
> Or Level falſe, how vain is the Deſign;
> Uneven, an ill-ſhap'd, and tottering Wall
> Muſt riſe, this Part muſt ſink, that Part muſt fall,
> Becauſe the Rules were falſe that faſhion'd all:
> Thus Reaſon's Rules are falſe, if all commence,
> And riſe from failing, and from erring Senſe.

As to what remains, who can be fit to judge of, and to determine thoſe Differences? As we ſay in Controverſies of Religion, that we muſt have a Judge, neither inclining to the one ſide nor the other, free from all Choice and Affection, which cannot be amongſt Chriſtians; juſt ſo it falls out in this; for if he be old, he cannot judge of the Senſe of old Age, being himſelf a Party in the Caſe: If young, there is the ſame Exception; if healthful, ſick, aſleep, or awake, he is ſtill the ſame incompetent Judge: We muſt have ſome one exempt from all theſe Propoſitions, as of Things indifferent to him; and by this Rule we muſt have a Judge that never was. To judge of the Appearances that we receive of Subjects, we ought to have a deciding Inſtrument, to prove this Inſtrument we muſt have Demonſtration, to verify this Demonſtration, an Inſtrument, and here we are upon the Wheel. Seeing the Senſes cannot determine our Diſpute, being full of Incertainty themſelves, it muſt then be Reaſon that muſt do it; but no Reaſon can be erected upon any other Foundation than that of another Reaſon, and ſo we run back to all Infinity. Our Fancy does not apply itſelf to Things that are ſtrange, but is conceiv'd by the Mediation of the Senſes, and Senſes do not comprehend a Foreign Subject, but only their own Paſſions, by which Means Fancy and Appearance are no Part of the Subject, but only of the Paſſion and Sufferance of Senſe, which Paſſion and Subject are different Things; wherefore, whoever judges by Appearances, judges by another Thing than the Subject. And to ſay, that the Paſſion of the Senſes convey to the Soul the Quality of ſtrange Subjects by Reſemblance; how can the Soul and Underſtanding be aſſur'd of this Reſemblance, having of itſelf no Commerce with foreign Subjects? As they who never knew *Socrates*, cannot, when they ſee his Picture, ſay it is like him.

him. Now, whoever would notwithſtanding judge by Appearances, if it be by all, it is impoſſible, becauſe they hinder one another by their Contrarieties and Diſcrepancies, as we by Experience ſee. Shall ſome ſelect Appearances govern the reſt? You muſt verify this Select by another Select, the ſecond by the third, and conſequently there will never be any End to it. Finally, there is no conſtant Exiſtence neither of the Objects Being, nor our own. Both we, and our Judgments, and all mortal Things, are evermore inceſſantly running and rowling, and conſequently, nothing certain can be eſtabliſh'd from the one to the other, both the Judging and the Judged being in a continual Motion and Mutation: We have no Communication with *Being*, by reaſon that all human Nature is always in the midſt, betwixt being born and dying, giving but an obſcure Appearance and Shadow, a weak and uncertain Opinion of itſelf. And if, perhaps, you fix your Thought to apprehend your Being, it would be but like graſping Water, for the more you clutch your Hand to ſqueeze and hold what is in its own Nature flowing, ſo much more you loſe of what you would graſp and hold: So ſeeing that all things are ſubject to paſs from one Change to another, Reaſon, that there looks for a real Subſtance, finds itſelf deceiv'd, not being able to apprehend any Thing that is ſubſiſtent and permanent, becauſe that every Thing is either entring into Being, and is not yet wholly arriv'd at it, or begins to die before it is born. *Plato* ſaid, *That Bodies had never any Exiſtence, but only Birth; conceiving, that* Homer *had made the Ocean, and* Thetis, *Father and Mother of the* Gods, *to ſhew us, that all Things are in a perpetual Fluctuation, Motion and Variation; the Opinion of all the Philoſophers,* as he ſays *before his Time,* Parmenides *only excepted, who would not allow Things to have Motion,* on the Power whereof he ſets a mighty Value. *Pythagoras* was of Opinion, *That all* Matter *was flowing and unſtable:* The *Stoicks, That there is no Time preſent, and that what we call ſo, is nothing but the Juncture and Meeting of the Future and paſt.* Heraclitus, *That never any Man entred twice into the ſame River:* Epicharmus, *That who borrow'd Money but an Hour ago, does not owe it now; and, that he, who was invited overnight to come the next Day to Dinner, comes nevertheleſs uninvited, conſidering, that they are no more the ſame Men, but*

but are become others; and that there could not a Mortal Subſtance be found twice in the ſame Condition: For, by the Suddenneſs and Quickneſs of the Change, it one while diſperſes, and another reſembles; it comes and goes after ſuch a Manner, that what begins to be born never arrives to the Perfection of Being; foraſmuch as that Birth is never finiſh'd and never ſtays, as being at an End, but from the Seed is evermore changing and ſhifting one to another. As human Seed is firſt in the Mother's Womb made a formleſs Embryo, *after delivered thence, a ſucking Infant; afterwards it becomes a Boy, then a middle-aged Man, and at laſt a decrepid old Man. So that Age and ſubſequent Generation is always deſtroying and ſpoiling that which went before.*

Mutat enim Mundi naturam totius ætas,
Ex alioque alius ſtatus excipere omnia debet,
Nec manet illa ſui ſimilis res, omnia migrant,
Omnia commutat natura, & vertere cogit *.

For Time the Nature of the World tranſlates,
And gives all Things new from preceeding States:
Nought like itſelf remains, but all do range,
And Nature forces every Thing to change.

And yet we fooliſhly fear one Kind of Death, whereas we have already paſs'd, and do daily paſs ſo many other. *For not only,* as *Heraclitus* ſaid, *the Death of the Fire is the Generation of Water:* But moreover, we may more manifeſtly diſcern it in ourſelves: The Flower of Youth dies, and paſſes away when Age comes on; and Youth is terminated in the Flower of Age of a full grown Man; Infancy in Youth, and the firſt Age dies in Infancy: Yeſterday died into To-Day, and To-day will die into To-morrow; and there is nothing that remains in the ſame State, or that is always the ſame Thing. And that it is ſo, let this be the Proof; If we are always one and the ſame, how comes it then to paſs, that we are now pleaſed with one Thing, and by and by with another? How comes it to paſs that we love contrary Things, that we praiſe or condemn them? How comes it to paſs that we have different Affections, and no more retain the ſame Sentiment in the ſame Thought? For it is not likely that without Mutation we ſhould aſſume

* *Idem. l.* 5.

other

other Paſſions; and that which ſuffers Mutation does not remain the ſame, and if it be not the ſame, it is not at all: But the ſame that the Being is, does, like it, unknowingly change and alter, becoming evermore another from another Thing: And conſequently the natural Senſes abuſe and deceive themſelves, taking that which ſeems, for that which is, for want of well knowing what that which is, is. But what is it then that truly is? That which is eternal: that is to ſay, that never had Beginning, nor never ſhall have Ending, and to which Time can bring no Mutation. For

Time a moving thing without Permanency.

Time is a mobile Thing, and that appears as in a Shadow, with a Matter evermore flowing and running, without ever remaining ſtable and permanent: And to which belong thoſe Words, before and after, has been, or ſhall be: Which at the firſt Sight evidently ſhew, that it is not a Thing that is; and it were a great Folly, and an apparent Falſity, to ſay that that is, which is not yet in being, or that has already ceaſed to be. And as to theſe Words, *Preſent*, *Inſtant* and *Now*, by which it ſeems that we principally ſupport and found the Intelligence of *Time*, Reaſon diſcovering, does preſently deſtroy it; for it immediately divides and ſplits it into the *Future* and *Paſt*, being of Neceſſity to conſider it divided in two. The ſame happens to *Nature*, that is meaſur'd, as to Time that meaſures it; for ſhe has nothing more ſubſiſting and permanent than the other, but all Things are either born, bearing, or dying. By which Means it were a ſinful Saying to ſay of *God*, Who is He who only *is*, *that He was*, or *that He ſhall be*: For thoſe are Terms of Declenſion, Tranſportation and Viciſſitude, of what cannot continue, or remain in *Being*. Wherefore we are to conclude, *That* God *only is, not according to any Meaſure of Time, but according to an immutable and an immoveable Eternity, not meaſur'd by Time, nor ſubject to any Declenſion: Before whom nothing was, and after whom nothing ſhall be, either more new, or more recent, but a real Being, that with one Sole* Now *fills the* for ever, *and that there is nothing that truly is, but he alone; without being able to ſay, He has been, or ſhall be, without Beginning, and without End.* To this Religious Concluſion of a Pagan, I ſhall only add this Teſtimony of one of the ſame Condition, for the Cloſe of this long and

and tedious Diſcourſe, which would furniſh me with endleſs Matter. *What a vile and abject Thing*, ſays he, *is Man, if he do not raiſe himſelf above Humanity?* 'Tis a good Word and a profitable Deſire, but withal abſurd; for to make the Handle bigger than the Hand, and the Cubit longer than the Arm, and to hope to ſtride further than our Legs can reach, is both impoſſible and monſtrous; or that Man ſhould riſe above himſelf and Humanity: For he cannot ſee but with his Eyes, nor ſeize but with his Power. He ſhall be exalted, if *God* will lend him his extraordinary Hand; he ſhall exalt himſelf, by abandoning and renouncing his own proper Means, and by ſuffering himſelf to be raiſed and elevated by Means purely cœleſtial; it belongs to our Chriſtian Faith, and not to the Stoical Virtue, to pretend to that divine and miraculous *Metamorphoſis*.

CHAP. XIII.

Of judging of the Death of another.

WHEN we judge of another's Conſtancy and Courage in Dying, which, without Doubt, is the moſt remarkable Action of human Life, we are to take notice of one Thing, which is, that Men very hardly believe themſelves to be arriv'd to that Period. Few Men die in an Opinion that it is their laſt Hour, and there is nothing wherein the Flattery of Hopes does more delude us. It never ceaſes to whiſper in our Ears, others have been much ſicker without dying; my Condition is not ſo deſperate as 'tis thought, and at the worſt, *God* has done other Miracles. Which happens by reaſon that we ſet too much Value upon ourſelves. It ſeems as if the Univerſality of Things were in ſome meaſure to ſuffer by our Diſſolution, and that it did commiſerate our Condition. Foraſmuch as our deprav'd Sight repreſents Things to itſelf after the ſame Manner, and that we are of Opinion they ſtand in as much need of us as we do of them? Like

No very reſolute Aſſurance at the Article of Death.

they ſet a good Face upon the Matter, and ſpeak with great Indifferency to acquire Reputation, which they hope afterward living to enjoy. Of all that I have ſeen die, Fortune has diſpoſed their Countenances, and no Deſign of theirs; and even of thoſe who in ancient Times have made away themſelves, there is much to be conſider'd, whether it was a ſudden, or a lingring Death. That cruel *Roman* Emperor would ſay of his Priſoners, *That he would make them feel Death,* and if any one kill'd himſelf in Priſon, *That Fellow has made an Eſcape from me:* He would ſay he would ſpin out Death, and make it felt by Torments.

Vidimus & toto quamvis in Corpore cæſo,
Nil animæ lethale datum, moremque nefandæ
Dirum ſævitiæ perantis parcere morti *.

And in tormented Bodies we have ſeen
Amongſt thoſe Wounds none that have mortal been,
Inhuman Method of dire Cruelty,
That means to kill; yet will not let Men die.

In plain Truth, it is no ſuch great Matter for a Man in Health and in a temperate State of Mind, to reſolve to kill himſelf; it is very eaſy to give ill Signs before one comes to the Puſh; Inſomuch that *Heliogabalus,* the moſt effeminate Man in the World, amongſt his moſt ſenſual Pleaſures, could forecaſt to make himſelf die delicately, when he ſhould be forc'd thereto. And *that his Death might not give the Lye to the reſt of his Life, had purpoſely built a ſumptuous Tower, the Front and Baſe whereof was cover'd and laid with Planks enrich'd with Gold and precious Stones, thence to precipitate himſelf; and alſo cauſed Cords, twiſted with Gold and Crimſon Silk, to be made, wherewith to ſtrangle himſelf; and a Sword, with the Blade of Gold, to be hammer'd out to fall upon: And kept Poiſon in Veſſels of* Emerald *and* Topaz, *wherewith to poiſon himſelf, according as he ſhould like to chooſe one of theſe Ways of dying.*

Impiger, & fortis virtute coacta †.

By a forc'd Valour, reſolute and brave.

Yet, for ſo much as concerns this Perſon, the Effeminacy of his Preparations make it more likely that he would have

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* *Lucan. l.* 2. † *Id. l.* 4.

thought

thought better on't, had he been put to the Teſt. But in thoſe who with great Reſolution have determined to diſpatch themſelves, we muſt examine, whether it were with one Blow which took away the Leiſure of feeling the Effect: For it is to be queſtioned, whether perceiving Life by little and little to ſteal away, the Sentiment of the Body mixing itſelf with that of the Soul, and the Means of repenting being offered, whether, I ſay, Conſtancy and Obſtinacy in ſo dangerous a Will is to be found. In the Civil Wars of *Cæſar*, *Lucius Domitius* being taken in *Pruſſia*, and thereupon poiſoning himſelf, afterward repented. It has happened in our Time, that a certain Perſon being reſolved to die, and not having gone deep enough at the firſt Thruſt, the Senſibility of the Fleſh oppoſing his Arm, gave himſelf three or four Wounds more, but could never prevail upon himſelf to thruſt home. Whilſt *Plantius Sylvanus* was upon his Trial, *Virgulantia*, his Grand-mother, ſent him a Poinard, with which, not being able to kill himſelf, he made his Servants to cut his Veins. *Albucilla*, in *Tiberius*'s Time, having, to kill himſelf, ſtruck with too much Tenderneſs, gave his Adverſaries Opportunity to impriſon and put him to Death their own Way: And that great Leader, *Demoſthenes*, after his Rout in *Sicily*, did the ſame; and *C. Pimbria*, having ſtruck himſelf too weakly, intreated his Servant to diſpatch and to kill him outright. On the contrary, *Oſtorius*, who could not make uſe of his own Arm, diſdain'd to employ that of his Servant to any other Uſe, but only to hold the Poinard ſtraight and firm; and running his Breaſt full drive againſt it, thruſt him thro'. 'Tis, in Truth, a Morſel that is to be ſwallow'd without chewing, unleſs a Man be thoroughly reſolv'd; and yet *Adrian*, the Emperor, made his *Phyſician* mark and encircle in his Pap the Mortal Place wherein he was to ſtab, to him he had given Order to kill him. For this Reaſon it was, that *Cæſar* being ask'd *what Death he thought to be the moſt deſir'd?* made anſwer, *The leaſt premeditated, and the ſhorteſt.* If *Cæſar* dar'd to ſay it, it is no Cowardize in me to believe it. *A ſhort Death*, ſays *Pliny*, *is the Sovereign good Hap of Human Life.* They do not much care to diſcover it. No one can ſay, that he is reſolv'd for Death, who fears to trifle with it, and that cannot undergo it with his Eyes open. They that we ſee in exemplary Puniſh-

ments run to their Death, haſten and preſs their Execution, do it not out of Reſolution, but they will not give themſelves Leiſure to conſider it; it does not trouble them to be dead, but to die.

Emori nolo, ſed me eſſe mortuum nihili æſtimo *.

I would not die, but care not to be dead.

'Tis a Degree of Conſtancy, which I have experimented, that I can arrive to do like thoſe who plunge themſelves into Dangers, as into the Sea, with their Eyes ſhut. There is nothing, in my Opinion, more illuſtrious in the Life of *Socrates*, than that he had Thirty whole Days wherein to ruminate upon the Sentence of his Death; to have digeſted it all that Time with a moſt aſſured Hope, without Care, and without Alteration, and with Words and Actions, rather careleſs and indifferent, than any way ſtirr'd or diſcompoſed by the Weight of ſuch a Thought. That *Pomponius Atticus*, to whom *Cicero* writes ſo oft, being ſick, cauſed *Agrippa*, his Son-in-Law, and two or three more of his Friends, to be called to him, and told them, *That having found all Means practiſed upon him for his Recovery to be in vain, and that all he did to prolong his Life did alſo prolong and augment his Pain; he was reſolv'd to put an End both to the one and the other, deſiring them to approve of his Deliberation, or at leaſt, not to loſe their Labour in endeavouring to diſſuade him.* Now, having choſen to deſtroy himſelf by Abſtinence, his Diſeaſe was thereby accidentally cured, and the Remedy he made uſe of wherewith to kill himſelf, reſtored him to his perfect Health. His *Phyſicians* and Friends rejoicing at ſo happy an Event, and coming to congratulate him, found themſelves very much deceiv'd, it being impoſſible for them to make him alter his Purpoſe; he telling them, *that he muſt one Day die, and that being now ſo far on his Way, he would ſave himſelf the Labour of beginning again another time.* This Man having diſcover'd Death at Leiſure, was not only not diſcouraged at the Approach of it, but provok'd it: For being ſa-

The conſtant and reſolute Death of Socrates.

The Death of Pomponius Atticus *by Faſting.*

* *Cicero Tuſc. lib.* 1.

tisfied

tisfied that he had engaged in the Combat, he conſider'd it as a Piece of Bravery, and that he was oblig'd in Honour to ſee the End. 'Tis far beyond not fearing Death, to taſte and reliſh it. The Story of the Philoſopher *Cleanthes* is very like this. *He had his Gums ſwell'd and rotten; his* Phyſicians *adviſed him to great Abſtinence: Having faſted Two Days, he was ſo much better, that they pronounced him cured, and permitted him to his ordinary Courſe of Diet: He, on the contrary, already taſting ſome Sweetneſs in this Faintneſs of his, would not be perſuaded to go back, but reſolv'd to procced, and to finiſh what he had ſo far advanc'd. Tullius Marcellinus,* a young Man of *Rome,* having a Mind to anticipate the Hour of his Deſtiny, to be rid of a Diſeaſe that was more Trouble to him than he was willing to endure; tho' his *Phyſicians* aſſur'd him of a certain, tho' not ſudden Cure, called a Council of his Friends to conſult about it; *of which, ſome,* ſays *Seneca, gave him the Counſel, which out of Unmanlineſs they would have taken themſelves; others, out of Flattery, ſuch as they thought he would beſt like:* But a *Stoick* ſaid thus to him; *Do not concern thyſelf,* Marcellinus, *as if thou didſt delibrate of a Thing of Importance; 'tis no great Matter to live; thy Servants and Beaſts live; but it is a great Thing to die handſomely, wiſely, and conſtantly: Do but think how long thou haſt done the ſame Thing, eat, drink and ſleep, drink, ſleep and eat. We inceſſantly wheel in the ſame Circle: Not only ill and inſupportable Accidents, but even the Satiety of Living, inclines a Man to deſire to die.* *Marcellinus* did not ſtand in need of a Man to adviſe, but of a Man to aſſiſt him; his Servants were afraid to meddle in the Buſineſs: But this *Philoſopher* gave them to underſtand, *that Domeſticks are ſuſpected, even when it is in doubt, whether the Death of the Maſter were voluntary, or no; otherwiſe, that it would be of as ill Example to hinder him, as to kill him foraſmuch as,*

Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti *.

Who makes a Man to live againſt his Will,
As cruel is, as if he did him kill.

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* *Horat. in Art. Poct.*

He afterwards told *Marcellinus, that it would not be indecent, as the Remainder of Tables, when we have done, is given to the Aſſiſtants; ſo Life being ended, to diſtribute ſomething to thoſe who have been our Servants.* Now *Marcellinus* was of a free and liberal Spirit; he therefore divided a certain Sum of Money amongſt his Attendants, and comforted them. As to the reſt, he had no Need of Steel, nor of Blood. He was reſolv'd to go out of this Life, and not to run out of it; not to eſcape from Death, but to eſſay it. And to give himſelf Leiſure to trifle with it, having forſaken all Manner of Nouriſhment, the third Day following, after having cauſed himſelf to be ſprinkled with warm Water, he fainted by Degrees, and not without ſome Kind of Pleaſure, as he himſelf declar'd. In earneſt, ſuch as have been acquainted with theſe Faintings, proceeding from Weakneſs, do ſay, that they are therein ſenſible of no Manner of Pain, but rather feel a Kind of Delight, as in a Paſſage to Sleep and Reſt. Theſe are ſtudy'd and digeſted Deaths. But to the End that *Cato* only may furniſh out the whole Example of Virtue, it ſeems as if his good Deſtiny had put his ill one into his Hand, with which he gave himſelf the Blow; ſeeing he had the Leiſure to confront and ſtruggle with Death, reinforcing his Courage in the greateſt Danger, inſtead of letting it go leſs. And if I had been to repreſent him in his Supreme Station, I ſhould have done it in the Poſture of tearing out his bloody Bowels, rather than with his Sword in his Hand, as did the Statuaries of his Time: For this ſecond Murther was much more furious than the Firſt.

Death bravely confronted by Cato.

CHAP. XIV.

That the Mind hinders itſelf.

'TIS a pleaſant Imagination to fancy a Mind exactly balanced betwixt two equal Deſires: For doubtleſs it can never pitch upon either, foraſmuch as the Choice and Application would manifeſt an Inequality of Eſteem; and were we ſet betwixt the Bottle and the Ham with an equal Appetite

Appetite to drink and eat, there would doubtleſs be no Remedy, but we muſt die for Thirſt and Hunger. To provide againſt this Inconvenience, the *Stoicks*, when they are aſk'd *whence this Election in the Soul of two different Things does proceed (and that makes us out of a great Number of Crowns rather take one than another, there being no Reaſon to incline us to ſuch a Preference?)* make anſwer, *That this Movement of the Soul is extraordinary and irregular, that it enters into us by a ſtrange, accidental and fortuitous Impulſe.* It might rather, methinks, be ſaid, that nothing preſents itſelf to us wherein there is not ſome Difference, how little ſoever; and that either by the Sight or Touch there is always ſome Choice, that, tho' it be imperceptibly, tempts and attracts us. Whoever likewiſe ſhall preſuppoſe a Packthread equally ſtrong throughout, it is utterly impoſſible it ſhould break; for, where will you have the Breaking to begin? And that it ſhould break altogether, is not in Nature. Whoever alſo ſhould hereunto join the *Geometrical* Propoſitions, that by the Certainty of their Demonſtrations conclude the Contained to be greater than the Containing, the Center alſo to be as great as the Circumference, and that find out two Lines inceſſantly approaching each other, and that yet can never meet; and the *Philoſopher*'s Stone, and the *Quadrature* of a *Circle*, where the Reaſon and Effect are ſo oppoſite; might, peradventure, find ſome Argument to ſecond this bold Saying of *Pliny*, *Solum certum nihil eſt certi, & homine nihil miſerius aut ſuperbius* *. *That it is only certain, there is nothing certain; and that nothing is more miſerable, or more proud than Man.*

CHAP. XV.

That our Deſires are augmented by Difficulty.

THere is no Reaſon that has not his Contrary, ſay the wiſeſt of *Philoſophers*, which puts me upon ruminating on the excellent Sayings one of the Ancients alledges

* *Plin. l. 2. c. 7.*

for

for the Contempt of Life; *No Gold can bring Pleaſure, if not that for the Loſs of which we are before-hand prepared: In æquo eſt dolor amiſſæ rei, & timor amittendæ*, The Grief of loſing a Thing, and the Fear of loſing it, are equal.* Meaning by that, that the Fruition of Life cannot be truly pleaſant to us, if we are in Fear of loſing it. It might, however, be ſaid on the contrary, that we hug and embrace this Good by ſo much the more tenderly, and with ſo much greater Affection, by how much we ſee it the leſs aſſur'd, and fear to have it taken from us; for as it is evident, that Fire burns with greater Fury when Cold comes to mix with it, ſo our Wills are more obſtinate by being oppoſed:

Si nunquam Danaen *habuiſſet ahenea turris,*
Non eſſet Danae *de Jove facta parens* †.
A brazen Tow'r if *Danae* had not had,
She ne'er by *Jove* had been a Mother made.

And that there is nothing naturally contrary to our Taſte but Satiety, which proceeds from Facility; nor any Thing that ſo much whets it as Rarity and Difficulty. *Omnium rerum voluptas ipſo quo debet fugare periculo creſcit* ‡. *The Pleaſure of all Things increaſes by the ſame Danger that ſhould deter it.*

Galla nega, ſatiatur amor niſi gaudia torquent ‖.
Galla deny, be not too eas'ly gain'd,
For Love will glut with Joys too ſoon obtain'd.

To keep Love in Breath, *Lycurgus* made a Decree, that the marry'd People of *Lacedæmonia* ſhould never enjoy one another but by ſtealth; and that it ſhould be as great a Shame to be taken in Bed together, as committing with others. The Difficulty of Aſſignations, the Danger of Surprize, and the Shame of the Morning.

Et languor, & ſilentium,
Et latere petitus imo ſpiritus §.
The Languor, Silence, and the far-fetch'd Sighs,
That fearing to be heard do trembling riſe.

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* *Sen. Ep.* 98. † *Ovid. Am. lib.* 2. *El.* 19.
‡ *Sen. de Ben. lib.* 7. *cap.* 9. ‖ *Mart. lib.* 4. *Epig.* 38.
§ *Hor. Ep.* 11.

Theſe

Theſe are they that give the *Haut-gout* to the Sawce. How many very wantonly pleaſant Plays are made from the cleanly and modeſt Way of ſpeaking of the Works of Love? Even Pleaſure itſelf would be heightned with Pain. It is much ſweeter when it ſmarts, and has the Skin rippled. The Courtezan, *Flora*, ſaid, *ſhe never lay with* Pompey, *but ſhe made him wear the Prints of her Teeth.*

Quod petiere, premunt arctè, faciuntque dolorem
Corporis, & dentes incidunt ſæpe labellis:
Et ſtimuli ſubſunt, qui inſtigant lædere id ipſum
Quodcunque eſt, rabies unde illæ germina ſurgunt *.

And ſo it is in every Thing: Difficulty gives all Things their Eſtimation. Thoſe of the *Marque* of *Ancona* moſt chearfully make their Vows to St. *James*, and thoſe of *Galicia* to our Lady of *Loretta*; they make wonderful Boaſts at *Liege* of the Baths of *Luques*, and in *Tuſcany* of thoſe of *Aſpa*: There are few *Romans* ſeen in the Fencing-Schools of *Rome*, which are full of *French*. The Great *Cato* alſo, as well as we, nauſeated his Wife while ſhe was his, and long'd for her when in the Poſſeſſion of another. I was fain to turn out an old Stallion into the Paddock, being he was vicious and not to be govern'd when he ſmelt a Mare: The Facility preſently ſated him, as towards his own, but towards ſtrange Mares, and the firſt that paſſed by the Pale of his Paſture, he would again fall to his importunate Neighings, and his furious Heats, as before. Our Appetite contemns, and paſſes by what it has in Poſſeſſion, to run after that it has not.

Tranſvolat in medio poſita, & fugientia captat †.

Thou ſcorn'ſt that Laſs thou mayſt with Eaſe enjoy;
And court'ſt thoſe that are difficult and coy.

To forbid us any Thing, is to make us have a Mind to't.

——— *niſi tu ſervare puellam*
Incipis, incipiet deſinere eſſe mea ‡.

If thou no better guard that Girl of thine,
She'll ſoon begin to be no longer mine.

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* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Hor. Sat.* 2. ‡ *Ovid. Amor. l.* 2. *El.* 19.

To

To give it wholly up to us, is to beget in us Contempt. Want, and Abundance fall into the ſame Inconvenience.

Tibi quod ſupereſt, mihi quod deſit, dolet *,
Thy Superfluities do trouble thee,
And what I want and pant for, trouble me.

Deſire and Fruition do equally afflict us. The Rigours of Miſtreſſes are troubleſome, but Facility, to ſay Truth, is more; foraſmuch as Diſcontent and Anger ſpringing from the Eſteem we have of the Thing deſired, heat and actuate Love; but Satiety begets Diſguſt; 'tis a blunt, dull, ſtupid, tir'd and ſlothful Paſſion.

Si qua volet regnare diu, contemnat amantem.
——— *contemnite amantes,*
Sic hodie venit, ſi qua negavit heri †.

The Lady that would keep her Servant ſtill,
Muſt, in Diſcretion, ſometimes uſe him ill.
And the ſame Policy with Men will do,
If they ſometimes do ſlight their Miſſes too;
By which Means ſhe that Yeſterday ſaid Nay,
Will come and offer up herſelf To-day.

Why did *Poppea* invent the Uſe of a Maſk to hide the Beauties of her Face, but to enhance it to her Lovers? Why have they veil'd, even below the Heels, thoſe Beauties that every one deſires to ſhew, and that every one deſires to ſee? Why do they cover, with ſo many Hinderances one over another, the Parts where our Deſires and their own have their principal Seat? And to what ſerve thoſe great *Baſtian* Farthingals, with which our Ladies fortify their Haunches, but to allure our Appetite, and to draw us on by removing them farther from us?

Et fugit ad ſalices, & ſe cupit ante videri ‡.
And to the Oſiers flies herſelf to hide,
But does deſire to have her Flight deſcry'd.

Interdum tunica duxit operta moram ‖.
Things being laid too open to the Sight,
Do ſometimes put a Stop to the Delight.

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* *Terence.* † *Ovid. Amor.* ‡ *Virg. Ecl.* 3.
‖ *Propert. l.* 2. *Eleg.* 12.

To

To what Uſe ſerves the Artifice of this Virgin Modeſty? This grave Coldneſs, this ſevere Countenance, this Profeſſion to be ignorant of Things that they know better than we who inſtruct them in them, but to increaſe in us the Deſire to overcome, controul and trample under Foot at Pleaſure, all this Ceremony, and all theſe Obſtacles? For there is not only Pleaſure, but moreover, Glory, to conquer and debauch that ſoft Sweetneſs, and that childiſh Modeſty, and to reduce a cold and Matron-like Gravity to the Mercy of our ardent Deſires: *'Tis a Glory*, ſay they, *to triumph over Modeſty, Chaſtity, and Temperance*; and whoever diſſwades Ladies from thoſe Qualities, betray both them and themſelves. They are to believe, that their Hearts tremble with Affright, that the very Sound of our Words offend the Purity of their Ears, that they hate us for talking ſo, and only yield to our Importunity by a compulſive Force. Beauty, as powerful as it is, has not wherewithal to make itſelf reliſh'd, without the Mediation of theſe little Arts; look into *Italy*, where there is the moſt and the fineſt Beauty to be ſold, how it is nevertheleſs neceſſitated to have Recourſe to other Means and other Artifices to render itſelf charming, and in Truth, whatever it may do, being venal and publick, it does not remain feeble and languiſhing in itſelf. Even as in Virtue itſelf, of two like Effects, we notwithſtanding look upon that as the beſt and moſt worthy, wherein the moſt Trouble and Hazard is propoſed. 'Tis an Effect of the Divine Providence to ſuffer the *Holy Church* to be afflicted, as we ſee it, with ſo many Storms and Troubles, by this Oppoſition to rouze pious Souls, and to awake them from that drowſy Lethargy whereinto, by ſo long Tranquility, they had been immerg'd. If we ſhould lay the Loſs we have ſuſtained in the Number of thoſe who have gone aſtray in the Balance, againſt the Benefit we have had by being again put in Breath, and by having our Zeal and Forces exerciſed by reaſon of this Oppoſition; I know not whether the Utility would not ſurmount the Damage. We have thought to tie the Nuptial Knot of our Marriages more faſt and firm, for having taken away all Means of diſſolving it; but the Knot of the Will and Affection is ſo much the more ſlackned and made looſe, by how much that of Conſtraint is drawn cloſer together. And on the contrary, that which kept the *Marriages* at *Rome* ſo long in Honour

Honour and Inviolate, was the Liberty every one that would, had to break them. They kept their Wives the better, becauſe they might part with them if they would; and in the full Liberty of *Divorces* they liv'd fifty Years and more, before any one made uſe on't.

Quod licet, ingratum eſt, quod non licet, acrius urit *.

What's free we are diſguſted at, and ſlight,
What is forbidden whets the Appetite.

We might here introduce the Opinion of an Ancient upon this Occaſion, *That Executions rather whet than dull the Edge of Vices: That they do not beget the Care of doing well, that being the Work of Reaſon and Diſcipline; but only a Care not to be taken in doing ill.*

Latius exciſæ peſtis contagia ſerpunt †.

The Plague-ſore being launc'd, th'Infection ſpreads.

I do not know that it is true; but I experimentally know, that never *Civil Government* was by that Means reform'd. The Order and Regiment of Manners depend upon ſome other Expedient. The *Greek Hiſtories* make mention of the *Agrippians*, Neighbours to *Scythia*, who live either without Rod or Stick to offend; that not only no one attempts to attack them, but whoever can fly thither is ſafe, by reaſon of their Virtue and Sanctity of Life, and no one is ſo bold as there to lay Hands upon them; and they have Applications made to them to determine the Controverſies that ariſe betwixt Men of other Countries. There is a certain Nation, where the Incloſures of Gardens and Fields they would preſerve, is made only of a String of Cotton-yarn; and ſo fenc'd, is more firm and ſecure than our Hedges and Ditches. *Furem ſignata ſolicitant. Aperta effractarius præterit* ‡. *Things ſeal'd up, invite a Thief. Houſe-breakers paſs by open Doors.* Peradventure, the Facility of entring my Houſe, amongſt other Things, has been a Means to preſerve it from the Violence of our Civil Wars. Defence allures Attempt, and Defiance provokes an Enemy. I enervated the Soldiers Deſign, by depriving the Exploit of Danger, and all Matter of Military Glory, which is wont to

* *Ovid. Amor. l.* 2 *E.* 19. † *Rutilius in Intinerario.*
‡ *Senec. Ep.* 68.

ſerve

ſerve them for Pretence and Excuſe. Whatever is bravely, is ever honourably done, at a Time when Juſtice is dead. I render them the Conqueſt of my Houſe cowardly and baſe; it is never ſhut to any one that knocks. My Gate has no other Guard than a Porter, and that of ancient Cuſtom and Ceremony; who does not ſo much ſerve to defend it, as to offer it with more Decency, and the better Grace. I have no other *Guard* or *Centinel* than the Stars. A Gentleman would play the Fool to make a Shew of Defence, if he be not really in a Condition to defend himſelf. He that lies open on one Side, is every where ſo. Our Anceſtors did not think of building frontier Garriſons. The Means of Aſſaulting, I mean, without Battery, or Army, and of ſurprizing our Houſes, increaſe every Day above all the Means to guard them. Men's Wits are generally bent that Way. Invaſion every one is concern'd in, none but the Rich in Defence. Mine was ſtrong for the Time when it was built, I have added nothing to it of that Kind, and ſhould fear that its Strength ſhould turn againſt myſelf; to which we are to conſider, that a peaceable Time would require it ſhould be diſmantled. There is Danger never to be able to regain it, and it would be very hard to keep. For in inteſtine Diſſentions your Man may be of the Party you fear; and where Religion is the Pretext, even a Man's neareſt Relation becomes unfaithful with a Colour of Juſtice. The publick *Exchequer* will not maintain our domeſtick Garriſons; they would exhauſt it. We ourſelves have not Means to do it without Ruin, or which is more inconvenient and injurious, without ruining the People. As to the reſt, you there loſe all, and even your Friends will be more ready to accuſe your want of Vigilancy, and your Improvidence, than to lament you. That ſo many garriſon'd Houſes have been loſt, whereas this of mine remains, makes me apt to believe, that they were only loſt by being guarded. This gives an Enemy both an Invitation and Colour of Reaſon. All Defence ſhews a Face of War. Let who will come to me in God's Name; but I ſhall not invite them. 'Tis the Retirement I have choſen for my Repoſe from War. I endeavour to withdraw this Corner from the publick Tempeſt, as I alſo do another Corner in my Soul. Our War may put on what Forms it will, multiply and diverſify itſelf into new Parties; for my own Part, I ſhall not

not budge. Amongſt ſo many garriſon'd Houſes, I'am the only Perſon of my Condition, that I know of, who have purely intruſted mine to the Protection of Heaven; without removing either Plate, Deeds, or Hangings. I will neither fear, nor ſave myſelf by halves. If a full Acknowledgment can acquire the Divine Favour, it will ſtay with me to the End: If not, I have, however, continued long enough, to render my Continuance remarkable, and fit to be recorded. How? Why I have lived Thirty Years.

CHAP. XVI.

Of Glory.

THere is the Name and the Thing: The Name is a Voice which denotes and ſignifies the Thing; the Name is no Part of the Thing, or of the Subſtance; 'tis a Foreign Piece joyn'd to the Thing; and without it, *God*, who is all Fulneſs in himſelf, and the Height of all Perfection cannot augment or add any Thing to himſelf within; but his Name may be augmented and increaſed by the Bleſſing and Praiſe we attribute to his Exterior Works. Which Praiſe, ſeeing we cannot incorporate it in him, foraſmuch as he can have no Acceſſion of Good, we attribute it to his Name; which is the Part out of him that is neareſt to us. Thus is it, that to *God* alone Glory and Honour appertain; and there is nothing ſo remote from Reaſon, as that we ſhould go in queſt of it for ourſelves; for being indigent and neceſſitous within, our Eſſence being imperfect, and having Need of Melioration, 'tis to that that we ought to employ all our Endeavours. We are all hollow and empty: 'Tis not with Wind and Voice that we are to fill ourſelves; we want a more ſolid Subſtance to repair us: A Man ſtarv'd with Hunger, would be very ſimple to ſeek rather to provide himſelf of a gay Garment than a good Meal: We are to look after that whereof we have moſt Need. As we have it in our ordinary Prayers, *Gloria in excelſis Deo, in terra pax hominibus*. Glory be to God on high, and on Earth*

* *St. Luke, chap. 2.* *Peace,*

Peace, &c. We are in great Want of *Beauty*, *Health*, *Wiſdom*, *Virtue*, and ſuch like Eſſential Qualities: Exterior Ornaments ſhould be look'd after when we have made Proviſion for neceſſary Things. Divinity treats amply and more pertinently of this Subject, but I am not much vers'd in it. *Chryſippus* and *Diogenus* were the firſt and the moſt conſtant Authors of the Contempt of Glory; and maintain'd, *that amongſt all Pleaſures, there was none more dangerous, nor more to be avoided, than that which proceeds from the Approbation of others.* And, in Truth, Experience makes us ſenſible of many very hurtful Treaſons in it. There is nothing that ſo poiſons *Princes* as Flattery, nor any Thing whereby wicked Men more eaſily obtain Credit and Favour with them: Nor Pandariſm ſo proper and uſually made uſe of to corrupt the Chaſtity of Women, than to wheedle and entertain them with their own Prayers. The firſt Charm the *Syrens* made uſe of to allure *Ulyſſes* is of this Nature;

Deca vers nous, deca ò tres louable Ulyſſe,
Et le plus grand honeur dont la Greece fleuriſe *.

To us, noble *Ulyſſes*, this way, this,
Thou greateſt Ornament and Pride of *Greece*.

Theſe *Philoſophers* ſaid, *That all the Glory of the World was not worth an underſtanding Man's holding out his Finger to obtain it*;

Gloria quantalibet quid erit, ſi Gloria tantum eſt † ?

What's Glory in the high'ſt Degree,
If it no more but Glory be?

I ſay for it alone: For it often brings ſeveral Commodities along with it, for which it may be juſtly deſir'd: It acquires us Good-will, and renders us leſs ſubject and expoſed to the Injuries of others, and the like. It was alſo one of the principal Doctrines of *Epicurus*; for this Precept of his *Sect*, *Conceal thy Life*, that forbids Men to incumber themſelves with Offices and publick Negotiations, does alſo neceſſarily preſuppoſe a Contempt of Glory, which is the World's Approbation of thoſe Actions we produce in Pub-

* *Petrarch.* † *Juvcn. Sat.* 7.

lick. He that bids us conceal ourſelves, and to have no other Concern but for ourſelves, and that will not have us known to others, would much leſs have us honour'd and glorify'd. He adviſes *Idomeneus* alſo, *not in any ſort to regulate his Actions by the common Reputation or Opinion; if not to avoid the other accidental Inconveniences that the Contempt of Men might bring upon him.* Thoſe Diſcourſes are, in my Opinion, very true and rational; but we are, I know not how, double in ourſelves, which is the Cauſe that what we believe we do not believe, and cannot diſengage ourſelves from what we condemn. Let us ſee the laſt and dying Words of *Epicurus*; they are great, and worthy of ſuch a *Philoſopher*, and yet they carry ſome Marks of the Recommendation of his Name, and of that Humour he had decry'd by his Precepts. Here is a Letter that he dictated a little before his laſt Gaſp.

Epicurus *to* Hermachus, *Health.*

WHilſt I was paſſing over the happieſt and laſt Day of my Life, I writ thus; but at the ſame Time afflicted with ſuch a Pain in my Bladder and Bowels, that nothing can be greater. But it was recompens'd with the Pleaſure, the Remembrance of my Inventions and Doctrines ſuggeſted to my Soul. Now, as the Affection thou haſt ever from thy Infancy borne towards me, and Philoſophy does require; take upon thee the Protection of Metrodorus's *Children.*

This is the Letter. And that which makes me interpret, that the Pleaſure he ſays he had in his Soul, concerning his Inventions, has ſome Reference to the Reputation he hop'd for after his Death, is the Manner of his Will. In which he gives Order, *That* Aminomachus *and* Timocrates, *his Heirs, ſhould every* January *defray the Expence for the Celebration of his Nativity, that* Hermachus *ſhould appoint; and alſo the Expence that ſhould be made the Twentieth of every Moon in entertaining of the Philoſophers, his Friends, who ſhould aſſemble in Honour of the Memory of him and* Metrodorus. *Carneades* was *Head* of the contrary Opinion; And maintain'd, *that Glory was to be deſir'd for itſelf, even as we embrace our* Poſthumes *for themſelves, having no Knowledge or Enjoyment of them.* This Opinion was more univerſally

verſally follow'd, as thoſe commonly are that are moſt ſuitable to our Inclinations. *Ariſtotle* gives it the firſt Place amongſt eternal Goods; and avoids, as two extreme Vices, the immoderate either ſeeking or evading it. I believe, that if we had the Books *Cicero* has writ upon this Subject, we ſhould there find the Stories; for he was ſo poſſeſſed with this Paſſion, that if he had dar'd, I think he could willingly have fallen into the Exceſs that others did, *That Virtue itſelf was not to be coveted, but upon the Account of the Honour that always attends it.*

Cicero *very ambitious of Glory.*

Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus ——— *.

Virtue, if concealed, doth
Little differ from dead Sloth.

Which is an Opinion ſo falſe, that I am vex'd it could ever enter into the Underſtanding of a Man that was honour'd with the Name of a Philoſopher. If this was true, Men ſhould not be virtuous but in publick, and he ſhould be no further concern'd to keep the Operation of the Soul, which is the true Seat of Virtue, regular and in Order, than as they are to arrive at the Knowledge of others. Is there no more in it than but only ſlily, and with Circumſpection to do Ill? *If thou knoweſt*, ſays *Carneades*, *of a Serpent lurking in a Place, where, without Suſpicion, a Perſon is going to ſit down, by whoſe Death thou expecteſt an Advantage, thou doſt Ill, if thou doſt not give him Caution of his Danger; and ſo much the more, becauſe the Action is to be known by none but thyſelf.* If we do not take up ourſelves a Rule of well-doing, if Impunity paſſes with us for Juſtice, to how many Sorts of Wickedneſs ſhall we every Day abandon ourſelves? I do not find what *Sp. Peduceus* did, in faithfully reſtoring the Treaſure that *C. Plotius* had committed to his ſole Secrecy and Truſt (a Thing that I have often done myſelf) ſo commendable, as I ſhould think it an execrable Baſeneſs had we done otherwiſe. And think it of good Uſe in our Days to introduce the Example of *P. Sextilius Rufus*, whom *Cicero* accuſes *to have enter'd upon an Inhe-*

* *Hor. l.* 4. *Ode* 9.

ritance contrary to his Conſcience, not only not againſt Law, but even by the Determination of the Laws themſelves. And *M. Craſſus* and *Q. Hortenſius*, who, by Reaſon of their Authority and Power, having been call'd in by a Stranger to ſhare in the Succeſſion of a forg'd Will, that ſo he might ſecure his own Part; ſatisfied themſelves with having no Hand in the Forgery, and refuſed not to make their Advantage, and to come in for a Share; ſecure enough, if they could ſhroud themſelves from Accuſations, Witneſſes, and the Cognizance of the *Laws*. *Meminerint Deum ſe habere teſtem id eſt (ut ego arbitror) mentem ſuam* *. *Let them conſider, they have God to witneſs, that is (as I interpret it) their own Conſciences.* Virtue is a very vain and frivolous Thing, if it derives its Recommendation from Glory. And 'tis to no Purpoſe that we endeavour to give it a Station by itſelf, and ſeparate it from Fortune; for what is more accidental than Reputation? *Profecta Fortuna, in omni re dominatur? Ea res cunctas ex libidine, magis quam ex vero celebrat, obſcuratque* †. *Fortune rules in all Things, and does advance and depreſs Things more out of her own Will than Right and Juſtice.* So to order it that Actions may be known and ſeen, is purely the Work of Fortune; 'tis Chance that helps us to Glory, according to its own Temerity. I have often ſeen her go along with Merit, and very much exceed it. He that firſt liken'd Glory to a Shadow, did better than he was aware of. They are both of them Things excellently vain. Glory alſo, like a Shadow, goes ſometimes before the Body, and ſometimes in Length infinitely exceeds it. They that inſtruct Gentlemen only to employ their Valour for the obtaining of Honour, *Quaſi non ſit honeſtum, quod nobilitatum non ſit* ‡. *As tho' it were not a Virtue unleſs ennobled*; what do they intend by that, but to inſtruct them never to hazard themſelves if they are not ſeen, and to obſerve as well, If there be Witneſſes preſent, who may carry News of their Valour: Whereas a thouſand Occaſions of well-doing preſent themſelves, when we cannot be taken notice of? How many brave Actions are buried in the Crowd of a Battle? Whoever ſhall take upon him to cenſure another's Behaviour in ſuch a Confuſion, is not very buſy himſelf;

* *Cicero de Off. l.* 3. † *Saluſt.* ‡ *Cicero de Off. l.* 1.

and

and the Teſtimony he ſhall give of his Companion's Deportments will be Evidence againſt himſelf. *Vera, & ſapiens Animi magnitudo honeſtum illud quod maxime naturam ſequitur, in factis poſitum, non in Gloria judicat. The true and wiſe Magnanimity judges, that the Bravery which moſt follows Nature more conſiſts in Act than Glory.* All the Glory that I pretend to derive from my Life, is, that I have liv'd it in quiet. In quiet, not according to *Metrodorus, Arceſilaus,* or *Ariſtippus,* but according to myſelf; for ſeeing *Philoſophy* has not been able to find out any Way to Tranquility that is good in common, let every one ſeek it in particular. To what do *Cæſar* and *Alexander* owe the infinite Grandeur of their Renown, but to Fortune? How many Men has ſhe extinguiſh'd in the Beginning of their Progreſs, of whom we have no Knowledge; who brought as much Courage to the Work as they, if their adverſe Hap had not cut them off in the firſt Sally of their Arms? Amongſt ſo many and ſo great Dangers, I do not remember I have any where read, that *Cæſar* was ever wounded; a Thouſand have fallen in leſs Dangers than the leaſt of thoſe he went thro'. A great many brave Actions muſt be expected to be perform'd without Witneſs, and ſo loſt, before one turn to Account. A Man is not always on the Top of a Breach, or at the Head of an Army in the Sight of his *General,* as upon a Scaffold. A Man is oft ſurpriz'd betwixt the Hedge and the Ditch, he muſt run the Hazard of his Life againſt a *Hen-rooſt,* he muſt bolt four raſcally Muſketeers out of a Barn, he muſt prick out ſingle from his Party, and alone make ſome Attempts, according as Neceſſity will have it. And whoever will obſerve, will, I believe find it experimentally true, that Occaſions of the leaſt Luſtre are ever the moſt dangerous: And that in the Wars of our own Times there have more brave Men been loſt in Occaſions of little Moment, and in the Diſpute about ſome little Paltry Fort, than in Places of greater Importance, and where their Valour, might have been more honourably employ'd. Who thinks his Death unworthy of him, if he do not fall in ſome Signal Occaſions, inſtead of illuſtrating his Death, doth wilfully obſcure his Life, ſuffering in the mean Time many very juſt Occaſions of hazarding himſelf to ſlip out of his Hands. And every juſt one is illuſtrious enough: Every Man's Conſcience be-

ing a ſufficient Trumpet to him. *Gloria noſtra eſt, Teſtimonium Conſcientiæ noſtræ* *. *For our rejoicing is this, the Teſtimony of our Conſcience.* Who is only a good Man that Men may know it, and that he may be the better eſteem'd when 'tis known; who will not do well, but upon Condition that his Virtue may be known to Men, is one from whom much Service is not to be expected.

Credo ch' el reſto di quel verno, coſe
Faceſſe degne di tener ne conto,
Ma fur fin a quel tempo ſi naſcoſe,
Che non e colpa mia s'hor'nar le conto,
Porche Orlando a far' opre virtuoſe
Piu ch'a narra le poi ſempre era pronto,
Ne mai fu alcun' de li ſuoi fatti eſpreſſo,
Senon quando hebbei teſtimonii appreſſo. †.

The reſt o'th' Winter, I preſume, was ſpent
In Actions worthy of Eternal Fame;
Which at the End was ſo in Darkneſs pent,
That if I name them not, I'm not to blame:
Orlando's noble Mind being more bent
To do great Acts, than boaſt him of the ſame;
So that no Deeds of his were ever known,
But thoſe that luckily had Lookers on.

A Man muſt go to the War upon the Account of Duty, and expect the Recompence that never fails brave and worthy Actions, how private and conceal'd ſoever, not ſo much as Virtuous Thoughts; 'tis the Satisfaction that a well-diſpoſed Conſcience receives in itſelf, to do well. A Man muſt be valiant for himſelf, and upon the Account of the Advantage it is to him, to have his Courage ſeated in a firm and ſecure Place againſt the Aſſaults of Fortune.

Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus,
Nec ſumit, aut ponit ſecures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.

Virtue, that ne'er Repulſe admits,
In taintleſs Honours glorious ſits,

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* *Corin.* 2. *Chap.* i. *Ver.* 12. † *Orlando. Canto* 11.

Nor

Nor takes, or leaveth Dignities
Rais'd with the Noiſe of vulgar Cries.

It is not forward Shew that the Soul is to play its Part, but for ourſelves within, where no Eyes can pierce but our own; there ſhe defends us from the Fear of Death, of Pains and Shame itſelf: ſhe there arms us againſt the Loſs of our Children, Friends and Fortunes: And when Opportunity preſents itſelf, ſhe leads us on to the Hazards of War. *Non emolumento aliquo, ſed ipſius honeſtatis decore* *. *Not for any Profit or Advantage, but for the Decency of Virtue.* A much greater Advantage, and more worthy to be coveted and hop'd for than Honour and Glory; which is no other than the favourable Judgment is given of us. A Dozen Men muſt be cull'd out of a whole Nation to judge of an Acre of Land, and the Judgment of our Inclinations and Actions, the hardeſt and moſt important Thing that is, we refer to the Voice and Determinations of the Rabble, the Mother of Ignorance, Injuſtice, and Inconſtancy. Is it reaſonable that the Life of a wiſe Man ſhould depend upon the Judgment of Fools? *An quidquam ſtultius, quam quos ſingulos contemnas, eos aliquid putare eſſe univerſos* †? *Can any Thing be more fooliſh than to think, that thoſe you deſpiſe ſingle can be any other when join'd together?* He that makes it his buſineſs to pleaſe them, will have enough to do, and never have done; 'tis a Mark that never is to be reach'd or hit. *Nil tam ineſtimabile eſt, quam animi multitudinis. Nothing is to be ſo little eſteem'd as the Minds of the Multitude. Demetrius* pleaſantly ſaid of the Voice of the People, *That he made no more Acccount of that which came from above, than of that which fum'd from below. Cicero* ſays more, *Ego hoc judicio, ſi quando turpe non ſit, tamen non eſſe non turpe, quum id à multitudine laudatur* ‡. *I am of Opinion, that tho' a Thing be not foul in itſelf, yet it cannot but become ſo when commended by the Multitude.* No Art, no Activity of Wit could conduct our Steps ſo as to follow ſo wandring and ſo irregular a Guide. In this windy Confuſion of the Noiſe of vulgar Reports and Opinions that drive us on, no Way

Honour, what it is.

* *Cicero.* † *Elian. Varro.* ‡ *Cicero de Fin.*

worth any Thing can be choſen. Let us not purpoſe to ourſelves ſo floating and wavering an End; let us follow conſtantly after Reaſon, let the publick Approbation follow us there, if it will, and it wholly depending upon Fortune, we have no Reaſon ſooner to expect it by any other Way than that. Tho' I would not follow the right Way becauſe it is right, I ſhould, however, follow it for having experimentally found, that at the End of the Reckoning 'tis commonly the moſt happy, and of greateſt Utility. *Dedit hoc providentia hominis munus, ut honeſta magis juvarent. This Gift Providence has given to Man, that honeſt Things ſhould be the moſt delightful.* The Mariner ſaid thus to *Neptune, O God, thou may'ſt ſave me if thou wilt, and if thou wilt thou may'ſt deſtroy me; but however I will ſteer my Rudder true.* I have ſeen in my Time a Thouſand Men of eaſy and ambiguous Natures, and that no one doubted but they were more worldly wiſe than I, throw themſelves away, where I have ſav'd one.

Riſi ſucceſſus poſſe carere dolos *.

I have laugh'd, I muſt confeſs,
To ſee Cunning want Succeſs.

Paulus Æmilius, going in the glorious Expedition of *Macedonia*, above all Things charg'd the People of *Rome, not to ſpeak of his Actions during his Abſence.* O, the Licence of Judgments is a great Diſturbance to great Affairs! Foraſmuch as every one has not the Conſtancy of *Fabius* againſt common, adverſe and injurious Ways: Who rather ſuffer'd his Authority to be diſſected by the vain Fancies of Man, than to go leſs in his Charge with a favourable Reputation and popular Applauſe. There is, I know not what natural Sweetneſs in hearing a Man's Self commended; but we are a great deal too fond of it.

Laudari haud metuam, neque enim mihi cornea fibra eſt,
Sed recti finemque extremumque eſſe recuſo
Euge tuum, & belle ——— †.

I love to be commended, I confeſs,
My Heart is not of Horn, but ne'ertheleſs,

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* *Ovid.. Ep. Penult.* † *Perſius Sat.* 1.

I muſt

I muſt deny the only End and Aim
Of doing well, is to hear Man exclaim,
O worthy Man! O noble Act!

I care not ſo much what I am in the Opinion of others, as what I am in my own. I would be rich of myſelf, and not by borrowing. Strangers ſee nothing but Events and outward Appearances; every body can ſet a good Face on the Matter, when they have Trembling and Terror within. They do not ſee my Heart, they ſee but by my Countenance, 'Tis with good Reaſon that Men decry the Hypocriſy that is in War; for what is more eaſy to an old Soldier, than to ſhift in a Time of Danger, and to counterfeit the Brave, when he has no more Heart than a Chicken? There are ſo many Ways to avoid hazarding a Man's own Perſon, that we have deceiv'd the World a Thouſand times before we come to be engag'd in a real Danger: And even then, finding ourſelves in an inevitable Neceſſity of doing ſomething, we can make ſhift for that Time to conceal our Apprehenſions with ſetting a good Face on the Buſineſs, tho' the Hearts beat within; and whoever had the Uſe of the *Platonick Ring*, which renders thoſe inviſible that wear it, if turn'd inward towards the Palm of the Hand; a great many would very often hide themſelves when they ought moſt to appear; and would repent being plac'd in ſo honourable a Poſt, where Neceſſity muſt make them brave.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret,
Quem niſi mendoſum, & mendacem *?*

Falſe Honour pleaſes, and falſe Infamy
Affrights, whom? Thoſe that love to hear a Lye.

Thus we ſee how all the Judgments that are founded upon external Appearances, are marvellouſly incertain and doubtful; and that there is no certain Teſtimony as every one is to himſelf. In theſe other, how many *Pedees* are made Companions of our Glory? He that ſtands firm in an open Trench, what does he in that do more than Fifty poor *Pioneers*, who open him the Way, and cover it with their own Bodies for Five Pence a Day Pay, have done before him?

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* *Hor. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 16.

non

——— non quicquid turbida Roma
Elevet, accedas, examenque improbum in illa
Caſtiges trutina, nec te quæſiveris extra *.

Don't follow turbid *Rome*'s blind ſenſeleſs Ways
Of loading ev'ry Thing is done with Praiſe;
Of that falſe Balance truſt not to the Teſt,
And out of thee make of thyſelf no Queſt.

The diſperſing and ſcattering our Names into many Mouths, we call making them more great; we will have them there well receiv'd, and that this Increaſe turn to their Advantage, which is all that can be excuſable in this Deſign; but the Exceſs of this Diſeaſe proceeds ſo far, that many covet to have a Name, be it what it will. *Trogus Pompeius* ſays of *Heroſtratus*, and *Titus Livius* of *Manlius Capitolinus, that they were more ambitious of a great Reputation than a good one.* This Vice is very common. We are more ſolicitous that Men ſpeak of us, than how they ſpeak; and 'tis enough for us, that our Names are often mention'd, be it after what Manner it will. It ſhould ſeem, that to be known, is in ſome ſort to have a Man's Life and its Duration in another's keeping. I for my Part hold, that I am not but in myſelf, and of that other Life of mine which lies in the Knowledge of my Friends, to conſider it naked and ſimply in itſelf, I know very well, that I am ſenſible of no Fruit nor Enjoyment, but by the Vanity of a fantaſtick Opinion; and when I ſhall be dead, I ſhall be much leſs ſenſible of it; and ſhall withall abſolutely loſe the Uſe of thoſe real Advantages that ſometimes accidentally follow it; I ſhall have no more handle whereby to take hold of Reputation: Neither ſhall it have any whereby to take hold of, or to cleave to me. For, to expect that my Name ſhould be advanc'd by it, in the firſt Place, I have no Name that is enough my own; of two that I have, one is common to all my Race, and even to others alſo. There are two Families at *Paris* and *Montpellier*, whoſe Sirname is *Montaigne*; another in *Brittany*, and another *Montaigne* in *Xantonge*. The Tranſpoſition of one Syllable only is enough to ravel our Affairs, ſo that I ſhall, peradventure, ſhare in their

* *Perſius Sat.* 1.

Glory,

Glory, and they ſhall partake of my Shame; and moreover, my Anceſtors have formerly been ſirnam'd *Eyquem*, a Name wherein a Family well known in *England* is at this Day concern'd. As to my other Name, every one may take it that will. And ſo, perhaps, I may honour a Porter in my own ſtead. And beſides, tho' I had a particular Diſtinction by myſelf, what can it diſtinguiſh when I am no more? Can it point out and favour Inanity?

——*nunc levior cippus non imprimit oſſa,*
Laudat poſteritas, nunc non è manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo fortunataque favilla
Naſcuntur violæ * *?* ——

Will a leſs Tomb, compos'd of ſmaller Stones,
Preſs with leſs Weight upon the under Bones?
Poſterity may praiſe them, why, what tho'?
Can yet their *Manes* ſuch a Gift beſtow,
As to make Violets from their Aſhes grow?

But of this I have ſpoken elſewhere. As to what remains, in a great Battle where Ten Thouſand Men are maim'd or kill'd, there are not Fifteen that are taken notice of. It muſt be ſome very eminent Greatneſs, or ſome Conſequence of great Importance, that Fortune has added to it, that muſt ſignalize a private Action, not of a Harquebuſier only, but of a great Captain; for to kill a Man or two, or Ten, to expoſe a Man's Self bravely to the utmoſt Peril of Death, is, indeed, ſomething in every one of us, becauſe we there hazard all; but for the World's Concern, they are Things ſo ordinary, and ſo many of them are every Day ſeen, and there muſt of Neceſſity be ſo many of the ſame Kind to produce any notable Effect, that we cannot expect any particular Renown.

——*caſus multis hic cognitus, ac jam*
Tritus, & è medio fortunæ ductus acervo †.

The Action once was fam'd, but now worn old,
With common Acts of Fortune is enroll'd.

Of ſo many Thouſands of valiant Men that have died within theſe fifteen Years in *France*, with their Swords in

* *Perſius Sat.* 1. † *Juven. Sat.* 13.

their

their Hands, not a Hundred have come to our Knowledge. The Memory, not of *Commanders* only, but of Battles and Victories is buried and gone. The Fortunes of above half of the World, for want of a Record, ſtir not from their Place, and vaniſh without Duration. If I had unknown Events in my Poſſeſſion, I ſhould think with great Eaſe to out-do thoſe that are recorded in all ſorts of Examples. Is it not ſtrange, that even of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, amongſt ſo many Writers and Witneſſes, and ſo many rare and noble Exploits, ſo few are arriv'd at our Knowledge?

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura *.

It will be much if a Hundred Years hence it be remembred in groſs, that in our Times there were *Civil Wars* in *France*.

The Muſes *ſacrificed unto by the* Lacedæmonians, *and why.*

The *Lacedæmonians* entering into Battle, ſacrificed to the *Muſes*, to the End that their Actions might be well and worthily writ; looking upon it as a Divine, and no ordinary Favour, that brave Acts ſhould find Witneſſes that could give them Life and Memory. Do we expect, that at every Muſket Shot we receive, and at every Hazard we run, there muſt be a *Regiſter* ready to record them? And beſides, a Hundred *Regiſters* may enrol them, whoſe *Commentaries* will not laſt above three Days, and they ſhall never come to the Sight of any one. We have not the Thouſandth Part of ancient Writings: 'Tis Fortune that gives them a ſhorter or longer Life, according to her Favour; and 'tis lawful to doubt, whether thoſe we have be not the worſt, having not ſeen the reſt. Men do not write Hiſtories of Things of ſo little Moment: A Man muſt have been *General* in the Conqueſt of an *Empire*, he muſt have won Two and Fifty ſet Battles, and always the weaker in Number, as *Cæſar* did. Ten Thouſand brave Fellows, and ſeveral great *Captains* loſt their Lives bravely in his Service, whoſe Names laſted no longer than their Wives and Children liv'd:

Quos fama obſcura recondit †.

Even thoſe we ſee behave themſelves the beſt; three Months or three Years after they have been knock'd on the Head,

* *Æneid. l.* 7. † *Ibid. l.* 5.

they

they are no more ſpoken of than if they had never been. Whoever will juſtly conſider, and with due Proportion, of what Kind of Men, and of what Sort of Actions Glory ſupports itſelf in the Records of Hiſtory, will find, that there are very few Actions, and very few Perſons of our Times who can there pretend any Right. How many worthy Men have we ſeen ſurvive their own Reputation, who have ſeen and ſuffer'd the Honour and Glory, moſt juſtly acquir'd in their Youth, extinguiſh'd in their own Preſence? And for three Years of this fantaſtick and imaginary Life, we muſt go and throw away our true and eſſential Life, and engage ourſelves in a perpetual Death? The *Sages* propoſe to themſelves a nobler and more juſt End in ſo important an Enterprize. *Recte facti, feciſſe merces eſt: Officii fructus ipſum Officium eſt* *. *The Reward of a Thing well done is to have done it: The Fruit of a good Office is the Office itſelf.* It were, perhaps, excuſable in a *Painter* or any other *Artizan*, or yet in a *Rhetorician*, or a *Grammarian*, to endeavour to raiſe themſelves a Name by their Works; but the Actions of Virtue are too noble in themſelves, to ſeek any other Reward than from their own Value, and eſpecially to ſeek it in the Vanity of Human Judgments, If this falſe Opinion nevertheleſs be of that Uſe to the Publick, as to keep Men in their Duty; if the People are thereby ſtirr'd up to Virtue; if *Princes* are touch'd to ſee the World bleſs the Memory of *Trajan*, and abominate that of *Nero*; if it moves them to ſee the Name of that great Beaſt, once ſo terrible, and fear'd by every School-boy, ſo freely curſed and reviled; let it, in the Name of *God*, increaſe, and be as much as poſſibly nurſed up, cheriſhed, and countenanced amongſt us. And *Plato*, bending his whole Endeavour to make his Citizens virtuous, does alſo adviſe them *not to deſpiſe the good Eſteem of the People*; and ſays, *that it falls out by a certain Divine Inſpiration, that even the Wicked themſelves oft-times, as well by Word as Opinion, can rightly diſtinguiſh the Virtuous from the Wicked.* This Perſon and his Tutor are both marvellous bold Artificers, every where to add Divine Operations and Revelations where human Force is wanting. And perhaps for this Reaſon it was, that *Timon*,

* *Seneca.*

railing

railing at him, call'd him *the Great Forger of Miracles. Ut tragici Poetæ confugiunt ad Deum, cum explicare argumenti exitum non possunt* *. *As Tragick Poets fly to some God, when they cannot explain the Issue of their Argument.* Seeing that Men by their Insufficiency cannot pay themselves well enough with current Money, let the Counterfeit be superadded. 'Tis a Way that has been practised by all the *Legislators*; and there is no Government that has not some Mixture either of Ceremonial Vanity, or of false Opinion, that serves for a Curb to keep the People in their Duty. 'Tis for this that most of them have their fabulous Originals and Beginnings, and so enrich'd with supernatural Mysteries. 'Tis this that has given Credit to Bastard Religions, and caused them to be countenanced by Men of Understanding; and for this that *Numa* and *Sertorius*, to possess their Men of a better Opinion of them, fed them with this Foppery; one, that the Nymph *Egeria*, the other, that his white *Hind* brought them all their Resolutions from the Gods. And the Authority that *Numa* gave to his Laws under the Title of a Patronage of this *Goddess*; *Zoroaster*, Legislator of the *Bactrians* and *Persians*, gave to his under the Name of *Oromazis*; *Trismegistus*, Legislator of the *Egyptians*, under that of *Mercury*; *Xamolxis*, Legislator of the *Scythians*, under that of *Vesta*; *Charondas*, Legislator of the *Chalcedonians*, under that of *Saturn*; *Minos*, Legislator of the *Cretans*, under that of *Jupiter*; *Lycurgus*, Legislator of the *Lacedæmonians*, under that of *Apollo*; And *Draco* and *Solon*, Legislators of the *Athenians*, under that of *Minerva*. And every Government has a God at the Head of it; others falsly, That truly which *Moses* set over the *Jews* at their Departure out of *Egypt*. The Religion of the *Bedoins*, as the *Sire de Joinville* reports, amongst other Things, enjoyn'd a Belief *that the Soul of him amongst them who died for his Prince, went into another more happy Body, more beautiful and more robust than the former*; by which Means they much more willingly ventur'd their Lives.

In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis, & ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ †.

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* *Cicero de Nat. Deor.*

† *Lucan. lib.* 1.

Men

Men covet Wounds, and ſtrive Death to embrace,
To ſave a Life, that to return is baſe.

This is a very comfortable, however, an erroneous Belief. Every Nation has many ſuch Examples of its own: But this Subject would require a Treatiſe by itſelf. To add one Word more to my former Diſcourſe, I would adviſe the Ladies no more to call that *Honour* which is but their *Duty*, *Ut enim conſuetudo loquitur, id ſolum dicitur honeſtum, quod eſt populari fama glorioſum* *: *According to the vulgar Chat, which only approves that for laudable that is glorious by the Publick Voice*; their *Duty* is the Mark, their *Honour* but the outward Rind. Neither would I adviſe them to give that excuſe for Payment of their Denial: For I preſuppoſe that their Intentions, their Deſire and Will, which are Things wherein their Honour is not at all concern'd, foraſmuch as nothing appears without, are much better regulated than the Effects.

Quæ quia non liceat, non facit, illa facit †.

She who not ſins, 'cauſe it unlawful is,
In being therefore chaſte has done amiſs.

The Offence both towards *God* and in the Conſcience, would be as great to deſire, as to do it. And beſides, they are Actions ſo private and ſecret of themſelves, as would be eaſily enough kept from the Knowledge of others wherein the Honour conſiſts; if they had not another reſpect to their Duty, and the Affection they bear to Chaſtity for itſelf. Every Woman of Honour will much rather chooſe to loſe her Honour, than to hurt her Conſcience.

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* *Cicero de fin. lib. 2.* † *Ovid. Amor. l. 3. El. 4.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Of Preſumption.

THere is another Sort of *Glory*, which is the having *too good an Opinion* of our own Worth. 'Tis an inconſiderable Affection, with which we flatter ourſelves, and that repreſents us to ourſelves different from what we truly are. Like the Paſſion of Love, that lends Beauties and Graces to the Perſon belov'd; and that makes thoſe who are caught with it, with a deprav'd and corrupt Judgment, conſider the Thing they love, more perfect than it is. I would not, nevertheleſs, for fear of failing on the other Side, that a Man ſhould not know himſelf aright, or think himſelf leſs than he is, the Judgment ought in all Things to keep itſelf upright and juſt: 'Tis all the Reaſon in the World he ſhould diſcern in himſelf, as well as in others, what Truth ſets before him; if he be *Cæſar*, let him boldly think himſelf the greateſt Captain in the World. We are nothing but Ceremony; Ceremony carries us away, and we leave the Subſtance of Things: We hold by the Branches, and quit the Trunk. We have taught the Ladies to bluſh when they hear but that nam'd, which they are not at all afraid to do: We dare not call our Members by their right Names, and are not afraid to employ them in all Sort of Debauches. Ceremony forbids us to expreſs by Words Things, that are lawful and natural, and we obey it: Reaſon forbids us to do Things unlawful and ill, and no body obeys it. I find myſelf here fetter'd by the Laws of Ceremony; for it neither permits a Man to ſpeak well of himſelf nor ill. We will leave her there for this Time. For they whom Fortune (call it good or ill) has made to paſs their Lives in ſome eminent Degree, may by their publick Actions manifeſt what they are: But they whom ſhe has only employ'd in the Crowd, and of whom no body will ſay a Word, unleſs they ſpeak themſelves, are to be excuſed, if they

they take the Boldneſs to ſpeak of themſelves to ſuch whoſe Intereſt it is to know them; by the Example of *Lucilius*,

Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris, neque ſi bene: Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita ſenis *. ———

His Way was in his Books to ſpeak his Mind
As freely, as his Secrets he would tell
To a try'd Friend, and took it ill, or well,
He held his Cuſtom. Hence it came to paſs,
The old Man's Life is there, as in a Glaſs.

He always committed to Paper his Actions and Thoughts; and there pourtrayed himſelf ſuch as he found himſelf to be. *Nec id Rutilio, & Scauro citra fidem, aut obtrectatione fuit* †. *Nor were* Rutilius *or* Scarus *miſbelievd, or condemn'd for ſo doing.* I remember then, that from my Infancy there was obſerv'd in me I know not what Kind of Carriage and Behaviour, that ſeem'd to reliſh of Pride and Arrogancy. I will ſay this by the Way, that it is not inconvenient to have Propenſities ſo proper and incorporated into us, that we have not the Means to feel and beware of them. And of ſuch natural Inclination the Body will retain a certain Bent, without our Knowledge or Conſent. It was an Affectation confederate with his Beauty, that made *Alexander* carry his Head on one Side, and *Alcibiades* to liſp; *Julius Cæſar* ſcratch'd his Head with one Finger, which is the Faſhion of a Man full of troubleſome Thoughts: And *Cicero*, as I remember, was wont to tweak his Noſe, a Sign of a Man given to Scoffing. Such Motions as theſe may imperceptibly happen in us: There are other artificial ones which I meddle not with; as Salutations and Congees, by which Men for the moſt part unjuſtly acquire the Reputation of being humble and courteous; or perhaps, humble out of Pride. I am prodigal enough of my Hat, eſpecially in Summer, and never am ſo ſaluted, but I pay it again, from Perſons of what Quality ſoever, unleſs they be in my own Dependance. I ſhould make it my Requeſt to ſome Princes that I know, that they ſhould be more ſparing of

* *Hor. lib. 2. Sat. 1.* † *Tacitus.*

that Ceremony, and beſtow that Courteſy where it is more due; for being ſo indiſcreetly and indifferently conferr'd on all, they are thrown away to no Purpoſe; if they be without reſpect of Perſons, they loſe their Effect: Amongſt irregular Countenances, let us not forget that ſevere one of the Emperor *Conſtantius*, who always in publick held his Head upright and ſteady, without bending or turning on either Side, not ſo much as to look upon thoſe who ſaluted him on one Side, planting his Body in a ſtiff immoveable Poſture, without ſuffering it to yield to the Motion of his Coach; not daring ſo much as to ſpit, blow his Noſe, or wipe his Face before People. I know not whether the Geſtures that were obſerv'd in me were of this firſt Quality, and whether I had really any Secret Propenſity to this Vice, as it might well be; and I cannot be reſponſible for the Motions of the Body: But as to the Motions of the Soul, I muſt here confeſs, that I am ſenſible of ſomething of that Kind there. This Glory conſiſts of two Parts, the one in ſetting too great a Value upon ourſelves, and the other in ſetting too little a Value upon others. As to the one, methinks theſe Conſiderations ought in the firſt place to be of ſome Force. I feel myſelf importun'd by an Error of the Soul that diſpleaſes me, both as it is unjuſt, and as it is troubleſome. I attempt to correct it, but I cannot root it out, which is, that I leſſen the juſt Value of Things that I poſſeſs, and over-value others, becauſe they are foreign, abſent, and none of mine. This Humour ſpreads very far. As the Prerogative of the Authority which makes Huſbands look upon their own Wives with a vicious Diſdain, and many Fathers their Children, ſo do I: And betwixt two equal Merits ſhould always be ſway'd againſt my own. Not ſo much that the Jealouſy of my Preferment, and the bettering of my Affairs does trouble my Judgment, and hinders me from ſatisfying myſelf, as that Dominion of itſelf begets a Contempt of what is our own, and over which we have an abſolute Command. Foreign Governments, Manners and Languages inſinuate themſelves into my Eſteem; and I am very ſenſible that *Latin* allures me by the Favour of its Dignity, to value it above its due, as it does Children, and the common Sort of People. The *Oeconomy*, *Houſe* and *Horſe* of my Neighbour, tho' no better

Preſumption divided into two Parts.

ter than my own, I prize above my own; becauſe they are not mine. Beſides that, I am very ignorant in my own Affairs; I am aſtoniſh'd at the Aſſurance that every one has of himſelf: Whereas there is not almoſt any Thing that I am ſure I know, or that I dare be reſponſible to myſelf that I can do: I have not my Means of doing any Thing ſtated and ready, and am only inſtructed after the Effects, as doubtful of my own Force as I am of another's; whence it comes to paſs, that if I happen to do any Thing commendable, I attribute it more to my Fortune than Induſtry: Foraſmuch as I deſign every Thing by Chance, and in Fear. I have this alſo in general, that of all the Opinions Antiquity has held of Men in groſs, I moſt willingly embrace, and moſt adhere to thoſe that moſt contemn and undervalue us. Methinks *Philoſophy* has never ſo fair a Game to play as when it falls upon our Vanity and Preſumption; when it moſt lays open their Irreſolution, Weakneſs and Ignorance. I look upon the too good Opinion that Man has of himſelf, to be the nurſing Mother of all the falſe Opinions, both publick and private. Thoſe People who ride aſtride upon the *Epicycle* of *Mercury*, who ſee ſo far into the Heavens, are worſe to me than a Tooth-drawer that comes to draw my Teeth: For in my Study, the Subject of which is Man, finding ſo great a Variety of Judgments, ſo great a Labyrinth of Difficulties one upon another; ſo great Diverſity and Incertainty, even in the School of Wiſdom itſelf, you may judge, ſeeing thoſe People could not reſolve upon the Knowledge of themſelves, and their own Condition, which is continually before their Eyes, and within them, ſeeing they do not know, how that moves which they themſelves move, nor how to give us a Deſcription of the Springs they themſelves govern and make uſe of; how can I believe them about the Ebbing and Flowing of the *Nile* *. *The Curioſity of knowing Things has been given to Man for a Scourge*, ſays the Holy Scripture. But to return to what concerns myſelf; I think it very hard, that any other

* Montaigne *is to be excuſed here; he wrote according to the State of Learning in his Time, when Philoſophy and Mathematicks were very low, in compariſon to what Sir* Iſaac Newton *has raiſed them to.*

ſhould have a meaner Opinion of himſelf; nay, that any other ſhould have a meaner Opinion of me than I have of myſelf. I look upon myſelf as one of the common Sort, ſaving in this, that I have no better Opinion of myſelf; guilty of the meaneſt and moſt popular Defects, but not diſown'd or excuſed, and do not value myſelf upon any other Account, than becauſe I know my own Value. If there be any Glory in the Caſe, 'tis ſuperficially infuſed into me by the Treachery of my Complexion, and has no Body that my Judgment can diſcern. I am ſprinkled, but not dyed. For, in Truth, as to the Effects of the Mind, there is no Part of me, be it what it will, with which I am ſatisfied; and the Approbation of others makes me not think the better of myſelf; my Judgment is tender and fickle, eſpecially in Things that concern myſelf; I feel myſelf float and waver by reaſon of my Weakneſs. I have nothing of my own that ſatisfies my Judgment: My Sight is clear and regular enough, but in opening it, it is apt to dazzle; as I moſt manifeſtly find in Poeſy. I love it infinitely, and am able to give a tolerable Judgment of other Men's Works: But, in good earneſt, when I apply myſelf to it, I play the Child, and am not able to endure myſelf. A Man may play the Fool in every Thing elſe, but not in Poetry.

——— *Mediocribus eſſe Poetis*
Non dii, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ *.

But neither Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant
Poets ſhould ever be indifferent.

I would to God this Sentence was writ over the Doors of all our *Printers*, to forbid the Entrance of ſo many Rhimers.

——— *verum*
Nihil ſecurius eſt malo Poeta †.

——— but the Truth is this,
Nought more ſecure than a bad Poet is.

Why have not we ſuch People? *Dionyſius*, the Father, valued himſelf upon nothing more than his *Poetry*. At the *Olympick* Games, with Chariots ſurpaſſing the others in Mag-

* *Horace de Art. Poet.* † *Mart. l.* 12. *Epig.* 64.

nificence,

nificence, he ſent alſo *Poets* and *Muſicians* to preſent his Verſes with Tents and Pavilions royally gilt and hung with Tapiſtry. When his Verſes came to be recited, the Excellency of the Pronunciation did at firſt attract the Attention of the People; but when they afterwards came to poiſe the Meanneſs of the Compoſition, they firſt enter'd into Diſdain, and continuing to nettle their Judgments, preſently proceeded to Fury, and ran to pull down and tear to Pieces all his Pavilions; and in that his Chariots neither perform'd any Thing to purpoſe in the Courſe; and that the Ship which brought back his People fail'd of *making Sicily*, and was by the Tempeſt driven and wreck'd upon the Coaſt of *Tarentum*, they did certainly believe was thro' the Anger of the *Gods*, incenſed, as they themſelves were, againſt that paltry *Poem*; and even the Mariners who eſcap'd from the Wreck, ſeconded this Opinion of the People. To which alſo the *Oracle*, that foretold his Death, ſeem'd to ſubſcribe; which was, *That* Dionyſius *ſhould be near his End when he ſhould have overcome thoſe who were better than himſelf*; which he interpreted of the *Carthaginians*, who ſurpaſſed him in Power; and having War with them, often declin'd the Victory, not to incur the Senſe of this Prediction. But he underſtood it ill; for the *God* pointed at the Time of the Advantage, that by Favour and Injuſtice he obtain'd at *Athens* over the Tragick Poets, better than himſelf, having cauſed his own Play, call'd the *Leineicus*, to be acted in Emulation. Preſently after which Victory he died, and partly of the exceſſive Joy he conceived at the Succeſs. What I find tolerable of mine, is not ſo really, and in itſelf; but in compariſon of other worſe Things, that I ſee are well enough receiv'd. I envy the Happineſs of thoſe that can pleaſe and hug themſelves in what they do, for 'tis a very eaſy Thing to be ſo pleaſed, becauſe a Man extracts that Pleaſure from himſelf, eſpecially if he be conſtant in his Self-conceit. I know a Poet, againſt whom both the Intelligent in Poetry, and the Ignorant, Abroad and at Home, both Heaven and Earth, exclaim, that he underſtands very little in it; and yet for all that, he has never a whit the worſe Opinion of himſelf; but is always falling upon ſome new Piece, always contriving ſome new Invention, and ſtill perſiſts; by ſo much the more obſtinate as it only concerns him to ſtand up in his own Defence.

My Works are ſo far from pleaſing me, that as oft as I revive them they diſguſt me:

Cum relego, ſcripſiſſe pudet, quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque qui feci, judice digna lini *.

When I peruſe, I bluſh at what I've writ,
Seeing 'tis only for the Fire fit.

I have always an *Idea* in my Soul, which preſents me a better Form than what I have made uſe of; but I cannot catch it, nor fit it to my Purpoſe; aud yet even that *Idea* is but of the meaner Sort, by which I conclude, the Productions of thoſe great Souls of former Times, as very much beyond the utmoſt Stretch of my Imagination, or my Wiſh; their Writings do not only ſatisfy and fill me, but they aſtoniſh me, and raviſh me with Admiration. I judge of their Beauty, I ſee it, if not to the utmoſt, yet ſo far at leaſt as 'tis poſſible for me to aſpire. Whatever I undertake I owe a Sacrifice to the *Graces*, as *Plutarch* ſays of ſome one, to make a Return for their Favour.

——— ſi quid enim placet,
Si quid dulce hominum ſenſibus influit,
Debentur lepidis omnia gratiis.

If any Thing does pleaſe that I do write,
Into Men's Minds if it infuſe Delight,
All's to the lovely Graces due.

They abandon me throughout: All I write is rude, Poliſhing and Beauty are wanting: I cannot ſet Things off to an Advantage, my handling adds nothing to the Matter; for which Reaſon I muſt have it forcible, very full, and that has Luſtre of its own. If I pitch upon Subjects that are popular and gay, 'tis to follow my own Inclination, who do not affect a grave and ceremonious Wiſdom, as the World does; and to make myſelf more ſpritely, but not to make my Stile more wanton, which I would rather have grave and ſevere, at leaſt, if I may call an inform and irregular Way of Speaking, a vulgar Jargon, and a Proceeding without Definition, Diviſion, and without Concluſion, perplexed

Montaigne's *Stile.*

* *Ovid de Ponto, lib.* 1. *Eleg.* 6.

like

like that of *Amafanius* and *Raberius*, a Stile. I can neither pleaſe nor delight, much leſs raviſh any one: The beſt Story in the World would be ſpoil'd by my handling. I cannot ſpeak but in earneſt; and am totally unprovided of that Facility which I obſerve in many of my Acquaintance, of entertaining the firſt Comers, and keeping a whole Company in Breath, or taking up the Care of a *Prince* with all Sorts of Diſcourſe, without being weary; they never wanting Matter, by reaſon of the Faculty and Grace they have in taking hold of the firſt Thing is ſtarted; and accommodating it to the Humour and Capacity of thoſe with whom they have to do. *Princes* do not much affect ſolid Diſcourſes, nor I to tell Stories. The firſt and eaſieſt Reaſons, which are commonly the beſt taken, I know not how to employ. I am an ill *Orator* to the common Sort. I am apt of every Thing to ſay the utmoſt that I know. *Cicero* is of Opinion, *that in Treatiſes of* Philoſophy *the* Exordium *is the hardeſt Part:* Which, if it be true, I am wiſe in ſticking to the *Concluſion*. And yet we are to know how to wind the String to all Notes, and the ſharpeſt is that which is the moſt ſeldom touch'd. There is at leaſt as much Perfection in elevating an empty, as in ſupporting a weighty Thing. A Man muſt ſometimes ſuperficially handle Things, and ſometimes puſh them home. I know very well, that moſt Men keep themſelves in this lower Form, for not conceiving Things otherwiſe than by this Bark: But I likewiſe know, that the greateſt Maſters, and *Xenophon* and *Plato*, are often ſeen to ſtoop to this low and popular Manner of Speaking and Treating of Things, and maintaining them with Graces, which are never wanting to them. As to the reſt, my Language has nothing in it that is facile and fluent: 'Tis rough, free and irregular: And therefore beſt pleaſes not my Judgment, but Inclination. But I very well perceive, that I ſometimes give myſelf too much Rein; and that by Force of Endeavour to avoid Art and Affectation, I fall into the other Inconvenience.

——— brevis eſſe laboro,
Obſcurus fio *.

* *Hor. Art. Poet.*

I ſtrive Prolixity t' evade,
And by that Means obſcure am made.

Plato ſays, *that the Long, nor the Short are not Properties that either take away, or give Luſtre to the Language.* Should I attempt to follow the other more moderate and united Stile, I ſhould never attain unto it: And tho' the ſhort round Periods of *Salluſt* beſt ſuit with my Humour, yet I find *Cæſar* much greater, and much harder to imitate; and tho' my Inclination would rather prompt me to imitate *Seneca*'s Way of Writing, yet I do nevertheleſs more eſteem that of *Plutarch*. Both in Silence and Speaking I ſimply follow my own natural Way; from whence, perhaps, it falls out, that I am better at Speaking than Writing. Motion and Action animate Words, eſpecially in thoſe who lay about them briſkly, as I do, and grow hot. The *Comportment*, the *Countenance*, the *Voice*, the *Robe* and the *Tribunal*, will ſet off ſome Things, that of themſelves, and ſo conſider'd, would appear no better than Prating. *Meſſala* complains, in *Tacitus*, of the *Straightneſs of ſome Garments in his Time*, and of *the Faſhion of the Pews where the Orators were to declaim, that were a Diſadvantage to their Eloquence.* My *French* Tongue is corrupted both in Pronunciation, and elſewhere, by the *Barbariſm* of my Country. I never ſaw a Man who was a *Native* of any of the Provinces on this Side of the *Kingdom*, who had not a Twang of his Place of Birth, and that was not offenſive to Ears that were purely *French*. And yet it is not that I am ſo perfect in my *Perigordin*; for I can no more ſpeak it than *High Dutch*, nor do I much care. 'Tis a Language, as the reſt about me on every Side of *Poitou*, *Xaintongue*, *Angouleſme*, *Limoſin* and *Avergne*, are a ſcurvy, drawling, dirty Language. There is indeed above us, towards the Mountains, a Sort of *Gaſcon* ſpoke, that I am mightily taken with, blunt, brief, ſignificant, and, in Truth, a more Manly and Military Language than any other I am acquainted with; as ſinewy, inſinuating and pertinent, as *French* is graceful, neat and luxuriant. As to the *Latin*, which was given me for my Mother-Tongue, I have by Diſcountenance loſt the Uſe of ſpeaking it, and indeed of writing it too, wherein I formerly had a particular Reputation; by which you may ſee how inconſiderable I am on that Side. Beauty is a Thing

of

of great Recommendation in the Correſpondency amongſt Men; 'tis the principal Means of acquiring the Favour and good liking of one another, and no Man is ſo barbarous and moroſe, that does not perceive himſelf in ſome Sort ſtruck with its Attraction. The Body has a great ſhare in our Being, has an eminent Place there, and therefore its Structure and Symmetry are of very juſt Conſideration. They who go about to diſunite and ſeparate our principal Parts from one another, are to blame: We muſt on the contrary reunite and rejoin them. We muſt command the Soul, not to withdraw to entertain itſelf apart, not to deſpiſe and abandon the Body (neither can ſhe do it, but by ſome ridiculous Counterfeit) but to unite herſelf cloſe to it, to embrace, cheriſh, aſſiſt, govern and adviſe it, and to bring it back, and ſet it into the true Way when it wanders; in ſum, to eſpouſe and be a Huſband to it; foraſmuch as their Effects do not appear to be diverſe and contrary, but uniform and concurring. *Chriſtians* have a particular Inſtruction concerning this Connexion; for they know, that the Divine Juſtice embraces this Society and Junction of Body and Soul, even to the making the Body capable of eternal Rewards; and that God has an Eye to every Man's Ways, and will have him receive entire the Chaſtiſement or Reward of his Demerits. The *Sect* of the *Peripateticks*, of all others the moſt ſociable, attrributes to Wiſdom this ſole Care, equally to provide for the Good of theſe two aſſociate Parts: And the other *Sects*, in not ſufficiently applying themſelves to the Conſideration of this Mixture ſhew themſelves to be divided, one for the Body, and the other for the Soul, with equal Error: And to have loſt their Subject, which is Man, and their Guide, which they generally confeſs to be *Nature*. The firſt Diſtinction that ever was amongſt Men, and the firſt Conſideration that gave ſome Preheminence over others, 'tis likely was the Advantage of Beauty.

——*agros diviſere, atque dedere*
Pro facie cujuſque, & viribus, ingenioque:
Nam facies multum valuit, vireſque vigebant *.

* *Lucr. l.* 5.

Then

Then Cattle too was ſhar'd, and ſteady Bounds
Mark'd out to every Man his proper Grounds;
Each had his proper Share, each one was fit,
According to his Beauty, Strength, or Wit;
For Beauty then, and Strength had moſt Command,
Thoſe had the greateſt Share in Beaſts and Land.

Now I am of ſomething lower than the middle Stature, a Defect not that only borders upon Deformity, but carries withal a great deal of Inconvenience along with it, eſpecially to thoſe who are in Command; for the Authority which a graceful Preſence and a Majeſtick Mein beget, is wanting. *C. Marius* did not willingly liſt any Soldiers that were not Six Foot high. The Courtier has, indeed, Reaſon to deſire a moderate Stature in the Perſon he is to make, rather than any other; and to reject all Strangeneſs that ſhould make him be pointed at. But in chuſing, he muſt have a Care in this Mediocrity, to have him rather below than above the common Standard: I would not do ſo in a Soldier, *Little Men*, ſays *Ariſtotle*, *are pretty, but not handſome: And Greatneſs of Soul is diſcover'd in a great Body, as Beauty is in a conſpicuous Stature* *. *The* Ethiopians *and* Indians, ſays he, *in chuſing their* Kings *and* Magiſtrates, *had a ſpecial Regard to the Beauty and Stature of their Perſons.* They had Reaſon; for it creates Reſpect in thoſe that follow them, and is a Terror to the Enemy, to ſee a Leader of a brave and goodly Stature march in the Head of a *Battalion*,

Ipſe inter primos præſtanti corpore Turnus
Vertitur, arma tenens, & toto vertice ſupra eſt †.

The grateful *Turnus*, talleſt by the Head,
Shaking his Arms, himſelf the Van up led.

Our Holy and Heavenly King, of whom every Circumſtance is moſt carefully, and with the greateſt Religion and Reverence to be obſerv'd, has not himſelf refuſed Bodily

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* *This is falſe; the greateſt Souls have been in Men of low Stature: Witneſs*, Alexander, *&c. The Contraſt in Scripture between* David *and* Goliah *is beautiful.*

† *Virg. Æneid. l.* 7.

Recom-

Recommendation, *Speciosus forma præ filiis hominum* *. *He is fairer than the Children af Men.* And *Plato* with Temperance and Fortitude, requires Beauty in the Conſervators of his *Republick.* It would vex you, that a Man ſhould apply himſelf to you amongſt your Servants to enquire where *Monſieur* is, and that you ſhould only have the Remainder of the Compliment of the Hat that is made to your Barber, or your Secretary; as it happen'd to poor *Philopæmen,* who arriving the firſt of all his Company at an Inn where he was expected, the Hoſteſs, who knew him not, and ſaw him an unſightly Fellow, employ'd him to go help her Maids a little to draw Water, or make a Fire againſt *Philopæmen's* Coming: The Gentlemen of his Train arriving preſently after, and ſurpriz'd to ſee him buſy in this fine Employment (for he fail'd not of obeying his Landlady's Command) aſked him, what he was doing there? *I am,* ſaid he, *paying the Penalty of my Uglineſs.* The other Beauties belong to Women, the Beauty of Stature is the only Beauty of Men. Where there is a contemptible Stature, neither the Largeneſs and Roundneſs of the Fore-head, nor the Whiteneſs and Sweetneſs of the Eyes, nor the moderate Proportion of the Noſe, nor the Littleneſs of the Ears and Mouth, nor the Evenneſs and Whiteneſs of the Teeth, nor the Thickneſs of a well-ſet brown Beard, ſhining like the Huſk of a Cheſnut, nor curl'd Hair, nor the juſt Proportion of the Head, nor a freſh Complexion, nor a pleaſant Air of a Face, nor a Body without any offenſive Scent, nor the juſt Proportion of Limbs, can make a handſome Man.

The Author's Stature.

I am, as to the reſt, ſtrong and well knit. My Face is not puft, but full, and my Complexion betwixt jovial and melancholick, moderately ſanguine and hot.

Unde rigent ſetis mihi crura, & pectora villis ‡.

Whence 'tis my Thighs ſo rough and briſtled are,
And that my Breaſt is ſo thick ſet with Hair.

My Health vigorous aud ſprightly, even to a well advanced Age, and rarely troubled with Sickneſs. Such I was; for I do not now make any reckoning of myſelf; now, I ſay,

* *Pſal.* iv. 8. ‡ *Mart.*

that

that I am engag'd in the Avenues of Age, being already paſt Forty,

——— minutatim vires, & robur adultum
Frangit, & in partem pejorem liquitur ætas *.

Thence by Degrees, our Strength melts all away,
And treacherous Age creeps on, and Things decay.

What ſhall be from this Time forward, will be but a half Being and no more me; I every Day eſcape and ſteal away from myſelf;

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes †.

I find I am grown old, and every Year
Steals ſomething from me ———

Agility and Addreſs I never had; and yet am the Son of a very active and ſprightly Father, and that continued to be ſo to an extreme old Age. I have ſeldom known any Man of his Condition his Equal in all bodily Exerciſes: As I have ſeldom met with any who have not excell'd me, except in Running, at which I was pretty good. In Muſick or Singing, for which I have a very unfit Voice, or to play on any Sort of Inſtrument, they could never teach me any Thing. In Dancing, Tennis, or Wreſtling, I could never arrive to more than an ordinary Pitch; in Swimming, Fencing, Vaulting and Leaping, to none at all. My Hands are ſo clumſy, that I cannot ſo much as write ſo as to read it myſelf, ſo that I had rather do what I have ſcribbled over again, than to take upon me the Trouble to correct it; and do not read much better than I write. I cannot handſomely fold up a Letter, nor could ever make a Pen, or carve at Table worth a Pin, nor ſaddle a Horſe, nor carry a Hawk, and fly her, nor hunt the Dogs, nor lure a Hawk, nor ſpeak to a Horſe. In fine, my bodily Qualities are very well ſuited to thoſe of my Soul, there is nothing ſpritely, only a full and firm Vigour. I am patient enough of Labour and Pains, but it is only when I go voluntary to the Work, and only ſo long as my own Deſire prompts me to it.

Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem ‡.

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* *Lucr. l. 2.* † *Hor. l. 2. Ep. 2. J. D.* ‡ *Id. l. 2. Sat. 2.*

Whilſt

Whilſt the Delight makes you ne'er mind the Pain.

Otherwiſe, if I am not allur'd with ſome Pleaſure, or have other Guide than my own pure and free Inclination, I am there good for nothing: For I am of an Humour, that Life and Health excepted, there is nothing for which I will bite my Nails, and that I will purchaſe at the Price of the Torment of Mind and Conſtraint;

——— *tanti mihi non ſit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum *.

Rich *Tagus* Sand's ſo dear I would not buy,
Nor all the Gold that in the Sea doth lie.

extremely idle, and extremely given up to my own Inclination both by Nature and Art. I would as willingly lend a Man my Blood as my Pains. I have a Soul free and entirely its own, and accuſtomed to guide itſelf after its own Faſhion; having hitherto never had either Maſter or Governor impoſed upon me. I have walked as far as I would, and the Pace that beſt pleaſed myſelf. This is it that has render'd me of no Uſe to any one but myſelf; and for that there was no Need of forcing my heavy and lazy Diſpoſition; for being born to ſuch a Fortune, as I had Reaſon to be contented with (a Reaſon nevertheleſs that a Thouſand others of my Acquaintance would have rather made uſe of for a Plank upon which to paſs over to a higher Fortune, to Tumult and Diſquiet) I ſought for no more, and alſo got no more:

Non agimur tumidi ventis, Aquilone ſecundo,
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus auſtris,
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores †.

——— I neither am oppreſt
With Storms, nor flat at all with Calms; my Sails
Are fill'd with equal and indifferent Gales;
For Health, Wit, Virtue, Honour, Wealth, I'm plac'd;
Short of the Foremoſt, but before the Laſt.

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* *Juven. Sat.* 3. † *Hor. l.* 2. *Epiſt.* 2.

I had

I had only Need of what was ſufficient to content me; which nevertheleſs is a Government of Soul, to take it right, equally difficult in all Sorts of Conditions, and that by Cuſtom, we ſee more eaſily found in want than abundance: Foraſmuch, perhaps, as according to the Courſe of others Paſſions, the Deſire of Riches is more ſharpned by the Uſe we make of them, than by the Need we have of them; and the Virtue of Moderation more rare than that of Patience. I never had any Thing to deſire, but happily to enjoy the Eſtate that *God* by his Bounty had put into my Hands: I have never known any Thing of Trouble, and have had little to do in any Thing but the Management of my own Affairs: Or, if I have, it has been upon Condition to do them at my own Leiſure, and after my own Method, committed to my Truſt by ſuch as had a Confidence in me, that did not importune me, and that knew my Humour. For good Horſemen will make a Shift to get Service out of a ruſty and broken-winded Jade. Even my Infancy was train'd up after a gentle and free Manner, and even then exempt from any rigorous Subjection: All which have help'd me to a Complexion delicate and incapable of Solicitude, even to that Degree, that I love to have my Loſſes, and the Diſorders wherein I am concern'd, conceal'd from me; ſo that in the Account of my Expences, I put down what my Negligence coſts me in feeding and maintaining myſelf.

——— *hæ nempe ſuperſunt,*
Quæ dominum fallunt, quæ proſint furibus *.

The Houſe is much unfurniſh'd where there are
Not many Things ſuperfluous, and to ſpare;
Goods which the Owner knows not of, but may
Be unconcern'd when they are ſtole away.

I do not love to know what I have, that I may be leſs ſenſible of my Loſs. I entreat thoſe that ſerve me, where Affection and Integrity are wanting, to deceive me with ſomething that may look tolerably handſome. For want of Conſtancy enough to ſupport the Shock of the adverſe Accidents, to which we are ſubject, and of Patience ſeri-

* *Hor. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 6.

ouſly

ouſly to apply myſelf to the Management of my Affairs, I nouriſh as much as I can this in myſelf, wholly leaving all to Fortune; to take all Things at the worſt, and to reſolve to bear that worſt with Temper and Patience. That is the only Thing I aim at, and to which I apply my whole Meditation: In a Danger, I do not ſo much conſider how I ſhall eſcape it, as of how little Importance it is whether I eſcape it or no: Should I be left dead upon the Place, what matter? Not being to govern Events, I govern myſelf, and apply myſelf to them, if they will not apply themſelves to me. I have no great Art to evade, eſcape from, or to force Fortune, and by Prudence to guide and incline Things to my own Biaſs. I have the leaſt Patience of all to undergo the troubleſome and painful Care therein required; and the moſt uneaſy Condition for me is to be ſuſpended in urgent Occaſions, and to be agitated betwixt Hope and Fear. Deliberation, even in Things of lighteſt Moment, is very troubleſome to me; and I find my Mind more put to it to undergo the various Tumbling and Toſſing of Doubt and Conſultation, than to ſet up its Reſt, and to acquieſce in whatever ſhall happen after the Die is thrown. Few Paſſions break my Sleep, but of Deliberations the leaſt will do it. As in Roads, I willingly avoid thoſe that are ſloping and ſlippery, and put myſelf into the beaten Track, how dirty or deep ſoever, where I can fall no lower, and there ſeek my Safety: So I love Misfortunes that are purely ſo, that do not torment and teaze me with the Incertainty of their growing better; but that at the firſt Puſh plunge me directly into the worſt that can be expected.

Dubia plus torquent mala *.

Doubtful Ills do plague us worſt.

In Events, I carry myſelf like a Man, in the Conduct, like a Child. The Fear of the Fall more aſtoniſhes me than the Fall itſelf. It will not quit Coſt. The Covetous Man has a worſe Account of his Paſſion than the Poor, and the Jealous Man than the Cuckold; and a Man oft-times loſes more by defending his Vineyard, than if he gave it up. The loweſt Walk is the ſafeſt; 'tis the Seat of Conſtancy:

* *Seneca. Agamemnon.*

There

There you have need of no one but yourſelf, 'tis there founded, and wholly ſtands upon its own Baſis. Has not this Example of a Gentleman very well known, ſome Air of *Philoſophy* in it? He married, being well advanc'd in Years, having ſpent his Youth in good Fellowſhip, a great Talker, and a great Jeerer; calling to Mind how much the Subject of Cuckoldry had given him Occaſion to talk and ſcoff at others, to prevent them from paying him in his own Coin, he married a Wife from a Place where any may have Fleſh for his Money; *Good-morrow, Whore, Good-morrow, Cuckold*; and there was not any Thing wherewith he more commonly and openly entertain'd thoſe that came to ſee him than with this Deſign of his, by which he ſtopp'd the private Muttering of Mockers, and defended himſelf from this Reproach. As to Ambition, which is Neighbour, or rather Daughter to Preſumption, Fortune, to advance me, muſt have come and taken me by the Hand; for to trouble myſelf for an uncertain Hope, and to have ſubmitted myſelf to all the Difficulties that accompany thoſe who endeavour to bring themſelves into Credit in the Beginning of their Progreſs, I could never have done it.

——— *ſpem pretio non emo* *.

I will not purchaſe Hope with Money.

I apply myſelf to what I ſee, and to what I have in my Hand, and go not very far from the Shore:

Alter remus aquas, alter tibi radat arenas †.

Into the Sea I plunge one Oar,
And with the other rake the Shore.

And beſides, a Man very ſeldom arrives to theſe Advancements, but in firſt hazarding what he has of his own: And I am of Opinion, that if a Man has ſufficient to maintain him in the Condition wherein he was born and brought up, 'tis a great Folly to hazard that upon the Incertainty of augmenting it. He to whom *Fortune* has deny'd wherein to ſet his Foot, and to ſettle a quiet and compoſed Way of living, is to be excuſed if he does venture what he has, becauſe, happen what will, Neceſſity puts him upon ſhifting for himſelf.

* *Terence.* † *Prop. l.* 1. *Eleg.* 2.

Capienda

Capienda rebus in malis præceps via eſt *.

A deſperate Caſe muſt have a deſperate Courſe.

And I rather excuſe a younger Brother to expoſe what his Friends have left him to the Courteſy of Fortune, than him with whom the Honour of his Family is intruſted, that cannot be neceſſitous, but by his own Fault. I have found a much ſhorter and more eaſy Way, by the Advice of the good Friends I had in my younger Days, to free myſelf from any ſuch Ambition, and to ſit ſtill.

Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palmæ †.

Whoſe Sword hath won him Honour in true Fights,
Duſty Olympick Lawrels that Man ſlights.

Judging right enough of my own Forces, that they were not capable of any great Matters; and calling to Mind the Saying of the late Chancellor *Olivier*, *That the* French *were like Monkies, that ſwarm up a Tree from Branch to Branch, and never ſtop till they come to the higheſt; and there ſhew their ugly bald Breech.*

Turpe eſt quod nequeas capiti committere pondus,
Et preſſum inflexo mox dare terga genu ‡.

It is a Shame to load the Shoulders ſo,
That they the Burden cannot undergo;
And the Knees bending with the Weight, to quit
The pond'rous Load, and turn the Back to it.

I ſhould find the beſt Qualities I have uſeleſs in this Age. The Facility of my Manners would have been call'd Weakneſs and Negligence, my Faith and Conſcience, if ſuch I have, Scrupulouſneſs and Superſtition; my Liberty and Freedom would have been reputed troubleſome, inconſiderate and raſh; *Ill Luck is good for ſomething* ‖. It is good to be born in a very deprav'd Age; for ſo, in compariſon of others, you ſhall be reputed virtuous without coſting you much Pains. He that in our Days is but a *Parricide*, and a *ſacrilegious* Perſon, is an honeſt Man, and a Man of Honour.

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* *Seneca. Agara.* † *Hor. l.* 1. *Epiſt.* 1. ‡ *Propertius.* ‖ *Proverb.*

Nunc ſi depoſitum non inficiatur amicus,
Si reddat veterem cum tota ærugine follem,
Prodigioſa fides, & Thuſcis digna libellis,
Quæque coronata luſtrari debeat agna *.

Now if a Friend does not deny his Truſt,
But does th' old Purſe reſtore, with all its Ruſt;
'Tis a prodigious Faith, that ought in Gold
Amongſt the *Thuſcan* Annals be enroll'd,
And a crown'd Lamb ſhould ſacrificed be
To ſuch an exemplary Integrity.

And never was Time or Place wherein *Princes* might propoſe to themſelves more certain Rewards for their Virtue and Juſtice. The firſt that ſhall make it his Buſineſs to get himſelf into Favour and Eſteem by thoſe Ways, I am much deceiv'd if he do not, and by the beſt Title outſtrip his Concurrents. Force and Violence can do ſome Things, but not always all: We ſee *Merchants, Country Juſtices* and *Artizans,* go cheek by joul with the beſt Gentry in Valour and Military Knowledge. They perform honourable Actions both in publick Engagements and private Quarrels, they fight Duels, and defend Towns in our preſent Wars. A Prince ſtifles his Renown in this Crowd. Let him ſhine bright in Humanity, Truth, Integrity, Temperance, and eſpecially in Juſtice; Marks rare, unknown, and exil'd; 'tis by no other Means but by the ſole Good-will of the People that he can do his Buſineſs, and no other Qualities can attract their Good-will like thoſe, as being of greateſt Utility to them. *Nil eſt tam populare quam bonitas* †. *Nothing is ſo popular as Goodneſs.* By this Proportion I had been great and rare, as I find myſelf now a Pigmy, and popular by the Proportion of ſome paſt Ages; wherein, if other better Qualities did not concur, it was ordinary and common to ſee a Man moderate in his Revenges, gentle in reſenting Injuries, in Abſence religious of his Word, neither double nor too ſupple, nor accommodating his Faith to the Will of others, or the Turns of Times: I would rather ſee all Affairs go to wrack and ruin than falſify my Faith to ſecure them. For as to this Virtue of Diſſimulation, which

* *Juven. Sat.* 13. † *Cicero.*

is

is now in ſo great Requeſt, I mortally hate it; and of all Vices, find none that ſhew ſo much Baſeneſs and Meanneſs of Spirit. 'Tis a cowardly and ſervile Humour to hide and diſguiſe a Man's ſelf under a Vizor, and not to dare to ſhew himſelf what he is. By that our Followers are train'd up to Treachery: Being brought up to ſpeak what is not true, they make no Conſcience of a Lye. A generous Heart ought not to belie its own Thoughts, but will make itſelf ſeen within, all there is good, or at leaſt manly: *Ariſtotle* reputes it *the Office of Magnanimity, openly and profeſſedly to love and hate, to judge and ſpeak with all Freedom; and not to value the Approbation or Diſlike of others, in compariſon of* Truth: *Apollonius* ſaid, *it was for Slaves to lye, and for Freemen to ſpeak Truth.* 'Tis the chief and fundamental Part of *Virtue*, we muſt love it for itſelf. He that ſpeaks Truth, becauſe he is oblig'd ſo to do, and becauſe he ſerves; and that he is not afraid to lye when it ſignifies nothing to any Body, is not ſufficiently true. My Soul naturally abominates Lying, and hates the Thought of it. I have an inward Baſhfulneſs, and a ſhort Remorſe, if ſometimes a Lye eſcape me, as ſometimes it does, being ſurpriz'd by Occaſions that allow me no Premeditation. A Man muſt not always tell all, for that were Folly: But what a Man ſays ſhould be what he thinks, otherwiſe 'tis Knavery. I do not know what Advantage Men pretend to by eternally counterfeiting and diſſembling, if not, never to be believ'd when they ſpeak the Truth. This may once or twice paſs upon Men; but to profeſs concealing their Thoughts, and to brag, as ſome of our *Princes* have done, *that they would burn their Shirts if they knew their true Intentions*; which was a Saying of the ancient *Mitellus*, of *Macedon*; and, *that who knows not how to diſſemble, knows not how to rule:* Is to give warning to all who have any Thing to do with them, that all they ſay is nothing but Lying and Deceit. *Quo quis verſutior, & callidior eſt, hoc inviſior & ſuſpectior, detracta opinione probitatis* *. *By how much any one is more ſubtle and cunning, by ſo much is he hated or ſuſpected, the Opinion of his Integrity being loſt and gone.* It would be a great Simplicity in

Lying condemned.

* *Cicero de off. l.* 1.

any one to lay any Streſs either on the Countenance or Word of a Man that has put on a Reſolution to be always another Thing without than what he is within, as *Tiberius* did; and I cannot conceive what Intereſt one can have in the Converſation with ſuch Men, ſeeing they produce nothing that is current and true. Whoever is diſloyal to Truth, is the ſame to Falſhood alſo. Thoſe of our Time, who have conſider'd in the Eſtabliſhment of the Duty of a *Prince*, the Good of his Affairs only, and have preferr'd that to the Care of his Faith and Conſcience; might ſay ſomething to a *Prince* whoſe Affairs *Fortune* had put into ſuch a Poſture, that he might for ever eſtabliſh them by only once breaking his Word: But it will not go ſo, they often buy in the ſame Market, they make more than one Peace, and enter into more than one Treaty in their Lives. Gains tempts them to the firſt Breach of Faith, and almoſt always preſents itſelf, as in all other ill Acts, Sacrileges, Murders, Rebellions, Treaſons, as always undertaken for ſome Kind of Advantage. But this firſt Gain has infinite miſchievous Conſequences; throws this *Prince* out of all Correſpondence and Negotiation, by this Example of Infidelity. *Solyman*, of the *Ottoman* Race, a Race not very ſolicitous of keeping their Words and Articles, when in my Infancy he made his Army land at *Otranto*, being inform'd that *Mercurino de Gratinare*, and the Inhabitants of *Caſtro* were detain'd Priſoners, after having ſurrendred the Place, contrary to the Articles of their Capitulation, ſent Orders to have them ſet at Liberty, ſaying, *That having other great Enterprizes in hand in thoſe Parts, the Diſloyalty, tho' it carry'd a Shew of preſent Utility, would for the future bring on him a Diſrepute and Diffidence of infinite Prejudice.* Now, for my part, I had rather be troubleſome and indiſcreet than a Flatterer and a Diſſembler. I confeſs, that there may be ſome Mixture of Pride and Obſtinacy in keeping myſelf ſo upright and open as I do, without any Conſideration of others; and methinks I am a little too free, where I ought leaſt to be ſo, and that I grow hot by the Oppoſition of Reſpect; and it may be alſo, that I ſuffer myſelf to follow the Propenſity of my own Nature for want of Art; uſing the ſame Liberty of Speech and Countenance towards great Perſons, that I bring with me from my own Houſe: I am ſenſible how much it declines towards Incivility and Indiſ-

Indiſcretion: But beſides that, I am ſo bred, I have not a Wit ſupple enough to invade a ſudden Queſtion, and to eſcape by ſome Evaſion, nor to feign a Truth, nor Memory enough to retain it ſo feign'd; nor truly Aſſurance enough to maintain it, and play the Brave out of Weakneſs. And therefore it is that I abandon myſelf to Candor, always to ſpeak as I think, both by Complexion and Deſign, leaving the Event to Fortune. *Ariſtippus* was wont to ſay, *that the principal Benefit he had extracted from* Philoſophy, *was, that he ſpoke freely and openly to all.* Memory is a Faculty of wonderful Uſe, and without which the Judgment can very hardly perform its Office: For my Part, I have none at all: What any one will propoſe to me, he muſt do it by Parcels, for to anſwer a Speech conſiſting of ſeveral Heads, I am not able. I could not receive a Commiſſion by Word of Mouth, without a Note-Book: And when I have a Speech of Conſequence to make, if it be long, I am reduc'd to the miſerable Neceſſity of getting Word for Word what I am to ſay by heart; I ſhould otherwiſe have neither Faſhion nor Aſſurance, being in fear that my Memory would play me a ſlippery Trick. But this Way is no leſs difficult to me than the other. I muſt have three Hours to learn three Verſes. And beſides, in a Work of a Man's own, the Liberty and Authority of altering the Order, of changing a Word, inceſſantly varying the Matter, makes it harder to ſtick in the Memory of the Author. The more I miſtruſt it, the worſe it is; it ſerves me beſt by Chance, I muſt negligently ſolicit it; for if I preſs it 'tis aſtoniſh'd, and after it once begins to ſtagger, the more I ſound it, the more it is perplex'd; it ſerves me at its own Hour, not at mine. And the ſame Defect I find in my Memory I find alſo in ſeveral other Parts. I fly Command, Obligation and Conſtraint. That which I can otherwiſe naturally and eaſily do, if I impoſe it upon myſelf by an expreſs and ſtrict Injunction, I cannot do it. Even the Members of my Body, over which a Man has a more particular Juriſdiction, ſometimes refuſe to obey me, if I enjoin them a neceſſary Service at a certain Hour. This tyrannical and compulſive Appointment baffles them, they ſhrink up either thro' Fear or Spite, and fall into a Trance. Being once in a Place where it is look'd upon as the greateſt Diſ-

Memory very uſeful to the Judgment.

courteſy imaginable not to pledge thoſe that drink to you, tho' I had there all Liberty allow'd me, I try'd to play the Good-fellow out of reſpect to the Ladies that were there, according to the Cuſtom of the Country; but there was Sport enough; for this Threatning and Preparation that I was to force upon myſelf, contrary to my Cuſtom and Inclination, did ſo ſtop my Throat, that I could not ſwallow one Drop; and was depriv'd of drinking ſo much as to my Meat. I found myſelf gorg'd, and my Thirſt quench'd, by ſo much Drink as my Imagination had ſwallow'd. This Effect is moſt manifeſt in ſuch as have the moſt vehement and powerful Imagination: But it is natural, notwithſtanding, and there is no one that does not, in ſome Meaſure, find it. They offer'd an excellent *Archer*, condemn'd to die, to ſave his Life, if he would ſhew ſome notable Proof of his Art, but he refuſed to try, fearing leaſt the too great Contention of his Will would make him ſhoot wide, and that inſtead of ſaving his Life, he ſhould alſo loſe the Reputation he had got of being a good Markſman. A Man that thinks of ſomething elſe, will not fail to take over and over again the ſame Number and Meaſure of Steps, even to an Inch in the Place where he walks: But if he makes it his Buſineſs to meaſure and count them, he will find, that what he did by Nature and Accident, he cannot ſo exactly do by Deſign. My *Library*, which is of the beſt Sort of Country *Libraries*, is ſituated in a Corner of my Houſe: if any Thing comes in my Head that I have a mind to look on, or to write, leſt I ſhould forget it in but going croſs the Court, I am fain to commit it to the Memory of ſome other. If I venture in ſpeaking to digreſs never ſo little from my Subject, I am infallibly loſt, which is the Reaſon that I keep myſelf ſtrictly cloſe in Diſcourſe. I am forc'd to call the Men that ſerve me either by the Names of their Offices, or their Country; for Names are very hard for me to remember. I can tell, indeed, that there are three Syllables, that it has a harſh Sound, and that it begins or ends with ſuch a Letter, but that's all: And if I ſhould live long, I do not think but I ſhould forget my own Name, as ſome others have done. *Meſſela Corvinus* was two Years without any Trace of Memory; which is alſo ſaid of *Gorgias Trapezuntius*. For my own Intereſt, I often meditate what

Memories quite loſt.

what a Kind of Life theirs was, and if, without this Faculty, I ſhould have enough left to ſupport me with any Manner of Eaſe, and prying narrowly into it; I fear that this Privation, if abſolute, deſtroys all the other Functions of the Soul.

Plenus rimarum ſum, hac atque illac perfluo *.

I'm full of Chinks, and leak out every Way.

It has befal'n me more than once to forget the *Word* I had three Hours before given or received, and to forget where I had hid my Purſe: Whatever *Cicero* is pleaſed to ſay, I help myſelf to loſe what I have a particular Care to lock ſafe up. *Memoria certe non modo Philoſophiam, ſed omnis vitæ uſum, omneſque artes, una maxime continet* †. *The Memory is the Receptacle and Sheath of all Science*; and therefore mine being ſo treacherous, if I know little, I cannot much complain; I know in general the Names of the Arts, and of what they treat, and nothing more. I turn over Books, I do not ſtudy them; what I retain I do not know to be another's, and is only what my Judgment has made its Advantage of; Diſcourſes and Imaginations in which it has been inſtructed. The Author, Place, Words, and other Circumſtances, I immediately forget, and am ſo excellent at Forgetting, that I no leſs forget my own Writings and Compoſitions than the reſt. I am very often quoted to myſelf, and am not aware of it; and whoever ſhould enquire of me where I had the Verſes and Examples that I have here huddled together, would puzzle me to tell him, and yet I have not borrow'd them but from famous and known Authors, not ſatisfying myſelf that they were rich, if I moreover had them not from rich and honourable Hands, where there is a Concurrence of Authority as well as Reaſon. It is no great Wonder if my Book runs the ſame Fortune that other Books do, and if my Memory loſes what I have writ, as well as what I have read, and what I give, as well as what I receive. Beſides the Defect of Memory, I have others which very much contribute to my Ignorance; I have a ſlow and heavy Wit, the leaſt Cloud ſtops its Pro-

The Author's Memory.

His Apprehenſion.

* *Ter. Eun. Act* 1. *Scene* 2.

† *Cicero.*

greſs, ſo that, for Example, I never propoſed to it any never ſo eaſy a *Riddle* that it could find out. There is not the leaſt idle Subtilty that will not gravel me. In Games, where Wit is requir'd, as *Cheſs*, *Draughts*, and the like, I underſtand no more but the Motions of the Men, without being capable of any Thing of Deſign. I have a ſlow and perplex'd Apprehenſion, but what it once apprehends it apprehends well, for the Time it retains it. My Sight is perfect, entire, and diſcovers at a very great Diſtance, but is ſoon weary, which makes me that I cannot read long, but am forc'd to have one to read to me. The younger *Pliny* can inform ſuch as have not experienced it themſelves, what, and how important an Impediment this is to thoſe who addict themſelves to Study. There is not ſo wretched and ſo illiterate a Soul wherein ſome particular Faculty is not ſeen to ſhine; no Soul ſo buried in Sloth and Ignorance, but it will ſally at one End or another. And how it comes to paſs that a Man blind and aſleep to every thing elſe, ſhall be found ſprightly, clear and excellent in ſome one particular Effect, we are to enquire of our Maſters: But the beautiful Souls are they that are univerſal, open and ready for all Things, if not inſtructed, at leaſt capable of being ſo. Which I ſay to accuſe my own; for whether it be thought Infirmity or Negligence (and to Neglect that which lies at our Feet, which we have in our Hands, and what neareſt concerns the Uſe of Life, is far from my Doctrine) there is not a Soul in the World ſo aukward as mine, and ſo ignorant of ſeveral vulgar Things, and ſuch as a Man cannot without Shame be ignorant of. I muſt give ſome Examples, I was born and bred up in the Country, and amongſt Huſbandmen; I have had Buſineſs and Huſbandry in my own Hands ever ſince my Predeceſſors, who were Lords of the Eſtate I now enjoy, left me to ſucceed them: And yet I can neither caſt Accounts, nor reckon my Counters; moſt of our current Money I do not know, nor the Difference between one Grain and another, either growing or in the Barn, if it be not too apparent; and ſcarcely can diſtinguiſh the *Cabbage* and *Lettuce* in my Garden. I do not ſo much as underſtand the Names of the chief Inſtruments of Huſbandry, nor the moſt ordinary Elements of *Agriculture*, which the very Children know; much leſs the mechanick Arts, Traffick, Merchandiſe,

His Sight.

Merchandiſe, the Variety and Nature of Fruits, Wines and Vines: Nor how to make a Hawk fly, nor to phyſick a Horſe, or a Dog. And, ſince I muſt publiſh my whole Shame, 'tis not above a Month ago that I was trapt in my Ignorance of the Uſe of Leaven to make Bread, or to what End it was to keep Wine in the Vat. They conjectur'd of old at *Athens* an Aptitude to the *Mathematicks* in him they ſaw ingeniouſly baven up a Burthen of Bruſh-wood. Indeed they would draw a quite contrary Concluſion from me; for, give me the whole Proviſion and Neceſſaries of a Kitchen, I ſhould ſtarve. By theſe Features of my Confeſſion Men may imagine others to my Prejudice: But whatever I deliver myſelf to be, provided it be ſuch as I really am, I have my End; neither will I make any Excuſe for committing to Paper ſuch mean and frivolous things as theſe. The Meanneſs of the Subject compels me to it. They may if they pleaſe accuſe my Project, but not my Progreſs. So it is, that without any Body's needing to tell me, I ſufficiently ſee of how little Weight and Value all this is, and the Folly of my Deſign. 'Tis enough that my Judgment does not contradict itſelf, of which theſe are the Eſſays.

Naſutus ſis uſque licet, ſis denique naſus,
Quantum noluerit ferre rogatus Atlas;
Et poſſis ipſum tu deridere Latinum,
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipſe ego quam dixi: Quid dentem dente juvabit
Reddere? Carne opus eſt, ſi ſatur eſſe velis.
Ne perdas operam, qui ſe mirantur, in illos
Virus habe, nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil ‡.

Be nos'd, be all Noſe, 'till thy Noſe appear
So great, that *Atlas* it refuſe to bear;
Tho' even againſt *Latinus* thou inveigh,
Againſt my Trifles thou no more can'ſt ſay
Than I have ſaid myſelf: Then to what End
Should we to render Tooth for Tooth contend?
You muſt have Fleſh if you'll be full, my Friend,

‡ *Mart. l.* 13. *Epig.* 2.

Loſe

Loſe not thy Labour; but on thoſe that do
Admire themſelves, thy utmoſt Venom throw,
That theſe Things nothing are, full well we know.

I am not oblig'd to utter no Abſurdities, provided I am not deceiv'd in them, and know them to be ſuch; and to trip knowingly, is ſo ordinary with me, that I ſeldom do it otherwiſe, and rarely trip by chance. 'Tis no great Matter to add ridiculous Actions to the Temerity of my Humour, ſince I cannot ordinarily help ſupplying it with thoſe that are vicious. I was preſent one Day at *Barleduc*, when King *Francis* the Second, for a Memorial of *Rene* King of *Sicily*, was preſented with a Picture he had drawn of himſelf. Why is it not in like Manner lawful for every one to draw himſelf with a Pen as he did with a *Crayon?* I will not therefore omit this Blemiſh, 'tho very unfit to be publiſh'd, which is Irreſolution; a very great Defect, and very incommodious in the Negotiations of the Affairs of the World; in doubtful Enterprizes, I know not which to chuſe.

The Picture of Rene, *King of* Sicily, *drawn by himſelf.*

Ne ſi ne no, nel cormi ſuona intero.

I can maintain an Opinion, but I cannot chuſe one, by reaſon that in human Things, to what *Sect* ſoever a Man inclines many Appearances preſent themſelves that confirm us in it, and the Philoſopher *Chryſippus* ſaid, *That he would of* Zeno *and* Cleanthes, *his Maſters, learn their Doctrines only; for as to Proofs and Reaſons, he ſhould find enough of his own:* Which Way ſoever I turn, I ſtill furniſh myſelf with Cauſes, and Likelihood enough to fix me there, which makes me detain Doubt and the Liberty of chooſing 'till all Occaſion preſſes; and then, to confeſs the Truth, I, for the moſt part, *throw the Feather into the Wind*, as the Saying is, and commit myſelf to the Mercy of Fortune; a very light Inclination and Circumſtance carries me along with it.

Dum in dubio eſt animus, paulo momento huc atque illuc impellitur †.

† *Terence. Andr. Act.* 1. *Scen.* 3.

My

My Mind being in Doubt, in a ſhort Space,
With nimble Turns, this Way and that Way ſways.

The Incertainty of my Judgment is ſo equally ballanced in moſt Occurrences, that I could willingly refer it to be decided by the Chance of a Dye. And obſerve, with great Conſideration of our Human Infirmity, the Examples that the Divine *Hiſtory* itſelf has left us of this Cuſtom of refering to Fortune and Chance the Determination of Elections in Doubtful Things: *Sors cecidit ſuper Matthiam* *. *The Lot fell upon* Matthias. Human Reaſon is a Two-edg'd and a dangerous Sword: Obſerve in the Hand of *Socrates*, her moſt intimate and familiar Friend, how many ſeveral Points it has. I am alſo good for nothing but to follow and ſuffer myſelf to be eaſily carried away with the Crowd; I have not Confidence enough in my own Strength to take upon me to command and lead. I am very glad to find the Way beaten before me by others. If I muſt run the Hazard of an uncertain Choice, I am rather willing to have it under ſuch a one as is more confident in his Opinions than I am in mine, whoſe Ground and Foundation I find to be very ſlippery and unſure, and yet I do not eaſily change, by Reaſon that I diſcern the ſame Weakneſs in contrary Opinions. *Ipſa conſuetudo aſſentiendi periculoſa eſſe videtur, & lubrica* †. *The very Cuſtom of aſſenting ſeems to be dangerous and ſlippery.* Eſpecially in politick Affairs there is a large Field open for Conteſtation.

Juſta pari premitur velati cum pondere libra,
Prona nec hac plus parte ſedet, nec ſurgit ab illa ‖.

Like a juſt Ballance preſs'd with equal Weight,
Nor dips, nor riſes, but the Beam is ſtraight.

Machiavel's Writings, for Example, were ſolid enough for the Subject, yet were they eaſy enough to be controverted; and they who have taken up the Cudgels againſt him, have left as great a Facility of controverting theirs. There was never wanting in that Kind of Argument Replies upon Replies, and as infinite a Contexture of Debates as our wrangling Lawyers have extended in Favour of long Suits.

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* *Acts.* 1. † *Cicero. Acad. lib.* 4. ‖ *Tibullus. l.* 4.

Cædimur,

Cædimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem *.

——— This is a War,
Wherein by Turns we beat, and beaten are.

The Reaſons having little other Foundation than Experience, and the Variety of Human Events, preſenting us with infinite Examples of all Sorts of Forms. An underſtanding Perſon of our Times ſays, *That whoever would in Contradiction to our* Almancks *write Cold, where they ſay Hot, and Wet where they ſay Dry, and always put the contrary to what they foretel; if he were to lay a Wager, he would not care which Side he took, excepting where no Incertainty could fall out; as to promiſe exceſſive Heats at* Chriſtmas, *or Extremity of Cold at* Midſummer, *which cannot poſſibly be.* I have the ſame Opinion of theſe politick Controverſies; be on which Side you will, you have as fair a Game to play as your Adverſary, provided you do not proceed ſo far as to joſtle Principles that are too manifeſt to be diſputed. And yet, in my Conceit, in publick Affairs there is no Government ſo ill, provided it be ancient, and has been conſtant, that is not better than Change and Alteration. Our Manners are infinitely corrupted, and wonderfully incline to the worſt: Of our Laws and Cuſtoms, there are many that are barbarous and monſtrous: Nevertheleſs, by reaſon of the Difficulty of Reformation, and the Danger of ſtirring Things, if I could put ſomething under to ſtay the Wheel, and keep it where it is, I would do it with all my Heart.

Numquam adeoque pudendis
Utimur exemplis, ut non pejora ſuperſint †.

Th' Examples we produce are not ſo plain
And ſmutty but behind far worſe remain.

The worſt Thing that I find in our *State* is the Inſtability of it; and that our Laws, no more than our Cloaths, cannot ſettle in any certain Form. It is very eaſy to accuſe a Government of Imperfection, for all mortal Things are full of it: It is very eaſy to beget in a People a Contempt of ancient Obſervances, never any Man undertook it but he

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* *Hor. lib. 2. Epiſt 2.* † *Juvenal.*

did

did it; but to eſtabliſh a better Regimen in the ſtead of that a Man has overthrown, many who have attempted that, have been founder'd in the Attempt. I very little conſult my Prudence in my Conduct; I am willing to let it be guided by the publick Rule. Happy People, who do what they are commanded better than they who command, without tormenting themſelves with the Cauſes, who ſuffer themſelves gently to roul after the Cœleſtial Revolution: Obedience is never pure nor calm in him who argues and diſputes. In fine, to return to myſelf, the only Thing by which I eſteem myſelf to be ſomething, is, that wherein never any Man thought himſelf to be defective: my Recommendation is vulgar and common; for who ever thought he wanted Senſe? It would be a Propoſition that would imply a Contradiction in itſelf, 'tis a Diſeaſe that never is where it is diſcern'd, 'tis tenacious and ſtrong, but that the firſt Ray of the Patient's Sight does nevertheleſs pierce thro' and diſperſe, as the Beams of the Sun do thick and obſcure Miſts. To accuſe one's ſelf would be to excuſe in this Caſe, and to condemn, to abſolve. There never was Porter, or the ſillieſt Girl, that did not think they had Senſe enough to do their Buſineſs. We eaſily enough confeſs an Advantage of Courage, Strength, Experience, Activity and Beauty in others; but an Advantage in Judgment we yield to none; and the Reaſons that ſimply proceed from the natural arguing of others, we think, if we had but turn'd our Thoughts that Way, we ſhould ourſelves have found out, as well as they. Knowledge, Stile, and ſuch Parts as we ſee in others Works, we are ſoon aware of, if they excel our own; but for the ſimple Products of the Underſtanding, every one thinks he could have found out the like, and is hardly ſenſible of the Weight and Difficulty, if not (and then with much ado) in an extreme and incomparable Diſtance. And whoever ſhould be able clearly to diſcern the Height of another's Judgment, would be alſo able to raiſe his own to the ſame Pitch. So that it is a Sort of Exerciſe, from which a Man is to expect very little Praiſe, a Kind of Compoſition of ſmall Repute. And beſides, for whom do you write? The Learned, to whom the Authority appertains of judging Books, know no other Value but that of Learning, and allow of no other Proceeding of Wit, but that of Erudition and Art; if you have miſtaken

miſtaken one of the *Scipio*'s for another, what is all the reſt you have to ſay worth? Whoever is ignorant of *Ariſtotle*, according to their Rule, is in ſome ſort ignorant of himſelf. Heavy, ill-bred and vulgar Souls, cannot diſcern the Grace of a delicate Stile. Now theſe two Sorts of Men take up the World. The third Sort, into whoſe Hands you fall, of Souls that are regular and ſtrong of themſelves, is ſo rare, that it juſtly has neither Name nor Place amongſt us; and 'tis ſo much Time loſt to aſpire unto it, or to endeavour to pleaſe it. 'Tis commonly ſaid, that the juſteſt Dividend *Nature* has given of her Favours, is that of Senſe; for there is no one that is not contented with his Share: Is it not reaſonable? For whoever ſhould diſcern beyond that, would ſee beyond his Sight. I think my Opinions are good and ſound; but who does not think the ſame of his? One of the beſt Proofs I have that mine are ſo, is the ſmall Eſteem I have of myſelf; for had they not been very well aſſur'd, they would eaſily have ſuffered themſelves to have been deceiv'd by the peculiar Affection I have to myſelf, as one that place it almoſt wholly in myſelf, and do not let much run [illegible] all that others diſtribute amongſt an infinite Number of Friends and Acquaintance, to their Glory and Grandeur, I dedicate to the Repoſe of my own Mind, and to myſelf. That which eſcapes thence is not properly by my Direction.

Mihi nimpè valere, & vivere doctus *.

To love myſelf I very well can tell,
So as to live content, and to be well.

Now I find my Opinions very bold and conſtant, in condemning my own Imperfection; and to ſay the Truth, 'tis a Subject upon which I exerciſe my Judgment, as much as upon any other. The World looks always oppoſite; I turn my Sight inwards, there fix and employ it: Every one looks before him, I look into myſelf; I have no other Buſineſs but myſelf; I am eternally meditating upon myſelf, controul and taſte myſelf; other Men's Thoughts are ever wandring abroad, if they ſet themſelves to thinking, they are ſtill going forward.

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* *Plaut.*

Nemo

Nemo in ſeſe tentat deſcendere *.

No Man attempts to dive into himſelf.

For my Part, I circulate in myſelf: and this free Humour of not over eaſily ſubjecting my Belief I owe principally to myſelf; for the ſtrongeſt and moſt general Imaginations I have, are thoſe, that, as a Man may ſay, were born with me; they are natural, and entirely my own. I produc'd them crude and ſimple, with a ſtrong and bold Production, but a little troubled and imperfect; I have ſince eſtabliſh'd and fortify'd them with the Authority of others, and the ſound Examples of the Ancients, whom I have found of the ſame Judgment: They have given me faſter hold, and a more manifeſt Fruition and Poſſeſſion of that I had before embrac'd; the Reputation that every one pretends to, of Vivacity and Promptneſs of Wit, I ſpeak in Regularity; the Glory they pretend to from a brave and honourable Action, or ſome particular Excellency, I claim from Order, Correſpondence, and Tranquility of Opinions and Manners. *Omnino ſi quidquam eſt decorum, nihil eſt perfecto magis quam æquabilitas univerſæ Vitæ, tum ſingularum actionum, quam conſervare non poſſis, ſi aliorum naturam imitans omittas tuam* ‡. *If any thing be entirely decent, nothing certainly can be more, than an Equability in the whole Life, and in every particular Action of it; which thou can'ſt not poſitively obſerve and keep, if imitating other Men's Natures, thou layeſt aſide thy own.* Here then you ſee to what Degree I find myſelf guilty of this firſt Part, that I ſaid was in the Vice of Preſumption. As to the Second, which conſiſts in not having a ſufficient Eſteem for others, I know not whether or no I can ſo well excuſe myſelf; but whatever comes on't, I am reſolv'd to ſpeak the Truth. And whether perhaps it be, that the continual Frequentation I have had with the Humours of the Ancients, and the *Idea* of thoſe great Souls of paſt Ages, put me out of Taſte, both with others and myſelf; or that, in Truth, the Age we live in does produce but very indifferent

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* *Perſius Sat.* 4.

‡ *Cicero de Offic. lib.* 1.

Things;

Things; yet ſo it is, that I ſee nothing worthy of any great Admiration; neither indeed have I ſo great an Intimacy with many Men as is requiſite to make a right Judgment of them; and thoſe with whom my Condition makes me the moſt frequent, are, for the moſt Part, Men that have little Care of the Culture of the Soul; but that look upon Honour as the Sum of all Bleſſings, and Valour as the Height of all Perfection. What I ſee that is handſome in others, I very readily commend and highly eſteem; nay, I often ſay more in their Commendation than I think they really deſerve, and give myſelf ſo far leave to lye; for I cannot invent a falſe Subject. My Teſtimony is never wanting to my Friends in what I conceive deſerves Praiſe; and where a Foot is due, I am willing to give them a Foot and a half; but to attribute to them Qualities that they have not, I cannot do it, nor openly defend their Imperfections. Nay, I frankly and ingenuouſly give my very Enemies their due Teſtimony of Honour. My Affection alters, my Judgment does not; and I never confound my Animoſity with other Circumſtances that are foreign to it; and am ſo jealous of the Liberty of my Judgment, that I can very hardly part with it for any Paſſion whatever. I do myſelf a greater Injury in Lying than I do him of whom I tell a Lye. This commendable and generous Cuſtom is obſerv'd of the *Perſian* Nation, *That they ſpoke of their Mortal Enemies, and with whom they were at deadly Wars, as honourably and juſtly as their Virtues did deſerve.* I know Men enough that have ſeveral fine Parts; one Wit, another Courage, another Addreſs, another Conſcience, another Language; one, one Science, another, another; but a Man generally great, and that has all theſe brave Parts together, or any one of them to ſuch a Degree of Excellence that we ſhould admire him, or compare him with thoſe we honour of Times paſt, my Fortune never brought me acquainted with; and the greateſt I ever knew, I mean, for the natural Parts of the Soul, was *Stephen Boetius*; his was a full Soul indeed, and that had every Way a beautiful

Enemies honour'd by the Perſians *for their Virtue.*

Praiſe of Stephen Boetius.

tiful Aſpect: A Soul of the old Stamp, and that had produc'd great Effects, had Fortune been ſo pleaſed; having added much to thoſe great natural Parts by Learning and Study. But how it comes to paſs I know not, and yet it is certainly ſo, there is as much Vanity and Weakneſs of Judgment in thoſe who profeſs the greateſt Abilities, who take upon them learned Callings and bookiſh Employments, as in any other Sort of Men whatever; either becauſe more is required and expected from them, and that common Defects are inexcuſable in them; or becauſe the Opinion they have of their own Learning makes them more bold to expoſe and lay themſelves too open, by which they loſe and betray themſelves. As an Artificer more betrays his want of Skill in a rich Matter he has in his Hand, if he diſgrace the Work by ill Handling, and contrary to the Rules requir'd, than in a Matter of leſs Value; and Men are more diſpleaſed at a Diſproportion in a Statue of Gold, than in one of Alabaſter; ſo do theſe, when they exhibit Things that in themſelves, and in their Place, would be good: For they make uſe of them without Diſcretion, honouring their Memories at the Expence of their Underſtanding, and making themſelves ridiculous to honour *Cicero*, *Galen*, *Ulpian*, and St. *Hierom*. I willingly fall again into the Diſcourſe of the Vanity of our Education; the End of which is not to render us good and wiſe, but learned; and ſhe has obtain'd it. She has not taught us to follow and embrace Virtue and Prudence, but ſhe has imprinted in us their Derivation and Etymology. We know how to decline Virtue, we know not how to love it. If we do not know what Prudence is really, and in Effect, and by Experience, we have it however by Heart. We are not content to know the Extraction, Kindred and Alliances of our Neighbours, we will moreover have them our Friends, and will eſtabliſh a Correſpondency and Intelligence with them: But this Education of ours has taught us Definitions, Diviſions, and Partitions of Virtue, as ſo many Sirnames and Branches of a Genealogy, without any further Care of eſtabliſhing any Familiarity or Intimacy betwixt her and us. She has cull'd out for our initiary Inſtruction, not ſuch

Books as contain the ſoundeſt and trueſt Opinions, but thoſe that ſpeak the beſt *Greek* and *Latin*; and by theſe quaint Words has inſtill'd in our Fancy the vaineſt Humours of Antiquity. A good Education alters the Judgment and Manners; as it happen'd to *Polemon*, a young lewd and debauch'd *Greek*, who going by chance to hear one of *Xenocrates*'s Lectures, did not only obſerve the Eloquence and Learning of the Reader, and not only brought away the Knowledge of ſome fine Matter, but a more manifeſt and a more ſolid Profit, which was the ſudden Change and Reformation of his former Life. Who ever found ſuch an Effect of our Diſcipline?

——*faciaſne quod olim*
Mutatus Polemon, *ponas inſignia morbi,*
Faſciolas, cubital, focalia: Potus ut ille
Dicitur ex collo furtim carpſiſſe coronas,
Poſtquam eſt impranſi correptus voce Magiſtri *.

Pray tell me, can you do like *Polemon?*
Who being drunk, ran with a Garland on,
Into the School of grave *Xenocrates*,
With Ribbons, Cuſhions, Handkerchiefs; all theſe
He privately took off and threw away,
When he heard what that temperate Man did ſay.

That ſeems to me to be the leaſt contemptible Condition of Men, which by its Plainneſs and Simplicity is ſeated in the loweſt Degree, and invites us to a more regular Converſation. I find the Manner and clowniſh Language of Country People commonly better ſuited to the Rule and Preſcription of true *Philoſophy* than thoſe of our Philoſophers themſelves. *Plus ſapit vulgus, quia tantum quantum opus eſt, ſapit* ‡. *The Vulgar are ſo much the Wiſer, becauſe they only know what is needful for them to know.* The moſt remarkable Men, as I have judg'd by outward Appearances (for to judge of them according to my own Method, I muſt penetrate a great deal deeper) for Soldiers and Military Conduct, were the Duke of *Guiſe*, who dy'd at *Orleans*, and the late

* *Hor. l. 2. Sat. 3.*

‡ *Lactant. Inſtit. l. 2.*

Mareſchal

Mareschal *Strozzy*. And for Women of great Ability, and no common Virtue, *Oliver*, and *de l' Hospital*, Chancellors of *France*. Poesy too, in my Opinion, has flourish'd in this Age of ours. We have abundance of very good Artificers in the Trade, *Aurat*, *Beze*, *Buchanan* *l' Hospital*, *Montdore* and *Turnebus*. As to the *French* Poets, I believe they have raised it to the highest Pitch to which it can ever arrive; and in those Parts of it wherein *Ronsard* and *du Bellay* excel, I find them little inferior to the ancient Perfection. *Adrian Turnebus* knew more, and what he did know, better than any Man of his Time, or long before him. The Lives of the last Duke of *Alva*, and of our Constable *de Montmorency*, were both of them great and noble, and that had many Resemblances of Fortune; but the Beauty and Glory of the Death of the last, in the Sight of *Paris*, and of his King, against his nearest Relations, in their Service, at the Head of an Army, thro' his Conduct, Victorious, and by a Blow of Hand in so extreme an old Age, merits, methinks, to be recorded amongst the most remarkable Events of our Times. As also the constant Virtue, Sweetness of Manners, and conscientious Facility of *Monsieur de la Noue*, in so great an Injustice of armed Parties (the true School of Treason, Inhumanity and Robbery) wherein he always kept up the Reputation of a good Man, and a great and experienc'd Captain. I have taken a Delight to publish in several Places the Hopes I have of *Mary de Gournay le Jars*, my Daughter of Alliance; and certainly belov'd by me with more than a Paternal Love, and mew'd up in my Solitude and Retirement as one of the best Parts of my own Being. I have no Regard to any Thing in this World but her; and if a Man may presage from her Youth, her Soul will one Day be capable of very great Things; and amongst others, of the Perfection of the Sacred Friendship, to which we do not read that any of her Sex could ever yet arrive; the Sincerity and Solidity of her Manners are already sufficient for it, and her Affection towards me more than superabundant, and such as that there is nothing more to be wish'd, if not that the Apprehension she has of my End, being now Five and Fifty

Years old, might not ſo much afflict her. The Judgment ſhe has made of my firſt *Eſſays*, being a Woman ſo young, and in this Age, and alone in her own Country, and the famous Vehemency wherewith ſhe lov'd, and deſired me upon the ſole Eſteem ſhe had of me, before ſhe ever ſaw my Face, is an Accident very worthy of Conſideration. Other Virtues have little or no Credit in this Age; but Valour is become popular by our *Civil Wars*; and in this, we have Souls brave, even to Perfection, and in ſo great Number, that the Choice is impoſſible to be made. This is all of extraordinary and not common, that has hitherto arriv'd at my Knowledge.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of Giving the Lye.

WELL, but ſome one will ſay to me, *This Deſign of making a Man's ſelf the Subject of his Writing were excuſable in rare and famous Men, who by their Reputation had given others a Curioſity to be fully inform'd of them.* It is moſt true, I confeſs it, and know very well that a Tradeſman will ſcarce lift his Eyes from his work to look at an ordinary Man, when they will forſake their Buſineſs and their Shops to ſtare at an eminent Perſon, when he comes to Town: It miſbecomes any other to give his own Character, but ſuch a one who has Qualities worthy of Imitation, and whoſe Life and Opinions may ſerve for Examples. *Cæſar* and *Xenophon* had whereon to found their Narrations in the Greatneſs of their own Performances, as a juſt and ſolid Foundation. And it were alſo to be wiſh'd, that we had the Journal Papers of *Alexander* the Great, the Commentaries that *Auguſtus*, *Cato*, *Sylla*, *Brutus*, and others have left of their Actions. Men love and contemplate the very Statues of ſuch Men both in Copper and Marble.

Marble. This Remonſtrance therefore is very true; but it very little concerns me:

Non recito cuiquam, niſi amicis, idque rogatus;
Non ubivis, coramve quibuſlibet: In medio qui
Scripta foro recitant, ſunt multi, quique lavantes *.

I ſeldom do rehearſe, and when I do,
'Tis to my Friends, and with Reluctance too,
Not before ev'ry one, and ev'ry where,
We have too many that Rehearſers are,
In publick Bath, and open Markets too,

I do not here form a Statue to erect in the moſt eminent Place of a City, in the Church or any publick Place;

Non equidem hoc ſtudio bullatis ut mihi nugis,
Pagina turgeſcat:
Secreti loquimur †.

I ſtudy not to make my Pages ſwell
With mighty Trifles, ſecret Things I tell.

'Tis for ſome Corner of a Library, or to entertain a Neighbour, a Kinſman, or a Friend, that has a Mind to renew his Acquaintance and Familiarity with this Image I have made of myſelf. Others have been encouraged to ſpeak of themſelves, becauſe they found the Subject worthy and rich; I, on the contrary, am the bolder, by reaſon the Subject is ſo poor and ſteril, that I cannot be ſuſpected of Oſtentation. I judge freely of the Actions of others; I give little of my own to judge of, becauſe they are nothing: I do not find ſo much Good in myſelf as to tell it without Bluſhing. What Contentment would it be to me to hear any thus relate to me the Manners, Faces, Countenances, the ordinary Words and Fortunes of my Anceſtors? How attentively ſhould I liſten to it! In earneſt. it would be Ill-nature to deſpiſe ſo much as the Pictures of our Friends and Predeceſſors, the Faſhion of their Cloaths and Arms. I preſerve my Father's Writing, his Seal, and one pecu-

* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Sat.* 4. † *Perſius Sat.* 5.

liar Sword of his, and have not thrown long Staves he uſed to carry in his Hand out of my Cloſet. *Paterna veſtis, & annulus, tanto charior eſt poſteris, quanto erga parentes major affectus. A Father's Garment and Ring is by ſo much dearer to his Poſterity, as they had the greater Affection towards them.* If my Poſterity nevertheleſs ſhould be of another Mind, I ſhall be revenged on them; for they cannot care leſs for me than I ſhall then do for them. All the Traffick that I have in this with the Publick, is, that I borrow thoſe Utenſils of their Writing which are more eaſy and moſt at Hand, and in Recompence, ſhall, perhaps, keep a Pound of Butter in the Market from melting in the Sun.

Ne toga cordyllis, ne penula deſit olivis,
Et laxas ſcombris ſæpe dabo tunicas *.

I'll furniſh Plaice and Olives with a Coat,
And cover Mackrael when the Sun ſhines hot.

And tho' no Body ſhould read me, have I loſt my Time in entertaining myſelf ſo many idle Hours, in pleaſing and uſeful Thoughts? In moulding this Figure upon myſelf, I have been ſo oft conſtrain'd to temper and compoſe myſelf in a right Poſture, that the Copy is truly taken, and has in ſome ſort form'd itſelf. But painting for others, I repreſent myſelf in a better Colouring than my own natural Complexion. I have no more made my Book than my Book has made me. 'Tis a Book conſubſtantial with the Author, of a peculiar Deſign; a Member of my Life, and whoſe Buſineſs is not deſign'd for others, as that of all other Books is. In giving myſelf ſo continual and ſo exact an Account of myſelf, have I loſt any Time? For they who ſometimes curſorily ſurvey themſelves only, do not ſo ſtrictly examine themſelves, nor penetrate ſo deep, as he who makes it his Buſineſs, his Study, and his whole Employment, who intends a laſting Record, with all his Fidelity, and with all his Force. The moſt delicious Pleaſures do ſo digeſt themſelves within, that they avoid leaving any Trace of

* *Mart. Catullus.*

themſelves,

themſelves, and avoid the Sight not only of the People, but of any Particular Man. How oft has this Meditation diverted me from troubleſome Thoughts? And all that are frivolous ſhould be reputed ſo. Nature has preſented us with a large Faculty of entertaining ourſelves alone; and oft calls us to it, to teach us, that we owe ourſelves in part to Society, but chiefly and moſtly to ourſelves. That I may habituate my Fancy, even to meditate in ſome Method, and to ſome End, and to keep it from loſing itſelf, and roving at random; 'tis but to give it a Body, and to book all the Thoughts that preſent themſelves to it. I give Ear to my Whimſies, becauſe I am to record them. It oft falls out, that being diſpleaſed at ſome Actions that Civility and Reaſon will not permit me openly to reprove, I do here diſgorge myſelf without Deſign of Publick Inſtruction: And alſo theſe Poetical Laſhes,

Zon ſus l'œil, zon ſur le groin,
Zon ſur le dos du Sagoin *,

A Jerk over the Eye, over the Snout,
Let *Sagoin* be jerk'd throughout.

imprint themſelves better upon Paper, than upon the moſt ſenſible Fleſh. What if I liſten to Books a little more attentively than ordinary, ſince I watch if I can purloin any Thing that may adorn or ſupport my own? I have not at all ſtudied to make a Book; but I have in ſome ſort ſtudied becauſe I had made it, if it be ſtudying to ſcratch and pinch now one Author and then another, either by the Head or Foot; not with any Deſign to ſteal Opinions from them, but to aſſiſt, ſecond, and fortify thoſe I already have embrac'd. But who ſhall we believe in the Report he makes of himſelf, in ſo corrupt an Age? Conſidering there are ſo few, if any at all, whom we can believe, when ſpeaking of others, where there is leſs Intereſt to Lye. The firſt Thing that is done in order to the Corruption of Manners, is baniſhing of Truth; for, as *Pindar* ſays, *to be ſincerely true is the Beginning of a*

* *Marot contre Sagoin.*

great Virtue, and the firſt Article that *Plato* requires in the Government of his *Republick*. The *Truth* of theſe Days is not that which really is, but what every Man perſuades himſelf; or that he is made to believe; as we generally give the Name of Money, not only to Pieces of the juſt Alloy, but even to the falſe alſo, if they are current and will paſs. Our Nation has long been reproach'd with this Vice; for *Salvianus Maſſilienſis*, who liv'd in the Time of the Emperor *Valentinian*, ſays, *That Lying and Forſwearing themſelves is not a Vice in the* French, *but a Way of Speaking*. He that would enhaunce upon this Teſtimony, might ſay, *That it is not a Virtue in them*. Men form and faſhion themſelves to it as to an Exerciſe of Honour; for Diſſimulation is one of the moſt notable Qualities of this Age: I have often conſider'd whence this Cuſtom that we ſo religiouſly obſerve ſhould ſpring, of being more highly offended with the Reproach of a Vice ſo familiar to us than any other, and that it ſhould be the higheſt Injury can in Words be done us, to reproach us with a Lye; and upon Examination, find, that it is natural to defend that Part that is moſt open, and lies expoſed to the greateſt Danger. It ſeems as if by reſenting, and being mov'd at the Accuſation, we in ſome Sort acquitted ourſelves of the Fault; tho' we confeſs it in Effect, we condemn it in outward Appearance. May it alſo not be, that this Reproach ſeems to imply Cowardize and Meanneſs of Courage? Of which can there be a more manifeſt Sign, than to eat a Man's own Words? What, to lye againſt a Man's own Knowledge? Lying is a baſe unworthy Vice; a Vice that one of the Ancients pourtrays in the moſt odious Colours, when he ſays, *That it is to manifeſt a Contempt of God, and withal a Fear of Men.* It is not poſſible more excellently to repreſent the Horror, Baſeneſs and Irregularity of it; for what can a Man imagine more hateful and contemptible than to be a Coward towards Men, and valiant againſt his *Maker?* Our Intelligence being by no other Way to be convey'd to one another but by ſpeaking, who falſifies that, betrays Publick Society. 'Tis the only Way by which we

Lying an Argument of the Contempt of God.

we communicate our Thoughts and Wills; 'tis the Interpreter of the Soul, and if that deceive us, we no longer know, nor have no farther Tie upon one another. If that deceive us, it breaks all our Correſpondence, and diſſolves all the Ties of Government. Certain Nations of the new diſcover'd *Indies* (no Matter for naming them, being they are no more; for by a wonderful and unheard of Example, the Deſolation of that Conqueſt has extended to the utter Abolition of Names, and the ancient Knowledge of Places) offer'd their *Gods* Human Blood, *but only ſuch as was drawn from the Tongue and Ears, to expiate for the Sin of Lying, as well heard as pronounc'd.* The good Fellow of *Greece* was wont to ſay, *That Children were amuſed with Toys, and Men with Words.* As to the diverſe Uſage of our giving the Lye, and the Laws of Honour in that Caſe, and the Alterations they have receiv'd, I ſhall refer ſaying what I know of them to another Time, and ſhall learn, if I can, in the mean Time, at what Time the Cuſtom took Beginning of ſo exactly weighing and meaſuring Words, and of making our Honours ſo intereſted in them; for it is eaſy to judge, that it was not anciently amongſt the *Greeks* and *Romans*; and I have often thought it ſtrange to ſee them rail at, and give one another the Lye without any farther Quarrel. Their *Laws* of Duty ſteer'd ſome other Courſe than ours. *Cæſar* is ſometimes call'd *Thief*, and ſometimes *Drunkard* to his Teeth. We ſee the Liberty of Invectives they practiſed upon one another; I mean, the greateſt *Chiefs* of War of both Nations, where Words are only reveng'd with Words, and never proceed to any other Quarrel.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

Of Liberty of Conſcience.

'TIS uſual to ſee good Intentions, if carry'd on without Moderation, puſh Men on to very vicious Effects. In this Diſpute, which has at this Time engag'd *France* in a Civil War, the better and the ſoundeſt *Cauſe*, no Doubt, is that which maintains the ancient *Religion* and *Government* of the Kingdom. Nevertheleſs, amongſt the good Men of that Party (for I do not ſpeak of thoſe that only make a Pretence, either to execute their own particular Revenges, or to gratify their Avarice, or to purſue the Favour of Princes; but of thoſe who engage in the Quarrel out of true Zeal to *Religion*, and a virtuous Affection to maintain the Peace and Government of their Country) of theſe, I ſay, we ſee many whom Paſſion tranſports beyond the Bounds of Reaſon, and ſometimes inſpires them with Counſels that are unjuſt and violent, and moreover inconſiderate and raſh. It is true that in thoſe firſt Times, when our *Religion* began to gain Authority with the *Laws*, *Zeal* armed many againſt all Sorts of *Pagan Books* *, by which the Learned ſuffer an exceeding great Loſs. A Diſorder that I conceive did more Prejudice to *Letters* than all the Flames of the *Barbarians*. Of this *Cornelius Tacitus* is a very good Teſtimony; for tho' the Emperor *Tacitus*, his Kinſman, had by expreſs Order furniſh'd all the Libraries in the World with it, nevertheleſs one entire Copy could not eſcape the curious Examination of thoſe who deſir'd to aboliſh it, for only five or ſix idle Clauſes that were contrary to our Belief. They alſo had the Trick eaſily to lend undue Praiſes to all the *Emperors* who did any thing for us,

* *Plaut.*

and

and univerſally to condemn all the Actions of thoſe who were our Adverſaries, as is evidently manifeſt in the Emperor *Julian*, ſirnam'd the *Apoſtate*; who was, in Truth, a very great and rare Man, a Man in whoſe Soul *Philoſophy* was imprinted in the beſt Characters, by which he profeſs'd to govern all his Actions; and, in Truth, there is no Sort of Virtue of which he has not left behind him very notable Examples. In *Chaſtity* (of which the whole Courſe of his Life has given manifeſt Proof) we read the ſame of him that was ſaid of *Alexander* and *Scipio*, that being in the Flower of his Age, for he was ſlain by the *Parthians* at One and Thirty, of a great many very beautiful Captives, he would not ſo much as look upon one. As to his *Juſtice*, he took himſelf the Pains to hear the Parties, and although he would, out of Curioſity, enquire what *Religion* they were of, nevertheleſs the Hatred he had to ours never gave any Counterpoiſe to the Balance. He made himſelf ſeveral good Laws, and cut off a great Part of the Subſidies and Taxes impoſed and levied by his Predeceſſors. We have two good Hiſtorians who were Eye-witneſſes of his Actions; one of which, *Marcellinus*, in ſeveral Places of his Hiſtory, ſharply reproves an *Edict* of his, whereby *he interdicted all Chriſtian Rhetoricians and Grammarians to keep School, or to teach*; and ſays, *he could wiſh that Act of his had been buried in Silence.* It is very likely, that had he done any more ſevere Things againſt us, he, ſo affectionate as he was to our Party, would not have paſſed it over in Silence. He was, indeed, ſharp againſt us, but yet no cruel Enemy: For our own People tell this Story of him, *That one Day, walking about the City of* Chalcedon, Maris, *Biſhop of that Place, was ſo bold as to tell him, that he was impious, and an Enemy to* Chriſt; at which, ſay they, therein affecting a Philoſophical Patience, he was no farther moved than to reply, *Go, Wretch, and lament the Loſs of thy Eyes*; to which the *Biſhop* replied again, *I thank* Jeſus Chriſt *for taking away my Sight, that I may not ſee thy impudent Face.* So it is; that this Action of his ſavours nothing of the Cruelty he is ſaid to have exerciſed towards us. *He was* (ſays *Eutropius*, my other

The Character of the Emperor Julian, *the Apoſtate.*

other Witneſs) *an Enemy to Chriſtianity, but without putting his Hand to Blood.* And to return to his *Juſtice,* there is nothing in that whereof he can be accuſed, the Severity excepted he practiſed in the Beginning of his Reign againſt thoſe who had followed the Party of *Conſtantius*, his Predeceſſor. As to his *Sobriety*, he liv'd always a Soldier's kind of Life; and kept a Table in the moſt profound Peace, like one that prepar'd and inur'd himſelf to the Auſterities of War. His *Vigilancy* was ſuch that he divided the Night into three or four Parts, of which, always the leaſt was dedicated to Sleep, the reſt was ſpent either in viſiting the Condition of his Army and Guards, in Perſon, or in Study; for, amongſt other extraordinary Qualities, he was very excellent in all Sorts of Learning. 'Tis ſaid of *Alexander* the Great, *that being in Bed, for fear leſt Sleep ſhould divert him from his Thoughts and Studies, he had always a Baſon ſet by his Bed-ſide, and held one of his Hands out with a Ball of Copper in it, to the end, that, beginning to fall aſleep, and his Fingers leaving their hold, the Ball by falling into the Baſon might awake him.* But the other had his Mind ſo bent upon what he had a mind to do, and ſo little diſturb'd with Fumes, by reaſon of his ſingular Abſtinence, that he had no need of any ſuch Invention. As to his *Military Experience*, he was excellent in all the Qualities of a great Captain, as it was likely he ſhould, being almoſt all his Life in a continual Exerciſe of War, and moſt of that Time with us in *France*, againſt the *Germans* and *Francks:* We hardly read of any Man that ever ſaw more Dangers, or that made more frequent Proofs of his perſonal Valour. His Death has ſomething in it parallel with that of *Epaminondas*, for he was wounded with an Arrow, and try'd to pull it out, and had done it, but that being edg'd, it cut and diſabled his Hand. He inceſſantly call'd out, *That they would carry him again in this Condition into the Heat of the Battle to encourage his Soldiers*, who very bravely diſputed the Battle without him, 'till Night parted the Armies. We ſtood oblig'd to his *Philoſophy* for the ſingular

His Juſtice.

His Sobriety.

His Vigilancy.

His Military Experience.

gular Contempt he had for his Life and all Human Things. He had a firm Belief of the Immortality of the Soul. In Matter of *Religion*, he was vicious throughout, and was firnam'd the *Apoſtate*, for having relinquiſh'd ours: Though, methinks, 'tis more likely, that he had never thoroughly embrac'd it, but had diſſembled out of Obedience to the Laws, 'till he came to the Empire. He was in his own ſo ſuperſtitious, that he was laugh'd at for it by thoſe of the ſame Opinion of his own Time, who jeeringly ſaid, *That had he got the Victory over the* Parthians, *he had deſtroyed the Breed of Oxen in the World to ſupply his Sacrifices:* He was, moreover, beſotted with the Art of Divination, and gave Authority to all Sorts of Predictions. He ſaid, amongſt other Things, at his Death, *That he was oblig'd to the* Gods, *and thank'd them, in that they would not cut him off by Surprize, having long before advertiſed him of the Place and Hour of his Death; nor by a mean and unmanly Death, more becoming lazy and delicate People; nor by a Death that was languiſhing, long, and painful; and that they had thought him worthy to die after that noble Manner, in the Progreſs of his Victories, in the Flower of his Age, and in the Height of his Glory.* He had a Viſion like that of *Marcus Brutus*, that firſt threatned him in *Gaul*, and afterward appear'd to him in *Perſia* juſt before his Death. Theſe Words, that ſome make him ſay when he felt himſelf wounded, *Thou haſt overcome* Nazaren; or, as others, *Content thyſelf*, Nazaren; would hardly have been omitted, had they been believ'd by my Witneſſes, who being preſent in the *Army*, have ſet down to the leaſt Motions and Words of his End, no more than certain other Miracles that are recorded of him. And to return to my Subject, *he long nouriſhed*, ſays *Marcellinus*, *Paganiſm in his Heart; but all his Army being* Chriſtians, *he durſt not own it. But in the End, ſeeing himſelf ſtrong enough to dare to diſcover himſelf, he cauſed the Temples of the* Gods *to be thrown open, and did his utmoſt to ſet on Foot and to encourage Idolatry: Which the better to effect, having at* Conſtantinople *found the People diſunited, and alſo the Prelates of the Church divided amongſt themſelves, having con-*

The remarkable Death of the Emperor Julian.

veen'd

ween'd them all before him, he gravely and earneſtly admoniſh'd them to calm thoſe civil Diſſentions, and that every one might freely, and without Fear, follow his own Religion. *Which he did the more ſedulouſly ſolicit, in hope that this Licence would augment the* Schiſms *and* Faction *of their Diviſion, and hinder the People from reuniting, and conſequently fortifying themſelves againſt him by their unanimous Intelligence and Concord; having experimented by the Cruelty of ſome* Chriſtians, *that there is no Beaſt in the World ſo much to be fear'd by Man, as Man.* Theſe are very near his Words, wherein this is very worthy of Conſideration, that the Emperor *Julian* made uſe of the ſame *Receipt* of Liberty of Conſcience to enflame the civil Diſſentions, that our Kings do to extinguiſh them. So that a Man may ſay on one Side, *That to give the People the Reins to entertain every Man his own Opinion, is to ſcatter and ſow Diviſion, and, as it were, to lend a Hand to augment it, there being no Senſe nor Correction of Law to ſtop and hinder their Career*; but on the other Side, a Man may alſo ſay, *That to give People the Reins to entertain every Man his own Opinion, is to mollify and appeaſe them by Facility and Toleration, and dull the Point which is whetted and made ſharper by Variety, Novelty and Difficulty.* And I think it is better for the Honour of the Devotion of our *Kings*, that not having been able to do what they would, they have made a Shew of being willing to do what they could.

Liberty of Conſcience.

CHAP. XX.

That we Taſte nothing pure.

THE Imbecility of our Condition is ſuch, that Things cannot in their natural Simplicity and Purity fall into our Uſe; the Elements that we enjoy are chang'd, even Metals themſelves, and Gold muſt in ſome ſort be debaſed

debaſed to fit it for our Service. Neither has *Virtue*, ſo ſimple as that which *Ariſto*, *Pyrrho*, and alſo the *Stoicks* have made the principal End of Life; nor the *Cynaick* and *Ariſtippick* Pleaſure, been without Mixture uſeful to it. Of the Pleaſure and Goods that we enjoy, there is but one exempt from ſome Mixture of Ill and Inconvenience.

——— *medio de fonte leporum,*
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipſis floribus angat *.
Some think that's bitter will ariſe,
Even amidſt our Jollities.

Our extreameſt Pleaſure has ſome Air of Groaning and Complaining in it. Would you not ſay, that it is dying of Pain? Nay, when we force the Image of it, we ſtuff it with ſickly and painful Epithets, Langour, Softneſs, Feebleneſs, Faintneſs, *Morbidezza*, a great Teſtimony of their Conſanguinity and Conſubſtantiality. The moſt profound Joy has more of Severity than Gaiety in it. The moſt extreme and moſt full Contentment, more of the Grave and Temperate than of the Wanton. *Ipſa fælicitas, ſe niſi temperat premit* †. *Even Felicity, unleſs it moderates itſelf, oppreſſeth.* Delight chews and grinds us; according to the old *Greek* Verſe, which ſays, *That the* Gods *ſell us all the Goods they give us*; that is to ſay, that they give us nothing pure and perfect, and that we do not purchaſe them but at the Price of ſome Evil. Labour and Pleaſure, very unlike in Nature, aſſociate nevertheleſs by I know not what natural Conjunction. *Socrates* ſays, *That ſome God try'd to mix in one Maſs, and to confound Pain and Pleaſure, but not being able to do it, he bethought him, at leaſt to couple them by the Tail.* Metrodorus ſaid, *That in Sorrow there is ſome Mixture of Pleaſure:* I know not whether or no he intended any thing elſe by that Saying: But for my Part, I am of Opinion, that there is Deſign, Conſent and Complacency in giving a Man's ſelf up to Melancholly; I ſay, that beſides Ambition, which may alſo have a Stroke in the Buſineſs, there is ſome Shadow of Delight and Delicacy

* *Lucr. l.* 4. † *Seneca. Ep.* 74.

which

which ſmiles upon, and flatters us, even in the very Lap of Melancholy. Are there not ſome Complexions that feed upon it?

——— *eſt quædam flere voluptas* *.

A certain Kind of Pleaſure 'tis to weep.

And one *Attalus* in *Seneca* ſays, *That the Memory of our loſt Friends is as grateful to us, as Bitterneſs in Wine too old is to the Palate,*

Miniſter veteris puer falerni
Ingere mi calices amariores †.

Thou, Boy, that fill'ſt the old *Falernian Wine,*
The Bitt'reſt pour into the Bowl that's mine.

And as Apples that have a ſweet Tartneſs. Nature diſcovers this Confuſion to us. *Painters* hold, *That the ſame Motions and Screwings of the Face that ſerve for Weeping, ſerve for Laughter too*; and indeed, before the one or the other be finiſh'd, do but obſerve the *Painter's* Manner of handling, and you will be in Doubt to which of the Two the Deſign does tend. And the Extremity of Laughter does at laſt bring Tears. *Nullum ſine auctoramento malum eſt* ‡. *No Evil is without its Compenſation.* When I imagine Man abounding with all the Pleaſure and Conveniences that are to be deſir'd, let us put the Caſe that all his Members were always ſeiz'd with a Pleaſure like that of Generation in its moſt exceſſive Height; I feel him melting under the Weight of his Delight, and ſee him utterly unable to ſupport ſo pure, ſo continual, and ſo univerſal a Pleaſure. Indeed, he is running away whilſt he is there, and naturally makes haſte to eſcape, as from a Place where he cannot ſtand firm, and where he is afraid of ſinking. When I the moſt ſtrictly and religiouſly confeſs myſelf, I find, that the beſt Virtue I have has in it ſome Tincture of Vice: And am afraid, that *Plato*, in his pureſt Virtue (I who am as ſincere and perfect a Lover of Virtue of that Stamp as any other whatever) if he had liſtned, and laid his Ear cloſe to himſelf, (and he did ſo) he would have heard ſome jarring Sound of Human Mixture; but faint, and remote, and only to be

* *Ovid. Triſt.* † *Catullus, Ep.* 14. ‡ *Seneca, Ep.* 70.

perceiv'd

perceiv'd by himſelf. Man is wholly and throughout but patch'd and motly. Even the *Laws* of Juſtice themſelves cannot ſubſiſt without Mixture of Injuſtice: Inſomuch, that *Plato* ſays, *they undertook to cut off the* Hydra's *Head, who pretend to clear the Law of all Inconvenience. Omne magnum exemplum habet aliquid ex iniquo, quod contra ſingulos utilitate publica rependitur* *. *Every great Example has in it ſome Mixture of Injuſtice, which recompenſes the Wrong done to particular Men by the publick Utility,* ſays *Tacitus.* It is likewiſe true, that for the Uſage of Life, and the Service of publick Commerce, there may be ſome Exceſſes in the Purity and Perſpicacity of our Minds; that penetrating Light has in it too much of Subtilty and Curioſity: We muſt a little ſtupify and blunt and abate them, to render them more obedient to Example and Practice; and a little veil and obſcure them, the better to proportion them to this dark and earthy Life. And yet common and leſs ſpeculative Souls are found to be more proper and more ſucceſsful in the Management of Affairs; and the elevated and exquiſite Opinions of *Philoſphy* more unfit for Buſineſs. This ſharp Vivacity of Soul, and the ſupple and reſtleſs Volubility attending it, diſturb our Negociations. We are to manage Human Enterprizes more ſuperficially and rudely, and leave a great Part to Fortune. It is not neceſſary to examine Affairs with ſo much Subtilty and Depth: A Man loſes himſelf in the Conſideration of ſo many contrary Luſtres, and ſo many various Forms. *Voluntatibus res inter ſe pugnantes, obturbarant animi* †. *Whilſt they conſider'd of Things ſo indifferent in themſelves they were aſtoniſhed, and knew not what to do.* 'Tis what the Ancients ſay of *Simonides, That by reaſon his Imagination ſuggeſted to him upon the Queſtion King* Hiero *had put to him* (to anſwer, which he had many Days to meditate in) *ſeveral witty and ſubtile Conſiderations, whilſt he doubted which was the moſt likely, he totally deſpair'd of the Truth.* Who dives into, and in his Inquiſition comprehends all Circumſtances and Conſequences, hinders his Election. A little Engine well handled is ſufficient for Execution of leſs or greater Weight and Moment. The beſt Huſbands are thoſe who can worſt give Account why they do ſo; and the greateſt Talkers for the

* *Tacit. Annal, lib.* 14. † *Livy.*

of the *Lacedæmonian* Young Men, and that *Xenophon* ſays of the *Perſian*) foraſmuch as he conceiv'd, that Exerciſe, continual Labour and Sobriety, ought to have dried up all thoſe Superfluities. What *Seneca* ſays will not be unfit for this Place; which is, *that the Ancient* Romans *kept their Youth always ſtanding, and taught them nothing that they were to learn ſitting.* 'Tis a generous Deſire, to wiſh to dye uſefully, and like a Man, but the Effect lies not ſo much in our Reſolution as good Fortune. A thouſand have propoſed to themſelves in Battle, either to overcome or dye, who have fail'd both in the one and the other; Wounds and Impriſonment croſſing their Deſign, and compelling them to live againſt their Wills. There are Diſeaſes that overthrow ſo much as our Deſires and our Knowledge. Fortune ought not to ſecond the Vanity of the *Roman Legions*, who bound themſelves by Oath, *either to overcome, or dye. Victor, Marce Fabi, revertar ex acie: Si fallo, Jovem patrem Gradivumque Martem, alioſque iratos invoco Deos. I will return* (Marcus Fabius) *a Conqueror from the Army: And if I fail, I wiſh the Indignation of* Jove, Mars, *and the other offended Gods, may light upon me.* The *Portugueſe* ſay, *that in a certain Place of their Conqueſt of the* Indies, *they met with Soldiers who had damn'd themſelves with horrible Execrations, to enter into no other Compoſition, but either to cauſe themſelves to be ſlain, or to remain victorious; and had their Heads and Beards ſhav'd in token of this Vow.* 'Tis to much Purpoſe to hazard ourſelves, and to be obſtinate. It ſeems as if Blows avoided thoſe that preſent themſelves too briſkly to Danger; and do not willingly fall upon thoſe who too willingly ſeek them, and do defeat them of their Deſign. Such there have been, who after having try'd all Ways, not having been able, with all their Endeavour, to obtain the Favour of dying by the Hand of the Enemy, have been conſtrain'd to make good their Reſolution of bringing home the Honour of Victory, or of loſing their Lives, to kill themſelves even in the Heat of Battle. Of which there are other Examples, but this is one: Philiſtus, *General of the Naval Army of* Dionyſius *the Younger, againſt thoſe of* Syracuſa, *preſented them Battle, which was ſharply diſputed, their Forces being equal. In which Engagement he had the better at firſt, thro' his own Valour: But, the* Syracuſans *drawing about his*

tience endure ſuch diſhonourable Advice, under Colour of ſaving his Head, like the Statue of a Saint; for the Happineſs of his Kingdom, they degrade him from, and make him incapable of his Office, which is military throughout. I know one who had much rather be beaten, than to ſleep whilſt another fights for him; and who never without Jealouſy heard of any brave Thing done even by his own Officers in his Abſence. And *Selimus* ſaid, with very good Reaſon, in my Opinion, *That Victories obtain'd without the Maſters, were never compleat.* Much more would he have ſaid, that that Maſter ought to bluſh for Shame to pretend to any Share in the Honour, having contributed nothing to the Work, but his Voice and Thought; nor even ſo much as thoſe, conſidering, that in ſuch Works as that, the Direction and Command that deſerve Honour, are only ſuch as are given upon the Place, and in the Heat of the Buſineſs. No *Pilot* performs his Office by ſtanding ſtill. The *Princes* of the *Ottoman* Family, the chiefeſt in the World in Military Fortune, have warmly embrac'd this Opinion; and *Bajazet* the Second, with his Son, that ſwerv'd from it, ſpending their Time in Sciences, and other retir'd Employments, gave great Blows to their Empire: And *Amurath* the Third, now reigning, following their Example, begins to find the ſame. Was it not *Edward* the Third, King of *England*, who ſaid this of our *Charles* the Fifth? *There never was King who ſo ſeldom put on his Arms, and yet never King who cut me out ſo much Work.* He had Reaſon to think it ſtrange, as an Effect of Chance more than of Reaſon. And let thoſe ſeek out ſome other to join with them than me, who will reckon the Kings of *Caſtile* and *Portugal* amongſt the warlike and magnanimous Conquerors, becauſe at the Diſtance of twelve hundred Leagues from their lazy Abode, by the Conduct of their *Captains*, they made themſelves Maſters of both *Indies*; of whom it will be known, if they have but the Courage to go, and in Perſon to enjoy them. The Emperor *Julian* ſaid yet further, *That a Philoſopher and a brave Man ought not ſo much as to breathe*; that is to ſay, not to allow any more to Bodily Neceſſities than what we cannot refuſe; *keeping the Soul and Body ſtill intent and buſy about honourable, great and virtuous Things:* He was aſham'd if any one in publick ſaw him ſpit or ſweat (which is ſaid by ſome alſo

to the Conqueror a very bloody and entire Victory. Dying, he cauſed himſelf to be carried and hurried from Place to Place where moſt Need was; and Paſſing thro' the Files encouraged the Captains and Soldiers one after another. But a Corner of his Battle being broken, he was not to be held from mounting on Horſeback with his Sword in his Hand. He did his utmoſt to break from thoſe about him, and to ruſh into the thickeſt of the Battle, they all the while with-holding him, ſome by the Bridle, ſome by his Robe, and others by his Stirrups. This laſt Effort totally overwhelmed the little Life he had left, they again lay him upon his Bed; but coming to himſelf again, and ſtarting out of his Swoon, all other Faculties failing to give his People Notice that they were to conceal his Death (the moſt neceſſary Command he had then to give, that his Soldiers might not be diſcourag'd with the News) he expoſed with his Finger upon his Mouth the ordinary Sign of keeping Silence. Who ever liv'd ſo long and ſo far in Death? Who ever died more like a Man? The moſt extreme Degree of entertaining Death, and the moſt natural, is to look upon it not only without Aſtoniſhment, but without Care, continuing the wonted Courſe of Life even into it. As *Cato* did, who entertain'd himſelf in Study, and went to Sleep, having a violent and bloody one in his Heart, and the Weapon in his Hand, with which he was reſolv'd to diſpatch himſelf.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Poſts.

I Have been none of the leaſt able in this Exerciſe, which is proper for Men of my Pitch, ſhort and well knit; but I give it over, it ſhakes us too much to continue long. I was juſt now reading, *That King* Cyrus, *the better to have News brought him from all Parts of the Empire, which was of a vaſt Extent, cauſed it to be try'd how far a Horſe could go in a Day without baiting, and at that Diſtance appointed Stages and Men, whoſe Buſineſs it was to have Horſes*

Poſt-horſes firſt ſet up by *Cyrus.*

Horſes always in Readineſs, to mount thoſe who were diſpatch'd away to him. And ſome ſay, that this ſwift Way of Poſting is equal to that of the Flight of Cranes. *Cæſar* ſays, *That* Lucius Vibilus Refus, *being in great Haſte to carry Intelligence to* Pompey, *rid Day and Night, ſtill taking freſh Horſes for the greater Diligence and Speed; and himſelf,* as *Suetonius* reports, *travelling a hundred Miles a Day in a hired Coach; but he was a furious* Courier, *for where the Rivers ſtopt his Way, he always paſs'd them by Swimming, without turning out of his Road to look for either* Bridge *or* Ford. *Tiberius Nero,* going to ſee his Brother *Druſus,* who was ſick in *Germany,* travell'd Two Hundred Miles in four and Twenty Hours, having Three Coaches. In the Wars the *Romans* had againſt King *Antiochus, T. Sempronius Gracchus,* ſays *Livy, Per diſpoſitos equos propè incredibili celeritate ab Amphiſſa tertio die Pellam pervenit*. Upon Horſes purpoſely laid in, he by an almoſt incredible Speed, rid in three Days from* Amphiſſa *to* Pella. And it appears there, that they were eſtabliſh'd *Poſts,* and not Horſes purpoſely laid in upon this Occaſion. *Cecinna*'s Invention to ſend back News to his Family, was much more quick; for *he took Swallows along with him from home, and turned them out towards their Neſts when he would ſend back any News; ſetting a Mark of ſome Colour upon them to ſignify his Meaning, according to what he and his People had before agreed upon.* At the *Theatre* at *Rome,* Maſters of Families carried *Pidgeons* in their Boſoms, to which they ty'd Letters, when they had a Mind to ſend any Orders to their People at Home; and the *Pidgeons* were train'd up to bring back an Anſwer. *D. Brutus* made uſe of the ſame Device, when beſieg'd in *Mutina,* and others elſewhere have done the ſame. In *Peru* they rid Poſt upon Men's Shoulders, who took them upon their Shoulders in a certain Kind of Litter, made for that Purpoſe, and ran with ſuch Agility, that in their full Speed the firſt *Couriers* throw their Load to the Second without making any Stop; and ſo on. I underſtand, that the *Valachians,* who are the Grand Seignior's *Couriers,* perform wonderful Diſpatch, by reaſon they have Liberty to diſmount the firſt they meet on the

Pidgeons taught to carry Letters.

* *Livius.*

Road, giving him their own tir'd Horſes; to preſerve themſelves from being weary, they gird themſelves ſtraight about the Middle with a broad Girdle, but I could never find any benefit by it.

CHAP. XXIII.

Of Ill Means employed to a good End.

THere is a wonderful Relation and Correſpondence in this Univerſal Government of the Works of Nature, which very well makes it appear that it is neither Accidental, nor carried on by divers Maſters. The Diſeaſes and Conditions of our Bodies are in like manner manifeſt in States, and the various Governments of the World. *Kingdoms* and *Republicks* are Founded, Flouriſh, and Decay with Age as we do. We are ſubject to a Repletion of Humours either uſeleſs or dangerous, either of thoſe that are good (for even thoſe *Phyſicians* are afraid of:) And as we have nothing in us that is permanent, they ſay, *That a too briſk and vigorous Perfection of Health, muſt be abated by Art, leſt as our Nature cannot reſt in any certain Condition, and not having whether to riſe to mend itſelf, it makes too ſudden and too diſorderly a Retreat* (and therefore preſcribe Wreſtlers to purge and bleed, to qualify that ſuperabundant Health) *or elſe a Repletion of evil Humours, which is the ordinary Cauſe of Sickneſs. States* are very often ſick of the like Repletion, and therefore Sorts of Purgations have commonly been uſed. Sometimes a great Number of *Families* are turn'd out to clear the Country; who ſeek out new Abodes elſewhere, and encroach upon others. After this Manner our ancient *Francs* came from the remoteſt Part of *Germany*, to ſeize upon *Gaul*, and to drive thence the firſt Inhabitants; ſo was that infinite Deluge of Men made up that came into *Italy* under the Conduct of *Brennus*, and others: So the *Goths* and *Vandals*, alſo the People who now poſſeſs *Greece*, left their Native Country to go ſettle in other Places where they might have more Room; and there is ſcarce two or three little Corners of the World that have not felt the Effects of

of ſuch Removals. The *Romans* by this Means erected their *Colonies*; for perceiving their City to grow immeaſurably populous, they eaſed it of the moſt unneceſſary People, and ſent them to inhabit and cultivate the Lands they had conquer'd: Sometimes alſo they purpoſely maintain'd Wars with ſome of their Enemies, not only to keep their Men in Action, for fear leſt Idleneſs, the Mother of Corruption, ſhould bring upon them ſome worſe Inconvenience,

> *Et patimur longæ pacis mala, ſævior armis*
> *Luxuria incumbit* *.
>
> We ſuffer th' Ills of a long Peace, by far
> Greater, and more pernicious than War.

but alſo to ſerve for a Blood-letting to their *Republick*, and a little to evaporate the too vehement Heat of their Youth, to prune and cleanſe the Branches from the Stock too luxuriant in Wood; and to this End it was, that they formerly maintain'd ſo long a War with *Carthage*. In the Treaty of *Bretagny*, *Edward* the Third, King of *England*, would not, in the general Peace he then made with our *King*, comprehend the Controverſy about the Dutchy of *Britany*, that he might have a Place wherein to diſcharge himſelf of his Soldiers; and that the vaſt Number of *Engliſh* he had brought over to ſerve him in that Expedition might not return back into *England*. And this alſo was one Reaſon why our King *Philip* conſented to ſend his Son *John* that Foreign Expedition, that he might take along with him a great Number of hot young Men that were then in his Pay. There are many in our Times who talk at this Rate, wiſhing that this hot Emotion that is now amongſt us might diſcharge itſelf from ſome neighbouring War, for fear leſt all the peccant Humours that now reign in this politick Body of ours may not diffuſe themſelves further, keep the Fever ſtill in Height, and at laſt cauſe our total Ruin; and in Truth, a *Foreign* is much more ſupportable than a *Civil War*; but I do not believe that God will favour ſo unjuſt a Deſign, as to offend and quarrel with others for our Advantage.

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* *Juvenal*, *Sat.* 6.

Nil

Nil mihi tam valde placeat Rhamnuſia virgo,
Quod temere invitis ſuſpiciatur heris *.

In War that does invade another's Right,
Whoſe End is Plunder, I take no Delight.

And yet the Weakneſs of our Condition does often puſh us upon the Neceſſity of making uſe of ill Means to a good End. *Lycurgus*, the moſt virtuous and perfect *Legiſlator* that ever was, invented this unjuſt Practice of making *the* Helotes, *who were their Slaves, drunk by force, by ſo doing to teach his People Temperance, to the End that the* Spartiates *ſeeing them ſo overwhelm'd and buried in Wine, might abhor the Exceſs of this beaſtly Vice.* And yet they were more to blame, who of old gave leave, that Criminals, to what Sort of Death ſoever condemn'd, ſhould be cut alive by the *Phyſicians*, that they might make a true Diſcovery of our inward Parts, and build their Art upon greater Certainty: For if we muſt run into Exceſſes, 'tis more excuſable to do it for the Health of the Soul, than that of the Body; as the *Romans* train'd up the People to Valour, and the Contempt of Dangers and Death, by thoſe furious Spectacles of *Gladiators* and *Fencers*, who being to fight it out 'till the laſt, cut, mangled, and killed one another in their Preſence:

Quid veſani aliud ſibi vult ars impia ludi,
Quid mortes juvenum, quid ſanguine paſta voluptas †?

Of ſuch inhuman Sports what further Uſe?
What Pleaſure can Slaughters of Men produce?

And this Cuſtom continued 'till the Emperor *Theodoſius*'s Time.

Arripe dilatam tua dux in tempora famam,
Quodque patris ſupereſt ſucceſſor laudis habeto:
Nullus in Urbe cadat, cujus ſit pœna Voluptas,
Jam ſolis contenta feris infamis arena,
Nulla cruentatis homicidia ludat in armis ‡.

Prince, take the Honours deſtin'd for thy Reign,
Inherit of thy Father thoſe remain,
Henceforth let none at *Rome* for Sport be ſlain.

---

* *Catullus.* ‡ *Prudentius.* ‡ *Ibid.*

Let

Let Beaſts Blood ſtain th' infamous Theatre,
And no more Homicides be acted there.

It was in Truth a wonderful Example, and of great Advantage for the training up the People, to ſee every Day before their Eyes a Hundred, two Hundred; nay, a Thouſand Couples of Men arm'd againſt one another, cut one another to Pieces with ſo great Conſtancy of Courage, that they were never heard to utter ſo much as one Syllable of Weakneſs or Commiſeration; never ſeen to turn back, nor ſo much as to make one cowardly Step to evade a Blow, but rather expoſe their Necks to the Adverſaries Sword, and preſent themſelves to receive the Stroke. And many of them, when wounded to Death, have ſent to aſk the Spectators, *If they were ſatisfied with their Behaviour?* before they lay down to die upon the Place. It was not enough for them to fight and die bravely, but cheerfully too; inſomuch that they were hiſſed and curſed if they made any Diſpute about receiving their Death. The very Maids themſelves ſet them on.

——conſurgit ad ictus:
Et quoties victor ferrum jugulo inſerit, illa
Delicias ait eſſe ſuas, pectuſque jacentis
Virgo modeſta jubet converſo pollice rumpi *.

The modeſt Virgin is delighted ſo
With the fell Sport, that ſhe applaudes the Blow;
And when the Victor baths his bloody Brand
In's Fellow's Throat, and lays him on the Sand,
Then ſhe's moſt pleas'd, and ſhews by Signs, ſhe'd fain
Have him rip up the Boſom of the Slain.

The firſt *Romans* only condemn'd Criminals to this Example: But they have ſince employ'd innocent Slaves in the Work, and even Freemen too, who ſold themſelves to this Effect: Nay, moreover *Senators* and *Knights* of *Rome*; and alſo Women;

Nunc caput in mortem vendunt, & funus arenæ,
Atque hoſtem ſibi quiſque parat cum bella quieſcunt †.

---

* *Prudentius.* † *Manil.*

They

They ſell themſelves to Death, and ſince the Wars
Are ceas'd, each for himſelf a Foe prepares.

Hos inter fremitus, novoſque luſus,
Stat ſexus rudis, inſciuſque ferri,
Et pugnæ capit improbus viriles *.

Amidſt theſe Tumults and Alarms
The tender Sex, unſkill'd in Arms,
Immodeſtly will try their Mights,
And now engaged in manly Fights.

which I ſhould think ſtrange and incredible, if we were not accuſtomed every Day to ſee in our own Wars many Thouſands of Men of other Nations, for Money to ſtake their Blood and their Lives in Quarrels wherein they have no Manner of Concern.

CHAP. XXIV.

Of the Roman *Grandeur.*

I Will only ſay a Word or two of this infinite Argument, to ſhew the Simplicity of thoſe who compare the pitiful Grandeurs of theſe Times to that of *Rome*. In the ſeventh Book of *Cicero*'s Familiar Epiſtles (and let the *Grammarians* put out that Sirname of *Familiar* if they pleaſe, for in Truth it is not very proper; and they who inſtead of *familiar* have ſubſtituted *ad familiares*, may gather ſomething to juſtify them for ſo doing, out of what *Suetonius* ſays in the Life of *Cæſar, that he had a Volume of Letters of his ad familiares*) there is one directed to *Cæſar*, being then in *Gaul*, wherein *Cicero* repeats theſe Words, which were in the End of another Letter that *Cæſar* had writ to him: *As to what concerns* Marcus Furius, *whom you have recommended to me, I will make him King of* Gaul, *and if you would have me advance any other Friend of yours, ſend him to me.* It was no new Thing for a ſimple Citizen of *Rome*,

* *Statius.* as

as *Cæſar* then was, to diſpoſe of *Kingdoms*; for he took away that of King *Deiotarus* from him to give it to a Gentleman of the City of *Pergamum*, call'd *Mithridates*. And they who writ his Life record ſeveral Cities by him ſold; and *Suetonius* ſays, *That he had once from King* Ptolomy *three Millions and ſix hundred Thouſand Crowns*, which was very near ſelling him his own Kingdom.

Tot Galatæ, tot Pontus, tot Lidia nummis *.
Such Sums of Money did he raiſe as theſe
From *Pontus*, *Lidia*, and the *Galates*.

Marcus Antonius ſaid, *That the Grandeur of the People of* Rome *was not ſo much ſeen in what they took as in what they gave*. And indeed ſome Ages before *Antonius*, they had dethron'd one amongſt the reſt with ſo wonderful Authority, that in all the *Roman* Hiſtory I have not obſerv'd any thing that more denotes the Height of their Power. *Antiochus* poſſeſſed all *Egypt*, and was moreover ready to conquer *Cyrus*, and other Appendixes of that Empire; when being upon the Progreſs of his Victories, *C. Popilius* came to him from the Senate, and at their firſt meeting refus'd to take him by the Hand, till he had firſt read his Letters, which after the *King* had read, and told him he would conſider of them, *Popilius* made a Circumference about him with the Stick he had in his Hand, ſaying, *Return me an Anſwer, that I may carry it back to the Senate before thou ſtirreſt out of this Circle*. *Antiochus*, aſtoniſh'd at the Roughneſs of ſo poſitive a Command, after a little Pauſe, reply'd, *I will obey the Senate's Command*; and then it was that *Popilius* ſaluted him as a Friend to the People of *Rome*. After having quitted claim to ſo great a *Monarchy*, in ſuch a Torrent of ſucceſsful Fortune, upon three Words in Writing; in earneſt, he had Reaſon, as he afterwards did, to ſend the *Senate* Word by his *Ambaſſadors, that he had received their Order with the ſame Reſpects, as if he had been ſent by the Immortal* Gods. All the Kingdoms that *Auguſtus* gained by the Right of War, he either reſtored to thoſe who had loſt them, or preſented them to Strangers. And *Tacitus*, in reference to this, ſpeaking of *Cogidunus*, King of *England*, gives us a briſk Touch of that infinite

* *Claud.*

Power:

for I have naturally an Averſion to thoſe Monſters; and if I have a Mind to laugh at a Fool, I need not ſeek him far, I can laugh at myſelf. This Fool has ſuddenly loſt her Sight. I tell you a ſtrange, but a very true Thing; ſhe is not ſenſible that ſhe is blind, but eternally importunes her Keeper to take her abroad, becauſe ſhe ſays the Houſe is dark. I pray believe, that what we laugh at in her happens to every one of us: No one knows himſelf to be avaricious. Beſides, the Blind call for a Guide, but we ſtray of our own accord. I am not ambitious, we ſay, but a Man cannot live otherwiſe at Rome; *I am not waſtful, but the City requires a great Expence; 'tis not my Fault if I am cholerick, and if I have not yet eſtabliſhed any certain Courſe of Life, 'tis the Fault of Youth. Let us not ſeek our Diſeaſe out of ourſelves, 'tis in us, and planted in our Bowels. And even this, that we do not perceive ourſelves to be ſick, renders us more hard to be cur'd. If we do not betimes begin to dreſs ourſelves, when ſhall we have done with ſo many Wounds and Evils wherewith we abound? And yet, we have a moſt ſweet and charming Medicine of Philoſophy; for all the reſt are ſenſible of no Pleaſure 'till after the Cure: This pleaſes and heals at once.* This is what *Seneca* ſays, he has carry'd me from my Subject, but there is Advantage in the Change.

CHAP. XXVI.

Of Thumbs.

TAcitus reports, that amongſt certain *Barbarian Kings* their Manner was, when they would make a firm Obligation, to join their Hand cloſe to one another, and twiſt their Thumbs, and when by Force of Straining the Blood it appear'd in the Ends, they lightly prick'd them with ſome ſharp Inſtrument, and mutually ſuck'd them. *Phyſicians* ſay, *That the Thumbs are the Maſter-finger of the Hand, and that their Latin* Etymology *is derived from* Pollere. The *Greeks* call'd them ἀντίχειρ, as who ſhould ſay, *another Hand.* And it ſeems, that the *Latins* alſo ſometimes take in this Senſe for the whole Hand;

Sed

Sed nec vocibus excitata blandis,
Molli pollice nec rogata ſurgit *.

It was at *Rome* a Signification of Favour to depreſs and clap in the Thumbs;

Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum †.
Thy Patron, when thou mak'ſt thy Sport,
Will with both Thumbs applaud thee for't.

and of Diſfavour to elevate and thruſt them outward:

——— *converſo pollice vulgi*
Quemlibet occidunt populariter ‡.
The Vulgar with reverted Thumbs,
Kill each one that before them comes.

The *Romans* exempted from War all ſuch as were maim'd in the Thumbs, as having no more ſufficient Strength to hold their Arms. *Auguſtus* confiſcated the Eſtate of a *Roman* Knight, *who had maliciouſly cut off the Thumbs of two young Children he had, to excuſe them from going into the Armies:* And before him, the *Senate*, in the Time of the *Italick* War, had condemn'd *Caius Valienus* to perpetual Impriſonment, and confiſcated all his Goods, *for having purpoſely cut off the Thumb of his Left-hand, to exempt himſelf from that Expedition.* Some one, I have forgot who, having won a Naval Battle, *cut off the Thumbs of all his vanquiſh'd Enemies, to render them incapable of Fighting, and of handling the Oar.* The *Athenians* alſo cauſed the *Thumbs* of thoſe of *Ægina* to be cut off, *to deprive them of the Preference in the Art of Navigation.* And in *Lacedæmonia*, *Pedagogues* chaſtiz'd their Scholars *by biting their Thumbs.*

CHAP. XXVII.

Cowardize the Mother of Cruelty.

I Have often heard it ſaid, *that* Cowardize *is the Mother of Cruelty:* And I have found by Experience, that that malicious and inhuman Animoſity and Fierceneſs is

† *Mart. l.* 12. *Epig.* 99. † *Hor. l.* 1. *Ep.* 18.
‡ *Juven. Sat.* 3.

uſually accompany'd with a Feminine Faintneſs. I have ſeen the moſt cruel People, and upon very frivolous Occaſions, very apt to cry. *Alexander*, the *Tyrant* of *Pheres*, durſt not be a Spectator of *Tragedies* in the *Theatre*, for fear leſt his Citizens ſhould ſee him weep at the Misfortunes of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*; *who himſelf cauſed ſo many People every Day to be murther'd without Pity.* Is it not Meanneſs of Spirit that renders them ſo pliable to all Extremities? *Valour* (whoſe Effect is only to be exerciſed againſt Reſiſtance)

Nec niſi bellantis gaudet cervice juvenci *.

——neither unleſs he fight,
In conquering a Bull does take Delight.

ſtops when it ſees the Enemy at its Mercy; but *Puſillanimity*, to ſay that it was alſo in the Action, not having dar'd to meddle in the firſt Act of Danger, ruſhes into the ſecond of Blood and Maſſacre. For the Execution in Victories is commonly perform'd by the Raſcality and Hangers on of an Army, and that which cauſes ſo many unheard of Cruelties in Domeſtick Wars, is, *that the hotteſt of the People are fluſh'd in being up to the Elbows in Blood, and ripping up Bodies that lie proſtrate at their Feet, having no Senſe of any other Valour.*

Et lupus, & turpes inſtant morientibus urſi,
Et quæcunque minor nobilitate fera eſt †.

None but the Wolves, the filthy Bears and all
The baſer Beaſts, will on the Dying fall.

Like Cowardly Houſe-curs, that in the Houſe worry and tear the Skins of Wild Beaſts they durſt not come near in the Field. What is it in theſe Times of ours that cauſes our mortal Quarrels? and that whereas our Fathers had ſome Degree of Revenge in their Days, we now begin with the laſt in ours, and that at the firſt meeting nothing is to be ſaid but *Kill:* What is this but *Cowardiſe?* Every one is ſenſible, that there is more Bravery and Diſdain in ſubduing an Enemy, than in cutting his Throat; and in making him yield, than in putting him to the Sword; Beſides that, the Appetite of Revenge is better ſatisfy'd and

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* *Claud.* † *Ovid. Triſt. lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 5.

pleaſed,

pleaſed, becauſe its only Aim is to make itſelf felt. And this is the Reaſon why we do not fall upon a Beaſt or a Stone when they hurt us, becauſe they are not capable of being ſenſible of our Revenge; and therefore to kill a Man, is to defend him from the Injury and Offence we intend him. And as *Bias* cry'd out to a wicked Fellow; *I know, that ſooner or later thou wilt have thy Reward, but I am afraid I ſhall not ſee it.* And as the *Orchomenians* complain'd, *that the Penitence of* Lyciſcus *for the Treaſon committed againſt them, came in Seaſon, becauſe there was no one remaining alive of thoſe who had been intereſted in the Offence, and whom the Pleaſure of this Penitency ſhould affect:* So Revenge is to be repented of, when the Perſon on whom it is executed is depriv'd of Means of ſuffering under it; for as the Avenger will look on to enjoy the Pleaſure of his Revenge, ſo the Perſon on whom he takes Revenge ſhould be a Spectator too, to be afflicted, and to repent. He will repent it, we ſay; and becauſe we have given him a Piſtol-ſhot thro' the Head, do we imagine he will repent? On the contrary, if we but obſerve, we ſhall find, that he makes a Mouth at us in falling: And ſo far from Penitency, that he does not ſo much as repine at us. And we do him the kindeſt Office of Life, which is to make him die inſenſibly, and ſoon. We are afterwards to hide ourſelves, and trot from Place to Place, from the *Officers* of *Juſtice*, who purſue us whilſt he is at Reſt. Killing is good to fruſtrate an Offence to come, not to revenge one that is already paſt: And more an Act of Fear than Bravery, of Precaution than Courage, and of Defence than Attempt. It is manifeſt, that by it we quit both the true End of Revenge, and the Care of our Reputation; we are afraid if he lives he will do us another Injury as great as the firſt; 'tis not out of Animoſity to him, but Care of thyſelf, that thou ridd'ſt him out of the Way. In the Kingdom of *Narſingua* this Expedient would be uſeleſs to us, where not only *Soldiers*, but *Tradeſmen* alſo end their Differences by the *Sword*. *The King never denies the Field to any that will fight; and ſometimes when they are Perſons of Quality, looks on, rewarding the Victor with a Chain of Gold; but for which any one that will may fight with him again: By which Means,*

Duels common in the Kingdom of Narſingua.

by having come off from one Combat, he has engaged in many. If we thought by Virtue to be always Maſters of our Enemies, and to triumph over them at Pleaſure, we ſhould be ſorry they ſhould eſcape from us as they do, by dying: But we have a Mind to conquer more with Safety than Honour, and in our Quarrel more purſue the End than the Glory. *Aſinius Pollio,* who, for the being a worthy Man, was the leſs to be excuſed, committed a like Error, who having writ a *Libel* againſt *Plancus, forbore to publiſh it 'till he was firſt dead:* Which is to bite a Man's Thumb at a blind Man, to rail at one that was deaf, and to wound a Man that has no Feeling, rather than to run the Hazard of his Reſentment. And it was alſo ſaid in his Behalf, *that it was only for* Hobgoblins *to wreſtle with the Dead.* He that ſtays to ſee the Author die, whoſe Writings he intends to queſtion, what does he ſay, but that he is fooliſh and troubleſome? It was told *Ariſtotle, that ſome one had ſpoken Ill of him: Let him do more,* ſaid he, *let him whip me too, provided I am not there.* Our Fathers contented themſelves to revenge an Injury with a Lye, the Lye with a Box of the Ear, and ſo forward; they were valiant enough not to fear their Adverſary both living and provok'd: We tremble for fear ſo long as we ſee them on foot. And that this is ſo, does not our noble Practice of theſe Days equally to proſecute to Death both him that has offended us, and him we have offended, make it out? 'Tis alſo a Kind of *Cowardize* that has introduced the Cuſtom of Seconds, Thirds and Fourths in our Duels. They were formerly Duels, they are now Skirmiſhes, Rencounters and Battles. *Solitude* was doubtleſs terrible to thoſe who were the firſt Inventors of this Practice. *Quum in ſe utique minimum fiduciæ eſſet. They had little Confidence in themſelves.* For naturally any Company whatever is comfortable in Danger. Third Perſons were formerly call'd in to prevent Diſorder and foul Play only, and to be Witneſs of the Succeſs of the Combat. But ſince they have brought it to this Paſs that they themſelves engage, whoever is invited cannot handſomely ſtand by as an idle Spectator, for fear of being ſuſpected either of Want of Affection or Courage.

Pollio's *Libel againſt* Plancus.

The Lye revenged with a Box of the Ear.

Beſides

Beſides the Injuſtice and Unworthineſs of ſuch an Action, of engaging other Force and Valour in the Protection of your Honour than your own; I conceive it a Diſadvantage to a brave Man, and who only relies upon himſelf, to ſhuffle his Fortune with that of a Second; ſince every one runs Hazard enough in himſelf, without hazarding for another, and has enough to do to aſſure himſelf in his own Virtue for the Defence of his Life, without intruſting a Thing ſo dear in a Third Man's Hand. For if it be not expreſly agreed upon before to the contrary, 'tis a combin'd Party of all Four, and if your Second be kill'd, you have Two to deal withal with good Reaſon. And to ſay, *that it is foul Play*; it is ſo indeed, as it is well-armed to charge a Man that has but the Hilts of a broken Sword in his Hand, or clear and untouched, a Man that is deſperately wounded: But if theſe be Advantages you have got by Fighting, you may make uſe of them without Reproach: The Diſparity and Inequality is only weighed and conſider'd from the Condition of the Combatants when they begun; as to the reſt, you muſt take your Fortune: And tho' you had alone three Enemies upon you at once, your two Companions being kill'd, you have no more Wrong done you, than I ſhould do in a Battle, by running a Man thro' I ſhould ſee engag'd with one of our own Men, with the like Advantage. The Nature of Society will have it ſo, that where there is Troop againſt Troop (as where our Duke of *Orleans* challeng'd *Henry* King of *England* an Hundred againſt an Hundred: Three Hundred againſt as many, as the *Argians* againſt the *Lacedæmonians*; and Three to Three, as the *Horatii* againſt the *Curiatii*) the Multitude on either Side is conſider'd but as one ſingle Man, the Hazard every where, where there is Company, being confuſed and mix'd. I have a domeſtick Intereſt in this Diſcourſe; for my Brother, the Sieur *de Matecoulom*, was at *Rome* intreated by a Gentleman, with whom he had no great Acquaintance, and who was Defendant, and challeng'd by another, to be his Second. In this Duel he found himſelf match'd with a Gentleman much better known to him, where, after having Diſpatch'd his Man, ſeeing the two Principals ſtill on Foot and ſound, he ran in to diſengage his Friend. What could he do leſs? Should he have ſtood ſtill, and if Chance would have order'd it ſo, have ſeen him he was

come thither to defend, kill'd before his Face, what he had thitherto done ſignified nothing to the Buſineſs, the Quarrel was yet undecided. The Courteſy that you can, and certainly ought to ſhew to your Enemy, when you have reduc'd him to an ill Condition, and have a great Advantage over him, I do not ſee how you can do it, where the Intereſt of another is in the Caſe, where you are only call'd in as an Aſſiſtant, and the Quarrel is none of yours. He could neither be juſt nor courteous at the Hazard of him he was to ſerve; and was alſo enlarged from the Priſons of *Italy* at the ſpeedy and ſolemn Requeſt of our King. Indiſcreet Nation! We are not content to make our Vices and Follies known to the World by Report only, but we muſt go into Foreign Countries, there to ſhew them what Fools we are. Put three *Frenchmen* into the Deſarts of *Libya*, they will not live a Month together without fighting; ſo that you would ſay that this Peregrination were a Thing purpoſely deſign'd to give Strangers the Pleaſures of our Tragedies, and for the moſt Part ſuch as rejoice and laugh at our Miſeries. We go into *Italy* to learn to fence, and fall to practiſe at the Expence of our Lives before we have learn'd it; and yet, by Order of the Diſcipline, we ſhould put the *Theory* before the *Practice*. We diſcover ourſelves to be but Learners.

Primitiæ juvenum miſeræ, bellique futuri
Dura rudimenta ———*.

Of Youth the firſt Inſtructions painful are,
And hard the Rudiments of future War.

I know Fencing is an Art very uſeful to its End, (in a Duel betwixt two Princes, Couſin-Germans in *Spain*, *the Elder*, ſays *Livy*, *by his Skill and Dexterity in Arms, eaſily ſurmounting the greater and more aukward Strength of the Younger*) and of which, the Knowledge, as I experimentally know, hath inſpir'd ſome with Courage above their natural Talent: But this is not properly Valour, becauſe it ſupports itſelf upon Addreſs, and is founded upon ſomething beſides itſelf. The Honour of Combat conſiſts in the Jealouſy of Courage, and not of Skill; and therefore I have known a Friend of mine, fam'd for a great Maſter in this Exerciſe; in his Quarrels make choice

* *Æneid. l.* 11.

of

of ſuch Arms as might deprive him of this Advantage, and that wholly depended upon Fortune and Aſſurance, that they might not attribute his Victory rather to his Skill in Fencing than his Valour. When I was young, Gentlemen avoided the Reputation of good Fencers, as injurious to them; and learn'd with all imaginable Privacy to fence, as a Trade of Subtilty, derogating from true and natural Virtue.

Non ſchivar, non parar, non ritirarſi,
Voglion coſtor, ne qui deſtrezza ha parte,
Non danno i colpi finti, hor pieni, hor ſcarſi;
Toglie l'ira e il furor l'uſo de l'arte,
O di le ſpade horribilmente urtarſi
Amezzo, il ferro, il pie d' orma non parte,
Sempre è il pie fermo, è la man ſempre in moto,
Ne ſcende taglio in van, ne punta à voto.*

They neither ſhrunk, nor Vantage ſought of Ground,
They travers'd not, nor ſkipt from Part to Part,
Their Blows were neither falſe, nor feigned found,
The Night their Rage would let them uſe no Art.
Their Swords together claſh with dreadful Sound,
Their Feet ſtand faſt, and neither ſtir nor ſtart,
They move their Hands, ſtedfaſt their Feet remain,
Nor Blow, nor Foin they ſtrook, or thruſt in vain.

Butts, Tilting and Barriers, the Images of warlike Fights were the Exerciſes of our Fore-fathers: This other Exerciſe is ſo much the leſs noble, as it only reſpects a private End, that teaches us to ruin one another, againſt *Law* and *Juſtice*, and that every Way always produces very ill Effects. It is much more worthy and becoming, to exerciſe ourſelves in Things that more ſtrengthen than weaken our Governments, and that tend to the Publick Safety and Common Glory. *Publius Rutilius Conſus* was the firſt that taught the Soldiers *to handle their Arms with Skill, and join'd Art to Virtue: Not for the Uſe of private Quarrel, but for War, and the Quarrels of the People of* Rome. A popular and civil Art of Defence. And beſides the Example of *Cæſar, who commanded his Men to ſhoot chiefly at the Face of* Pompey's Genſ-d'arms *in the Battle of* Pharſalia; a Thou-

* *Taſſo. Can.* 12.

ſand other Commanders have alſo bethought them to invent new Forms of Weapons, and new Ways of ſtriking and defending, according as Occaſion ſhould require. But as *Philopœmen condemn'd Wreſtling*, wherein he excell'd, *becauſe the Preparatives that are therein employ'd were differing from thoſe that appertain to Military Diſcipline, to which alone he conceiv'd Men of Honour ought wholly to apply themſelves*; ſo it ſeems to me, that this Addreſs to which we form our Limbs, thoſe Wrenchings and Motions young Men are taught in this new School, are not only of no Uſe, but rather contrary, and hurtful to the Manner of Fight in Battle: And alſo our People commonly make uſe of particular Weapons, and peculiarly deſign'd for Duel. And I have known when it has been diſapprov'd, that a Gentleman, challeng'd to fight with Rapier and Poignard, ſhould appear in the Equipage of a Man at Arms; or that another ſhould take his Cloak inſtead of a Poignard. It is worthy of Conſideration, that *Laches* in *Plato*, ſpeaking of learning to fence after our Manner, ſays, *That he never knew any great Soldier come out of that School, eſpecially the Maſters of it:* And indeed, as to them, our own Experience tells us as much. As to the reſt, we may at leaſt conclude, that they are Qualities of no Relation nor Correſpondence. And in the Education of the Children of his Government, *Plato* interdicts the *Art of Cuffing*, introduced by *Amicus* and *Epeius*, and *that of Wreſtling* by *Antœus* and *Cecyo*, becauſe *they have another End than to render Youth fit for the Service of the War, and contribute nothing to it.*

The Art of Cuffing interdicted by Plato.

But I ſee I am too far ſtray'd from my Theme. The Emperor *Maurice*, being advertiſed by Dreams and ſeveral Prognoſticks, that one *Phocas*, an obſcure Soldier, ſhould kill him, queſtion'd his Son-in-Law *Philip*, *who this* Phocas *was, and what was his Nature, Qualities and Manners*; and ſo ſoon as *Philip*, amongſt other Things, had told him, *That he was cowardly and timorous*, the Emperor immediately thence concluded, *that he was then a Murtherer and cruel.* What is that that makes *Tyrants* ſo bloody? 'Tis only the Solicitude of their own Safety, and that their faint Hearts can furniſh them with no other Means of

Cowards naturally cruel and bloody.

of ſecuring themſelves, than in exterminating thoſe that may hurt them, even ſo much as to Women, for fear of a Scratch.

Cuncta ferit, dum cuncta timet *.

He ſtrikes at all, who every one does fear.

The firſt Cruelties are exerciſed for themſelves: From thence ſprings the Fear of a juſt Revenge, which afterwards produces a Series of new Cruelties, to obliterate one another. *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, who had ſo much to do with the People of *Rome*, agitated with the Horror of ſo many Murthers committed by his Appointment, and doubting of being able to keep himſelf ſecure from ſo many Families, at divers times mortally injur'd and offended by him, *reſolved to ſeize all the Children of thoſe he had cauſed to be ſlain, to diſpatch them daily one after another, and ſo to eſtabliſh his own Repoſe.* Fine Diſcourſes are never impertinent, however plac'd, and therefore I, who more conſider the Weight and Utility of what I deliver, than their Order and Connexion, need not fear in this Place to bring in a fine Story, tho' it be a little by the bye; for when they are rich in their own native Beauty, and are able to juſtify themſelves, the leaſt End of a Hair will ſerve to draw them into my Argument. *Amongſt others condemn'd by* Philip, Herodicus, *Prince of* Theſſaly, *had been one. He had, moreover, after him cauſed his two Sons in Law to be put to Death, each leaving a Son very young behind him,* Theoxena *and* Archo, *were their two Widows.* Theoxena, *tho' highly courted to it, could not be perſuaded to marry again:* Archo *married* Poris, *the greateſt Man of the* Æni*ans, and by him had a great many Children, which, ſhe dying, left in a tender Age.* Theoxena, *moved with a Maternal Charity towards her Nephews, that ſhe might have them under her own Eyes, and in her own Protection, married* Poris: *When, preſently comes a Proclamation of the King's* Edict. *This brave ſpirited Mother ſuſpected the Cruelty of* Philip, *and afraid of the Inſolence of the Soldiers towards theſe fine and tender Children, was ſo bold as to declare, that ſhe would rather kill them with her own Hands, than deliver them.* Poris, *ſtartled at this Proteſtation, promiſed her to ſteal them away, and to tranſport them to*

* *Claud.*

Athens,

Athens, *and there commit them to the Cuſtody of ſome faithful Friends of his. They took therefore the Opportunity of an Annual Feaſt, which was celebrated at* Ænia, *in Honour of* Æneas, *and thither they went. Having appear'd by Day at the publick Ceremonies and Banquet, they ſtole the Night following into a Veſſel laid ready for that Purpoſe, to eſcape away by Sea. The Wind prov'd contrary, and finding themſelves in the Morning within Sight of the Land from whence they had launch'd over Night, were made after by the Guards of the Port: Which* Poris *perceiving, he labour'd all he could to make the Mariners do their utmoſt to eſcape from the Purſuers. But* Theoxena, *frantick with Affection and Revenge, in purſuance of her former Reſolution, prepar'd both Arms and Poiſon, and expoſing them before them; Go to, my Children,* ſaid ſhe, *Death is now the only Means of your Defence and Liberty, and ſhall adminiſter Occaſion to the Gods, to exerciſe their ſatred Juſtice: Theſe ſharp Swords, and theſe full Cups will open you the Way into it: Courage, fear nothing. And thou, my Son, who art the Eldeſt, take this Steel into thy Hand, that thou may'ſt the more bravely die. The Children having on one ſide ſo powerful a Counſellor, and the Enemy at their Throats on the other, ran all of them eagerly upon what was next to Hand, and half dead were thrown into the Sea.* Theoxana, *proud of having ſo vigorouſly provided for the Safety of her Children, claſping her Arms with great Affection about her Huſband's Neck, Let us, my Friend,* ſaid ſhe, *follow theſe Boys, and enjoy the ſame Sepulchre they do: And ſo embrac'd, threw themſelves Head-long over-board into the Sea; ſo that the Ship was carried back empty of the Owners into the Harbour. Tyrants,* at once both to kill and to make their Anger felt, have pumpt their Wit to invent the moſt lingering Deaths. They will have their Enemies diſpatch'd, but not ſo faſt that they may not have Leiſure to taſte their Vengeance. And therein they are mightily perplex'd, for if the Torments they inflict are violent, they are ſhort; if long, they are not then ſo painful as they deſire; and thus torment themſelves in contriving how to torment others. Of this we have a thouſand Examples of Antiquity, and I know not whether we unawares do not retain ſome Traces of this Barbarity: All that exceeds a ſimple

ple Death appears to me abſolute Cruelty; neither can our Juſtice expect, that he, whom the Fear of being executed by being beheaded or hang'd, will not reſtrain, ſhould be any more aw'd by the Imagination of a languiſhing Fire, burning Pincers, or the Wheel. And I know not in the mean Time, whether we do not throw them into Deſpair; for in what Condition can the Soul of a Man, expecting four and twenty Hours together to be broke upon a Wheel, or after the old Way, nail'd to a Croſs, be? *Joſephus* relates, *that in the Time of the War the* Romans *made in* Judea, *happening to paſs by where they had three Days before crucified certain* Jews, *he amongſt them knew three of his own Friends, and obtain'd the Favour of having them taken down; of which, two, he ſays, died, the third liv'd a great while after. Chancondilas*, a Writer of good Credit, in the Records he has left behind him of Things that happen'd in his Time, and near him, tells us, as of the moſt exceſſive Torment, of that the Emperor *Meckmed* very often practiſed, *of cutting off Men in the Middle by the* Diaphragma *with one Blow of a Scymitar; by which it follow'd, that they died as it were two Deaths at once, and both the one Part*, ſays he, *and the other were ſeen to ſtir and ſtrive a great while after in very great Torment.* I do not think there was any great Sufferance in this Motion. The Torments that are moſt dreadful to look on, are not always the greateſt to endure; and I find thoſe that other *Hiſtorians* relate to have been practiſed upon the *Epirot* Lords, to be more horrid and cruel, where *they were condemn'd to be ſlead alive by Pieces, after ſo malicious a Manner, that they continued fifteen Days in this Miſery. As alſo theſe other two following*; Cræſus, *having cauſed a Gentleman, the Favourite of his Brother* Pantaleon, *to be ſeiz'd on, carried him into a Fuller's Shop, where he cauſed him to be ſcratch'd and carded with Cards and Combs belonging to that Trade till he died.* George Jechel, *chief Commander of the Peaſants of* Poland, *who committed ſo many Miſchiefs under the Title of the* Cruſado, *being defeated in Battle, and taken by the* Waywod *of* Tranſilvania, *was three Days bound naked upon the Rack, expoſed to all ſorts of Torments that any one could contrive againſt him; during which Time, many other Priſoners were kept Faſting; in the End, he living and looking on, they made his beloved Brother* Lucat, *for whom he only entreated,*

entreated, taking upon himſelf the Blame of all their evil Actions, to drink his Blood, and cauſed twenty of his moſt favoured Captains to feed upon him, tearing his Fleſh in Pieces with their Teeth, and ſwallowing the Morſels. The Remainder of his Body and Bowels, ſo ſoon as he was dead, were boiled, and others of his Followers compelled to eat them.

CHAP. XXVIII.

All Things have their Seaſon.

SUCH as compare *Cato* the *Cenſor*, with the younger *Cato* that kill'd himſelf, compare two beautiful Natures, and much reſembling one another. The Firſt acquir'd his Reputation ſeveral Ways, and excells *in Military Exploits, and the Utility of his publick Vocations*; but the *Virtue* of the Younger, beſides, that it were Blaſphemy to compare any to him in Vigour, was much more pure and unblemiſh'd. For who can acquit the *Cenſor of Envy and Ambition, having dared to joſtle the Honour of* Scipio, *a Man in Worth, Valour and all other excellent Qualities, infinitely beyond him, or any other of his Time?* That which they report of him, amongſt other Things, *That in his extreme Old Age, he put himſelf upon learning the* Greek *Tongue with ſo greedy an Appetite, as if to quench a long Thirſt*, does not ſeem to make much for his Honour; it being properly what we call being twice a Child. *All Things have their Seaſon*, even the beſt, and a Man may ſay his *Paternoſter* out of Time; as they accuſed *T. Quintus Flaminus, that being General of an Army, he was ſeen praying apart in the Time of a Battle that he won.*

Imponet finem ſapiens, & rebus honeſtis *.

The wiſe Man limits even decent Things.

Eudemonidas, ſeeing *Xenocrates*, when very old, ſtill very intent upon his School-Lectures, *When will this Man be*

* *Juven. Sat.* 6.

wiſe,

wiſe, ſaid he, *he does yet learn?* And *Philopæmen*, to thoſe who extoll'd King *Ptolemy* for every Day inuring his Perſon to the Exerciſe of Arms; *it is not*, ſaid he, *commendable in a King of his Age to exerciſe himſelf in thoſe Things, he ought now really to employ them. The Young are to make their Preparations, the Old to enjoy them*, ſay the *Sages:* And the greateſt Vice they obſerve in us, is, *That our Deſires inceſſantly grow Young again:* We are always re-beginning to live. Our Studies and Deſires ſhould ſometimes be ſenſible of Age; but we have one Foot in the Grave, and yet our Appetites and Purſuits ſpring every Day new upon us.

Tu ſecanda marmora
Locas ſub ipſum funus, & ſepulchri
Immemor, ſtruis domos *.

When Death, perhaps, is near at Hand,
Thou faireſt Marbles doſt command,
Be cut for Uſe; yet do'ſt neglect
Thy Grave, and Houſes ſtill erect.

The longeſt of my Deſigns is not above a Year's Extent; I think of nothing now but ending, rid myſelf of all new Hopes and Enterprizes; take my laſt leave of every Place I depart from, and every Day diſpoſſeſs myſelf of what I have. *Olim jam nec perit quicquam mihi, nec acquiritur: Plus ſupereſt viatici, quam viæ* †. *Henceforward I will neither loſe nor expect to get: I have more wherewith to defray my Journey than I have Way to go.*

Vixi, & quem dederat curſum fortuna peregi ‡.

I've liv'd, and finiſh'd the Career
Wherein my Fortune plac'd me here.

To conclude; 'tis the only Comfort I find in my old Age, that it mortifies in me ſeveral Cares and Deſires, wherewith my Life has been diſturb'd; the Care how the World goes, the Care of Riches, of Grandeur, of Knowledge, of Health and myſelf. There are ſome who are learning to ſpeak at a Time when they ſhould learn to be ſilent for ever. A Man may always ſtudy, but he muſt not always go to School. What a contemptible Thing is an old School-boy!

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* *Hor. l. 2. Ode 18.* † *Sen. Epiſt.* ‡ *Æneid. l. 4.*

Diverſos

Diverſos diverſa juvant, non omnibus annis.
Omnia conveniunt *.

For ſeveral Things do ſeveral Men delight;
And all Things are not for all Ages right.

If we muſt ſtudy, let us ſtudy what is ſuitable to our preſent Condition, that we may anſwer as he did, who being aſk'd *to what End he ſtudied in his decrepid Age? That I may go out better*, ſaid he, *and at greater Eaſe*. Such a Study was that of the younger *Cato*, feeling his End approach, and which he met with in *Plato*'s Diſcourſe of the *Immortality of the Soul:* Not as we are to believe, that he was not long before-hand furniſhed with all Sorts of Ammunition for ſuch a Departure; for of Aſſurance, an eſtabliſhed Will and Inſtruction, he had more than *Plato* had in all his Writings; his Knowledge and Courage were in this Reſpect above *Philoſophy*. He apply'd himſelf to his Study, not for the Service of his Death, but as a Man whoſe Sleeps were never diſturb'd in the Importance of ſuch a Deliberation, he alſo, without Choice or Change, continued his Studies with the other accuſtomary Actions of his Life. The Night that he was deny'd the *Prætorſhip*, he ſpent in *Play*. That wherein he was to die, he ſpent in *Reading*. The Loſs either of Life or of Office was all one to him.

What ought to be an old Man's Study.

CHAP. XXIX.

Of Virtue.

I Find, by Experience, that there is a vaſt Difference betwixt the Starts and Sallies of the Soul, and a reſolute and conſtant Habit; and very well perceive there is nothing we may not do; nay, even to the ſurpaſſing the Divinity itſelf, ſays a certain Perſon, foraſmuch as it is

* *Gall. Eleg.*

more

more to render a Man's ſelf impaſſable by his own Study and Induſtry, than to be ſo by his natural Condition; and even to be able to conjoyn to Man's Imbecility and Frailty a Godly Reſolution and Aſſurance. But it is by Fits and Starts, and in the Lives of thoſe *Heroes* of Times paſt there are ſometimes miraculous Sallies, and that ſeem infinitely to exceed our Natural Force, but they are indeed but Sallies; and 'tis hard to believe, that in theſe ſo elevated Qualities a Man can ſo thoroughly tinct and imbue the Soul, that they ſhould become Conſtant, and as it were, Natural in him. It accidentally happens even to us, who are but abortive Births of Men, ſometimes to dart out our Souls, when rous'd by the Diſcourſes and Examples of others, much beyond their ordinary Stretch; but 'tis a kind of Paſſion that puſhes and pricks them on, and in ſome Sort raviſhes them from themſelves; but this Whirlwind once blown over, we ſee that they inſenſibly flag, and ſlacken of themſelves, if not to the loweſt Degree, at leaſt ſo as to be no more the ſame; inſomuch as that upon every trivial Occaſion, the loſing of a Hauk, or the breaking of a Glaſs, we ſuffer ourſelves to be mov'd little leſs than one of the common People. I am of Opinion, that Order, Moderation and Conſtancy excepted, all things are to be done by a Man that is indifferent and defective in general. *Therefore it is,* ſay the *Sages, that to make a right Judgment of a Man, you are chiefly to pry into his common Actions, and ſurprize him in his every Day Habit. Pyrrho,* he who erected ſo pleaſant a Knowledge upon Ignorance, endeavour'd, as all the reſt who were really *Philoſophers* did, to make his *Life* correſpond with his *Doctrine.* And becauſe he maintain'd the Imbecillity of Human Judgment to be ſo extreme, as to be incapable of any Choice or Inclination, and would have it wavering and ſuſpended, conſidering and receiving all Things as indifferent, 'tis ſaid, *that he always comported himſelf after the ſame Manner and Countenance: If he had begun a Diſcourſe, he would always end what he had to ſay, tho' the Perſon he was ſpeaking to was gone away: And if he walked, he never ſtop'd for any Impediment that ſtood in his Way, being preſerv'd from Precipices, the Juſtle of Carts, and other like Accidents, by the Care of his Friends: For, to fear, or to avoid any Thing, had been to juſtle his own Propoſitions,* which

which depriv'd the Senſes themſelves of all Certainty and Election. Sometimes he ſuffer'd Inciſions and Cauteries with ſo great Conſtancy, as never to be ſeen ſo much as to winch or ſtir. 'Tis ſomething to bring the Soul to theſe Imaginations, more to join the Effects, and yet not impoſſible; but to conjoin them with ſuch Perſeverance and Conſtancy as to make them habitual, is certainly, in Attempts ſo remote from common Cuſtom, almoſt incredible to be done. Therefore it was, *that being one Day taken in his Houſe terribly ſcolding with his Siſter, and being reproach'd that he therein tranſgreſſed his own Rules of Indifference: What,* ſaid he, *muſt this fooliſh Woman alſo ſerve for a Teſtimony to my Rules?* Another Time, *being to defend himſelf againſt a Dog, It is,* ſaid he, *very hard totally to put off Man; and we muſt endeavour and force ourſelves to reſiſt and encounter Things, firſt by Effects, but at leaſt by Reaſon.* About ſeven or eight Years ſince, a Huſbandman, yet living but two Leagues from my Houſe, having been long tormented with his Wife's Jealouſy, coming one Day home from his Work, and ſhe welcoming him with her accuſtom'd Railing, entred into ſo great Fury, *that with a Sickle he had yet in his Hand, he totally cut off all thoſe Parts that ſhe was jealous of, and threw them into her Face.* And, 'tis ſaid, *that a young Gentleman of our Nation, briſk and amorous, having by his Preſerverance at laſt mollified the Heart of a fair Miſtreſs, enrag'd that upon the Point of Fruition he found himſelf unable to perform, and that,*

——non viriliter
Iners ſenile penis extulerat caput *,

ſo ſoon as ever he came home he deprived himſelf of it, and ſent it his Miſtreſs, a cruel and bloody Victim for the Expiation of his Offence. If this had been done upon a mature Conſideration, and upon the Account of Religion, as the Prieſts of *Cybele* did, what ſhould we ſay of ſo high an Action? *A few Days ſince, at* Bergerac, *within five Leagues of my Houſe, up the River* Dordogne, *a Woman having over Night been beaten and abuſed by her Huſband, a cholerick ill-condition'd Fellow, reſolved to eſcape from his ill Uſage at the Price of her Life; and going ſo ſoon as ſhe was up*

* *Tib. lib.* 4. *Eleg. pen.*

the

the next Morning to viſit her Neighbours, as ſhe was wont to do, and having let ſome Words fall of the Recommendation of her Affairs, ſhe took a Siſter of hers by the Hand and led her to the Bridge; whither being come, as it were in Jeſt, without any Manner of Alteration in her Countenance, there taking leave of her, ſhe threw herſelf Headlong from the Top into the River, and was there drown'd. That which is the moſt remarkable in this, is, that this Reſolution was a whole Night forming in her Head: But it is quite another Thing with the *Indian* Women; for it being the Cuſtom there for the Men to have many Wives, and the beſt beloved of them to kill herſelf at her Huſband's Deceaſe, every one of them makes it the Buſineſs of her whole Life to obtain this Priviledge and gain this Advantage over her Companions, and the good Offices they do their Huſbands; aim at no other Recompence, *but to be preferr'd in accompanying him in Death.*

Ubi mortifero jacta eſt fax ultima lecto,
Uxorum fuſis ſtat pia turba comis:
Et certamen habent lethi quæ viva ſequatur
Conjugium, pudor eſt non licuiſſe mori,
Ardent Victrices, & flammæ pectora præbent,
Imponuntque ſuis ora peruſta viris *.

When to the Pile they throw the kindling Brand,
The pious Wives with Hair diſhevell'd ſtand,
Striving which living ſhall accompany
Her Spouſe, and are aſham'd they may not die;
Who are preferr'd, their Breaſts to Flame expoſe,
And their ſcorch'd Lips to their dead Huſband's cloſe.

A certain *Author* of our Times reports, that he has ſeen in thoſe Oriential Nations this Cuſtom in Practice, that not only the Wives bury themſelves with their Huſbands, but even the Slaves he has enjoyn'd alſo; which is done after this Manner: *The Huſband being dead, the Widow may if ſhe will (but few will) demand two or three Months Reſpite wherein to order her Affairs. The Day being come, ſhe mounts on Horſe-back, dreſſed as fine as at her Wedding, and with a cheerful Countenance ſays, She is going to ſleep with her Spouſe, holding a Looking-Glaſs in*

* *Propertius. l.* 3. *Eleg.* 11.

her Left-hand, and an Arrow in the other. Being thus conducted in Pomp, accompanied with her Kindred and Friends, and a great Concourſe of People, with great Joy, ſhe is at laſt brought to the publick Place appointed for ſuch Spectacles: This is a ſpacious Place, in the Midſt of which is a Pit full of Wood, and adjoining to it a Mount raiſed four or five Steps, upon which ſhe is brought and ſerved with a magnificent Repaſt; which being done, ſhe falls to Dancing and Singing, and gives Order when ſhe thinks fit to kindle the Fire; which being perform'd, ſhe deſcends, and taking the neareſt of her Huſband's Relations by the Hand, they walk together to the River cloſe by, where ſhe ſtrips herſelf ſtark naked, and having diſtributed her Cloaths and Jewels to her Friends, plunges herſelf into the Water, as if there to cleanſe herſelf from her Sins; coming out thence, ſhe wraps herſelf in a yellow Linnen of five and Twenty Ells long, and again giving her Hand to this Kinſman of her Huſband's, they return back to the Mount, where ſhe makes a Speech to the People, and recommends her Children to them, if ſhe have any. Betwixt the Pit and the Mount there is commonly a Curtain drawn to ſkreen the burning Furnace from their Sight, which ſome of them, to manifeſt their great Courage, forbid. Having ended what ſhe was to ſay, a Woman preſents her with a Veſſel of Oil, wherewith to anoint her Head and her whole Body; which having done with, ſhe throws into the Fire, and in an Inſtant precipitates herſelf after. Immediately the People throw a great many Billets and Logs upon her, that ſhe may not be long in dying, and convert all their Joy into Sorrow and Mourning. If they are Perſons of meaner Condition, the Body of the Defunct is carry'd to the Place of Sepulture, and there plac'd ſitting, the Widow kneeling before him, which ſo ſoon as it is raiſed to the Height of the Woman's Shoulders, ſome of her Relations come behind her, and taking hold of her Head, writhe her Neck in two, and ſo ſoon as as ſhe is dead, the Wall is preſently raiſed up and cloſed, where they remain entomb'd. There was in the ſame Country ſomething like this in their *Gymnoſophiſts*; for not by Conſtraint of others, nor by the Impetuoſity of a ſudden Humour, but by the expreſs Profeſſion of their Order, their Cuſtom was, *That ſo ſoon as they arriv'd at a certain Age,*

The Gymnoſophiſts *voluntarily burnt.*

Age, or that they ſaw themſelves threatned by any Diſeaſe, to cauſe a funeral Pile to be erected for them, and on the Top a ſtately Bed, where, after having joyfully feaſted their Friends and Acquaintance, they lay them down with ſo great Reſolution, that Fire being apply'd to it, they were never ſeen to ſtir Hand or Foot; and after this Manner one of them, Calanus *by Name, expir'd in the Preſence of the whole Army of* Alexander *the Great*; and he was neither reputed holy nor happy amongſt them, that did not thus deſtroy himſelf; diſmiſſing his Soul, purged and purified by the Fire, after having conſumed all that was earthly and mortal. This conſtant Premeditation of the whole Life is that which makes the Wonder amongſt our other Controverſies, that of *Fatum* is alſo crept in, and to tye Things to come, and even our own Wills to a certain and inevitable Neceſſity, we are yet upon this Argument of Time paſt; *Since God foreſees, that all Things ſhall ſo fall out, as doubtleſs he does, it muſt then neceſſarily follow, that they muſt ſo fall out:* To which our Maſters reply, *That the ſeeing any Thing come to paſs, as we do, and as God himſelf alſo does (for all Things being preſent with him, he rather ſees than foreſees) is not to compel an Event: That is, we ſee becauſe Things do fall out, but Things do not fall out becauſe we ſee. Events cauſe Knowledge, but Knowledge does not cauſe Events. That which we ſee happen, does happen; but it might have happen'd otherwiſe: And God, in the Catalogue of the Cauſes of Events, which he has in his Preſence, has alſo thoſe which we call accidental and unvoluntary, which depend upon the Liberty he has given our Free-will, and knows that we do amiſs, becauſe we would do ſo.* I have ſeen a great many Commanders encourage their Soldiers with this fatal Neceſſity; for if our Time be limitted to a certain Hour, neither the Enemies Shot, nor our own Boldneſs, nor our Flight and Cowardize, can either ſhorten or prolong our Lives. This is eaſily ſaid, but ſee who will be ſo perſwaded; and if it be ſo, that a ſtrong and lively Faith draws along with it Actions of the ſame, certainly this Faith we ſo much brag of is very light in this Age of ours, unleſs the Contempt it has of Works makes it diſdain their Company. So

Cauſes of Events in the Preſence of Almighty God. Fortuitous and voluntary Cauſes.

it is, that to this very Purpoſe the *Sieur de Joinville*, as credible a Witneſs as any other whatever, tells us of the *Bedoins*, a Nation amongſt the *Saracens*, with whom the King St. *Lewis* had to do in the *Holy-Land*, *that they in their Religion did ſo firmly believe the Number of every Man's Days to be from all Eternity prefix'd and ſet down by an inevitable* Decree, *that they went naked to the Wars, excepting a* Turkiſh *Sword, and their Bodies only cover'd with a white Linnen Cloth: And for the greateſt Curſe they could invent when they were angry, this was always in their Mouth, Accurſed be thou, as he that arms himſelf for fear of Death.* This is a Teſtimony of Faith very much beyond ours. And of this Sort is that alſo that two religious Men of *Florence* gave in our Fathers Days. Being engag'd in ſome Controverſy of Learning, they agreed to go both of them into the Verification of his Argument, and all Things were already prepar'd, and the Things juſt upon the Point of Execution, when it was interrupted by an unexpected Accident. A young *Turkiſh* Lord, having perform'd a notable Exploit in his own Perſon, in the Sight of both Armies, that of *Amurath* and that of *Hunniades*, ready to join Battle, being aſked by *Amurath*, *who in ſo tender and unexperienced Years* (for it was his firſt Sally into Arms) *had inſpired him with ſo brave a Courage*, reply'd, *that his chief* Tutor *for Valour was a Hare. For being*, ſaid he, *one Day a Hunting I found a Hare ſitting, and tho' I had a Brace of excellent Grey hounds with me, yet methought it would be beſt for Surceneſs to make uſe of my Bow; for ſhe ſat very fair. I then fell to letting fly my Arrows, and ſhot forty that I had in my Quiver, not only without hurting, but without ſtarting her from her Form. At laſt I ſlipt my Dogs after her, but to no more Purpoſe than I had ſhot: By which I underſtood, that ſhe had been ſecur'd by her Deſtiny; and that neither Darts nor Swords can wound without the Permiſſion of Fate, which we can neither haſten or defer.* This Story which I am going to tell, may ſerve by the Way to let us ſee how flexible our Reaſon is to all Sorts of Images. A Perſon of great Years, Name, Dignity and Learning, boaſted to me to have been induced to a certain very important Mutation in his Faith, by a ſtrange, whimſical Incitement, and otherwiſe ſo very ill concluding, that I thought it much ſtronger being taken the contrary Way:

He

He call'd it a Miracle, I look upon it quite otherwiſe. The *Turkiſh* Hiſtorians ſay, *that the Perſuaſion thoſe of their Nation have imprinted in them of the fatal and unalterable Preſcription of their Days, does manifeſtly conduce to the giving them great Aſſurance in Dangers.* And I know a great Prince, who makes very fortunate Uſe of it; whether it be, that he does really believe it, or that he makes it his Excuſe for ſo wonderfully hazarding himſelf, provided Fortune be not too ſoon weary of her Favour to him. There has not happened in our Memory a more admirable Effect of Reſolution than in thoſe two who conſpired the Death of the Prince of *Orange*. 'Tis to be wonder'd at, how the Second that executed it could ever be perſuaded into an Attempt, wherein his Companion, who had done his utmoſt, had had ſo ill Succeſs; and after the ſame Method, and with the ſame Arms, to go attack a Lord, arm'd with a late Inſtruction of Diſtruſt, powerful in Followers and bodily Strength, in his own Hall, amidſt his Guards, and in a City wholly at his Devotion. He doubtleſs employ'd a very reſolute Arm and Courage, enflam'd with furious Paſſions: A *Poignard* is ſure for ſtriking home, but by reaſon that more Motion and Force of Hand is requir'd than with a Piſtol, the Blow is more ſubject to be put by and hindred. That this Man did not run to a certain Death, I make no great Doubt; for the Hopes any one could flatter him withal could not find Place in any ſober Underſtanding; and the Conduct of his Exploit does ſufficiently manifeſt, that he had no Want of That, no more than Courage. The Motives of ſo powerful a Perſuaſion may be divers; for our Fancy does what it will both with itſelf and us. The Execution that was done near *Orleans* was nothing like this, there was in that more of Chance than Vigour; the Wound was not mortal, if Fortune had not made it ſo; and to attempt to ſhoot on Horſeback, and at a great Diſtance, and at one whoſe Body was in Motion by the moving of his Horſe, was the Attempt of a Man who had rather miſs his Blow than fail of ſaving himſelf, as was apparent by what follow'd after; for he was ſo aſtoniſh'd and ſtupify'd with the Thought of ſo high an Execution, that he totally loſt his Judgment, both to

Aſſaſſination of the Prince of Orange.

The Duke of Guiſe.

find his Way and to govern his Tongue. What needed he to have done more than to fly back to his Friends croſs a River? 'Tis what I have done in leſs Dangers, and I think of very little Hazard, how broad ſoever the River may be, provided your Horſe have good going in, and that you ſee on the other Side good Landing according to the Stream. The other, when they pronounced his dreadful Sentence. *I was prepared for this*, ſaid he, *before-hand, and I will make you wonder at my Patience.* The *Aſſaſſins*, a *Nation* bordering upon *Phœnicia*, are reputed amongſt the *Mahometans*, a People of great Devotion, and Purity of Manners. They hold, *That the neareſt Way to gain Paradiſe is to kill ſome one of a contrary Religion*; which is the Reaſon they have often been ſeen, being but one or two, without Arms, to attempt againſt powerful Enemies at the Price of a certain Death, and without any Conſideration of their own Danger. So was our Count *Raimond* of *Tripoly* aſſaſſinated (which Word is deriv'd from their Name) in the Heart of his City, *during* our Enterprizes of the Holy War; and likewiſe *Conrade*, Marquis of *Montſerrat*, the Murtherers at their Execution carrying themſelves with great Pride and Glory that they had perform'd ſo brave an Exploit.

CHAP. XXX.

Of a Monſtrous Child.

THIS Story ſhall go by itſelf; for I will leave it to Phyſicians to diſcourſe of. Two Days ago I ſaw a Child which two Men and a Nurſe, who ſaid themſelves to be the Father, the Uncle and the Aunt of it, carry'd about to get Money by ſhewing it, by reaſon it was ſo ſtrange a Creature. It was, as to all the reſt, of a common Form, and could ſtand upon its Feet; could go, and gabble much like other Children of the Age; it had never as yet taken any other Nouriſhment but from the Nurſe's Breaſts, and what, in my Preſence, they tried to put into the Mouth of it, it only chew'd a little and ſpit it out again without ſwallowing; the Cry of it, indeed, ſeem'd a little odd and particular, and it was juſt fourteen Months old.

Under

Under the Breaſt it was joyned to another Child, but without a Head, and that had the Spine of the Back without Motion, the reſt entire; for tho' it had one Arm ſhorter than the other, it had been broken by accident at their Birth; they were join'd Breaſt to Breaſt, as if a leſſer Child would reach the Arms about the Neck of one ſomething bigger. The Juncture and Thickneſs of the Place where they were conjoin'd was not above four Fingers, or thereabouts, ſo that if you thruſt up the imperfect Child you might ſee the Navel of the other below it, and the joyning was betwixt the Paps and the Navel. The Navel of the imperfect Child could not be ſeen, but all the reſt of the Belly; ſo that all the reſt that was not joyn'd of the imperfect one, as Arms, Buttocks, Thighs and Legs, hung dangling upon the other, and might reach to the Mid-leg. The *Nurſe* moreover told us that it urin'd at both Bodies, and alſo the Members of the other were nouriſh'd, ſenſible, and in the ſame plight with that ſhe gave ſuck to, excepting that they were ſhorter, and leſs. This double Body, and ſeveral Limbs relating to one Head, might be interpreted a favourable Prognoſtick to the *King*, of maintaining theſe various Parts of our State under the Union of his Laws; but leſt the event ſhould prove otherwiſe, 'tis better to let it alone; for in things already paſt, there is no Divination; *Ut quum facta ſunt, tum ad conjecturam aliqua interpretatione revocantur*. So as when they are come to paſs, they ſhould then by ſome Interpretation be recall'd to Conjecture.* As 'tis ſaid of *Epimenides, that he always propheſied of Things paſt.* I have lately ſeen a *Herdſman* in *Medoc* of about thirty Years of Age, who has no Sign of any Genital Parts; he has three Holes by which he inceſſantly voids his Water, he is bearded, has Deſire, and covets the Society of Women. Thoſe that we call *Monſters*, are not ſo to *God*, who ſees in the Immenſity of his Work, the infinite Forms that he has comprehended therein. And it is to be believed that this Figure which does aſtoniſh us, has relation to ſome other of the ſame kind unknown to Man. From his All-*Wiſdom* nothing but good, common, and

* *Cicero de Divin. l.* 2.

regular proceeds; but we do not diſcern the Diſpoſition and Relation. *Quod crebro videt, non miratur, etiamſi, cur fiat neſcit. Quod antè non videt, id ſi evenerit, oſtentum eſſe cenſet* *. *What he often ſees he does not admire, tho' he be ignorant how it comes to paſs. But when a thing happens he never ſaw before, that he looks upon as a portent.* What falls out contrary to *Cuſtom*, we ſay is contrary to *Nature*; but nothing, whatever it be, is contrary to her. Let therefore this univerſal and natural Reaſon expel the Error and Aſtoniſhment that Novelty brings along with it.

CHAP. XXXI.

Of Anger.

PLutarch is admirable throughout; but eſpecially where he judges of human Actions; the fine things he ſays in compariſon of *Lycurgus* and *Numa*, upon the Subject of our great Folly in abandoning Children to the Care and Government of their Fathers, are very eaſily diſcern'd. *The moſt of our Civil Governments, as Ariſtotle* ſays, *leave, after the Manner of the* Cyclops, *to every one the ordering of their Wives nnd Children, according to their own fooliſh and indiſcreet Fancy; and the* Lacedæmonian *and* Cretenſian *are almoſt the only Governments that have committed the Education of Children to the* Laws. And who does not ſee that in a State all depends upon their Nurture and bringing up? And yet they are left to the Mercy of Parents, let them be as fooliſh and ill-natur'd as they will, without any manner of Diſcretion. Amongſt other things, how often have I, as I have paſs'd along the Streets, had a good Mind to make a Farce, to revenge the poor Boys whom I have ſeen ſlead, knock'd down, and miſerably abus'd by ſome Father or Mother when in their Fury, and mad with Rage? You ſhall ſee them come out with Fire and Fury ſparkling in their Eyes,

* *Cicero de Divin. l. 2.*

—— *rabie*

—— *rabie jecur incendente feruntur*
Præcipites, ut saxa jugis abrupta, quibus mons
Subtrahitur, clivoque latus pendente recedit *.

With burning Fury they are headlong borne,
As when great Stones are from the Mountains torn,
By which the Clifts depriv'd and leſſen'd are,
And their deep Sides are naked left, and bare.

(and according to *Hippocrates, the moſt dangerous Maladies are they that diſfigure the Countenance*) with a roaring and terrible Voice very often againſt thoſe that are but newly come from Nurſe, and there they are lam'd and ſpoil'd with Blows, whilſt our *Juſtice* takes no Cognizance of it; as if theſe Maims and Diſlocations were not executed upon Members of our Common-wealth.

Gratum eſt quod patriæ civem, populoque dediſti,
Si facis ut Patriæ ſit idoneus, utilis agris,
Utilis, & bellorum & pacis rebus agendis †.

It is a Gift moſt acceptable, when
Thou to thy Country giv'ſt a Citizen,
Provided thou haſt had the Knack of it
To make him for his Country's Service fit,
Uſeful t' aſſiſt the Earth in her Increaſe,
And uſeful in Affairs of War and Peace.

There is no Paſſion that ſo much tranſports Men from their right Judgments, as *Anger*. No one would demur upon puniſhing a *Judge* with Death, who ſhould condemn a *Criminal* upon the Account of his own Choler; why then ſhould *Fathers* and *Pedants* be any more allow'd to whip and chaſtiſe Children in their Anger? 'Tis then no longer *Correction*, but *Revenge*. Chaſtiſement is inſtead of *Phyſick* to Children; and ſhould we ſuffer a *Phyſician*, who ſhould be animated againſt and enrag'd at his *Patient?* We ourſelves, to do well, ſhould never lay a Hand upon our Servants whilſt our Anger laſts; whilſt the Pulſe beats, and that we feel an Emotion in ourſelves, let us defer the Buſineſs; Things will indeed appear otherwiſe to us when we are Calm and Cool. 'Tis then Paſſion that

* *Juvenal Sat.* 6. † *Juvenal Sat.* 14.

commands

commands, 'tis then Paſſion that ſpeaks, and not we. Faults ſeen through Paſſion are magnify'd, and appear much greater to us than they really are, as Bodies do, being ſeen through a Miſt. Who is hungry uſes Meat; but he that will make uſe of Correction ſhould have no Appetite, neither of Hunger or Thirſt to it. And moreover, Chaſtiſements that are inflicted with Weight and Diſcretion, are much better receiv'd, and with greater Benefit by him who ſuffers. Otherwiſe he will not think himſelf juſtly condemn'd by a Man tranſported with Anger and Fury, and will alledge his Maſter's exceſſive Paſſion, his inflam'd Countenance, his unwonted Oaths, his Emotion and precipitous Raſhneſs, for his own Juſtification.

Ora tument iræ, nigreſcunt ſanguine venæ,
Lumina Gorgoneo ſævius igne micant *.

Their Faces ſwell, and Veins grow black with Ire,
And their Eyes ſparkle with Gorgonian Fire.

Suetonius reports, *that* Caius Rabirius *having been condemn'd by* Cæſar, *the thing that moſt prevail'd upon the People (to whom he had appeal'd) to determine the Cauſe in his Favour, was, the Animoſity and Vehemency that* Cæſar *had manifeſted in that Sentence.* Saying is one thing, and Doing is another; we are diſtinctly to conſider the Sermon and the Preacher. Thoſe Men took a pretty Buſineſs in hand, who in our Times have attempted to ſhake the Truth of our Church by the Vices of her Miniſters; ſhe extracts her Teſtimony elſewhere. 'Tis a fooliſh way of Arguing, and that would throw all Things into Confuſion. A Man whoſe Manners are good, may have falſe Opinions, and a wicked Man may preach Truth, nay, though he believe it not himſelf. 'Tis doubtleſs a fine Harmony when *doing* and *ſaying* go together; and I will not deny but that Saying, when the Actions follow, are of greater Authority and Efficacy, as *Eudamidas* ſaid, hearing a *Philoſopher* talk of Military Affairs; *Theſe Things are finely ſaid, but he that ſpeaks them is not to be believ'd, for his Ears have never been uſed to the Sound of the Trumpet.* And *Cleomenes*,

* *Ovid. de Art. lib.* 3.

hearing

hearing an Orator declaiming upon Valour, burſt out into Laughter, at which the other being angry, *I ſhould*, ſaid he to him, *do the ſame if it were a Swallow that ſpoke of this Subject, but if it were an Eagle I ſhould willingly hear him.* I perceive, methinks, in the Writing of the *Ancients*, that he who ſpeaks what he thinks, ſtrikes much more home than he that only diſſembles. Hear but *Cicero* ſpeak of the Love of Liberty: Hear *Brutus* ſpeak of it, his very Writings ſound that this Man would purchaſe it at the Price of his Life. Let *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, treat of the Contempt of Death, and let *Seneca* do the ſame; the firſt does languiſhingly drawl it out, ſo that you perceive he would make you reſolve upon a thing on which he is not reſolv'd himſelf. He inſpires you not with Courage, for he himſelf has none; the other animates and inflames you. I never read an Author, even of thoſe who treat of Virtue, and of Actions, that I do not curiouſly examine what a kind of Man he was himſelf. For the *Ephori* at *Sparta ſeeing a diſſolute Fellow propoſe a wholſome Advice to the People, commanded him to hold his Peace, and intreated a virtuous Man to attribute to himſelf the Invention, to propoſe it.* *Plutarch*'s Writings, if well underſtood, ſufficiently ſpeak their *Author*; and ſo that I think I know him even into his Soul, and yet I could wiſh that we had ſome fuller Account of his Life; and am thus far wandred from my Subject, upon the Account of the Obligation I have to *Aulus Gellius*, for having left us in writing this Story of his Manners, that brings me back to my Subject of Anger. *A Slave of his, a vicious, ill-condition'd Fellow, but that had the Precepts of* Philoſophy *often ringing in his Ears, having for ſome Offence of his been ſtript by* Plutarch's *Command, whilſt he was whipping, mutter'd at firſt, that it was without Cauſe, and that he had done nothing to deſerve it; but at laſt falling in good earneſt to exclaim againſt, and to rail at his Maſter, he reproach'd him, that he was no* Philoſopher, *as he had boaſted himſelf to be; that he had often heard him ſay it was indecent to be Angry, nay, had writ a Book to that Purpoſe; and that the cauſing him to be ſo cruelly beaten in the height of his Rage, totally*

Cenſure of Cicero *and* Seneca.

Plutarch reproach'd for Anger by a Slave of his.

totally gave the Lye to all his Writings. To which *Plutarch* calmly and coldly anſwer'd, *How, Ruffian,* ſaid he, *by what doſt thou judge that I am now angry; does either my Face, my Colour, or my Voice give any Manifeſtation of my being mov'd? I do not think my Eyes look Fierce, that my Countenance appears Troubled, or that my Voice is Dreadful; am I Red, do I Foam, does any Word eſcape my Lips I ought to Repent? Do I Start? Do I Tremble with Fury? For thoſe, I tell thee, are the true Signs of Anger.* And ſo turning to the Fellow that was whipping him, *Ply on thy Work,* ſaid he, *whilſt this Gentleman and I diſpute.* This is the Story.

That Correction never ought to be given in Anger.

Archytas Tarentinus, returning from a War wherein he had been *Captain General,* found all things in his Houſe in very great Diſorder, and his Lands quite out of Tillage, through the ill Huſbandry of his *Receiver,* who having caus'd to be called to him, *Go,* ſaid he, *If I were not in Anger, I would ſoundly drub your Sides. Plato* likewiſe being highly offended with one of his Slaves, *gave* Speuſippus *order to chaſtize him, excuſing himſelf from doing it, becauſe he was in Anger.* And *Carrillus,* a *Lacedæmonian,* to a *Helot,* who carried himſelf ſo inſolently and audaciouſly towards him; *By the Gods,* ſaid he, *if I were not angry, I would immediately cauſe thee to be put to Death.* 'Tis a Paſſion that is pleas'd with, and flatters itſelf. How oft, being mov'd under a falſe Cauſe, if the Perſon offending makes a good Defence, and preſents us with a juſt Excuſe, are we vex'd at Truth and Innocence itſelf? In proof of which, I remember a marvellous Example of Antiquity. *Piſo,* otherwiſe a Man of very eminent Virtue, *being mov'd againſt a Soldier of his, for that returning alone from* Forage, *he could give him no Account where he had left a Companion of his, took it for granted that he had kill'd him, and preſently condemn'd him to Death. He was no ſooner mounted upon the* Gibbet, *but behold his wandring Companion arrives; at which all the Army were exceedingly glad, and after many Embraces of the two Comrades, the Hangman carried both the one and the other into* Piſo's *Preſence, all the Aſſiſtants believing it would be a great Pleaſure even to him himſelf; but it prov'd quite contrary, for through Shame and Spite, his Fury,*

Fury, which was not yet cool, redoubled; and by a Subtlety which his Paſſion ſuddenly ſuggeſted to him, he made three Criminal for having found one Innocent, and caus'd them all to be diſpatch'd: The firſt Soldier, becauſe Sentence *had paſs'd upon him; the Second, who had loſt his way, becauſe he was the Cauſe of his Companion's Death; and the Hangman, for not having obey'd the Order had been given him.* Such as have had to do with teſty and obſtinate Women, may have experimented into what a Rage it puts them, to oppoſe Silence and Coldneſs to their Fury, and that a Man diſdains to nouriſh their Anger. The Orator *Celius* was wonderfully Cholerick by Nature, and to one who ſupp'd in his Company, a Man of gentle and ſweet Converſation, and who, that he might not move him, approv'd and conſented to all he ſaid; he, impatient that his ill Humour ſhould thus ſpend itſelf without Aliment; *For the Love of the Gods, deny me ſomething,* ſaid he, *that we may be two.* Women in like manner are only angry, that others may be angry again, in Imitation of the Law of Love. *Phocion,* to one that interrupted his ſpeaking by injurious and very opprobrious Words, made no other return than *Silence,* and to give him full Liberty and Leiſure to vent his Spleen; which he having accordingly done, and the Storm blown over, without any mention of this Diſturbance, he proceeded in his Diſcourſe where he had left off before. No Anſwer can nettle a Man like ſuch a Contempt. Of the moſt cholerick Man in *France* (Anger is always an Imperfection, but more excuſable in a Soldier, for in that Trade it cannot ſometimes be avoided) I muſt needs ſay, that he is often the moſt patient Man that I know, and the moſt diſcreet in bridling his Paſſions; which riſes in him with ſo great Violence and Fury,

———magno veluti cum flamma ſonore
Virgea ſuggeritur coſtis undantis aheni,
Exultantque æſtu latices; furit intus aquai,
Fumidus, atque altè ſpumis exuberat amnis.
Nec jam ſe capit unda, volat vapor ater ad auras *.

* *Æneid. l. 7.*

As

As when unto the boiling Caldron's Side
A crackling Flame of Bruſhwood is apply'd,
The bubbling Liquor there like Springs is ſeen
To ſwell and foam to higher Tides within,
Until it does to overflowing riſe,
And a fuliginous Vapour upward flies.

that he muſt of neceſſity cruelly conſtrain himſelf to moderate it; and for my part, I know no Paſſion which I could with ſo much Violence to myſelf attempt to cover and conceal. I would not ſet Wiſdom at ſo high a Price; and do not ſo much conſider what he does, as how much it coſts him to do no worſe. Another boaſted himſelf to me of *the Regularity and Sweetneſs of his Manners*, which is in Truth very ſingular; to whom I reply'd, *That it was indeed ſomething, eſpecially in Perſons of ſo eminent Quality as himſelf, upon whom every one had their Eyes, to preſent himſelf always well-temper'd to the World; but that the principal thing was to make Proviſion for within, and for himſelf; and that it was not*, in my Opinion, *very well to order his Buſineſs inwardly to grate himſelf which I was afraid he did, in putting on an outwardly Maintaining the Viſor and regular Appearance.* A Man incorporates Anger by concealing it, as *Diogenes* told *Demoſthenes*, who, for fear of being ſeen in a *Tavern*, withdrew himſelf into it, The more you retire, the farther you enter in. I would rather adviſe that a Man ſhould give his Servant a Box of the Ear a little unſeaſonably, than wrack his Fancy to repreſent this grave and compos'd Countenance; and had rather diſcover my Paſſions, than brood over them at my own Expence; they grow leſs in venting and manifeſting themſelves; and 'tis much better their Point ſhould wound others without, than be turn'd towards ourſelves within. *Omnia vitia in aperto leviora ſunt; & tunc perniciosiſſima, quum ſimulata ſanitate ſubſidunt* *. *All Vices are leſs dangerous when open to be ſeen, and then moſt pernicious when they lurk under a diſſembled Temper.* I admoniſh all thoſe who have Authority to be angry in my Family, in the firſt place to manage their Anger, and *not to laviſh it upon every Occaſion*, for that

* *Seneca, Epiſt.* 57.

both

both leſſens the Value, and hinders the Effect. Raſh and cuſtomary chafing runs into Cuſtom, and renders itſelf deſpis'd; and what you lay out upon a Servant for a Theft is not felt, becauſe it is the ſame he has ſeen you a hundred Times employ againſt him for having ill waſh'd a Glaſs, or ſet a Stool out of order. Secondly, *that they are not angry to no purpoſe*, but make ſure that their Reprehenſions reach him at whom they are offended; for ordinarily they rail and bawl before he comes into their Preſence, and continue ſcolding an Age after he is gone;

Et ſecum petulans amentia certat *:

And petulant Madneſs with itſelf contends.

they attack his Shadow, and puſh the Storm in a Place where no one is either chaſtiſed or intereſted, but in the Clamour of their Voice. I likewiſe in Quarrels condemn thoſe who huff and vapour without an Enemy; thoſe *Rodomontades* are to be reſerv'd to diſcharge upon the offending Party.

Mugitus veluti cum prima in prælia taurus
Terrificos ciet, atque iraſci in cornua tentat,
Arboris obnixus trunco, ventoſque laceſſit
Ictibus, & ſparſa ad pugnam proludit arena †.

Like angry Bulls that make the Valleys ring,
Preſt to the fight, with dreadful bellowing,
Whetting their Horns againſt the ſturdy Oak,
Who with their kicking Heels the Winds provoke,
And toſſing up the Earth a Duſt do raiſe
For furious Preludes to enſuing Frays.

The Author's Anger in great and little Occaſions.

When I am angry, my Anger is very ſharp, but withall very Short, and as private as I can; I looſe myſelf indeed in Promptneſs and Violence, but not in Trouble, ſo that I throw out all ſorts of injurious Words at random, and without Choice, and never conſider pertinently to dart my Language where I think it will deepeſt wound; for I commonly make uſe of no

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* *Claudian.* † *Æneid. lib.* 12.

other

other Weapon in my Anger than my Tongue. My Servants have a better Bargain of me in great Occaſions than in little, the little ones ſurprize me; and the miſchief on't is, that when you are once upon the Precipice, 'tis no matter who gave you the Puſh, for you always go to the Bottom; the Fall urges, moves and makes haſte of itſelf. In great Occaſions this ſatisfies me, that they are ſo juſt every one expects a warrantable Indignation, and then I glorify myſelf in deceiving their Expectation; againſt theſe I fortify and prepare myſelf, they diſturb my Head, and threaten to tranſport me very far, ſhould I follow them. I can eaſily contain myſelf from entring into one of theſe Paſſions, and am ſtrong enough when I expect them, to repel their Violence, be the Cauſe never ſo great; but if a Paſſion once prepoſſeſs and ſeize me, it carries me away, be it never ſo ſmall; which makes me intent with thoſe who may contend with me, when you ſee me firſt mov'd, let me alone, right or wrong, I'll do the ſame for you. The Storm is only begot by Concurrence of Angers, which eaſily ſpring from one another, and are not born together. Let every one have his own Way, and we ſhall be always at Peace. A profitable Advice, but hard to execute. Sometimes alſo it falls out, that I put on a ſeeming Anger, for the better governing of my Houſe, without any real Emotion. As Age renders my Humours more ſharp, I ſtudy to oppoſe them, and will, if I can, order it ſo, that for the future I may be ſo much the leſs peeviſh and hard to pleaſe, as I have more Excuſe and Inclination to be ſo, altho' I have heretofore been reckoned amongſt thoſe that have the greateſt Patience. A Word to conclude this *Chapter*; *Ariſtotle* ſays, *That Anger ſometimes ſerves for Arms to Virtue and Valour.* 'Tis likely it may be ſo, nevertheleſs they who contradict him pleaſantly anſwer, *That 'tis a Weapon of novel Uſe, for we move all other Arms, this moves us; our Hands guide it not, 'tis it that guides our Hands; it holds us, we hold not it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

Defence of Seneca *and* Plutarch.

THE Familiarity I have had with theſe two *Authors*, and the Aſſiſtance they have lent to my Age, and Book, wholly compil'd of what I have borrow'd from them, oblig'd me to eſpouſe their Quarrel, and to ſtand up for their Honour. As to *Seneca*, amongſt a Million of little Pamphlets that thoſe of the *Reformed Religion* diſperſe Abroad for the Defence of their *Cauſe* (and which ſometimes proceed from ſo good a Hand, that 'tis Pity his Pen is not employ'd in a better Subject) I have formerly ſeen one, that, to make up the Parallel he would fain find out betwixt the Government of our late poor King *Charles* the Ninth, and that of *Nero*, *compares the late* Cardinal of *Lorrain* with *Seneca*, *their Fortunes to have both of them been the prime* Miniſters *in the Government of their* Princes, *and their Manners, Conditions and Deportments to have been very near alike:* Wherein, in my Opinion, he does the ſaid *Cardinal* a great Honour; for tho' I am one of thoſe who have a very great Eſteem for his *Wit*, *Eloquence*, and *Zeal* to *Religion*, and the Service of his King, and think it was a Happineſs in an Age wherein he was ſo *new*, ſo *rare*, and alſo ſo neceſſary for the Publick, to have an Eccleſiaſtical Perſon, of ſo high Birth and Dignity, and ſo ſufficient and capable of his Place; yet to confeſs the Truth, I do not think his Capacity by many Degrees near to the other, nor his Virtue either ſo clean, entire, or ſteady, as that of *Seneca*. Now the Book whereof I ſpeak, to bring about his Deſign, gives a very injurious Deſcription of *Seneca*, having borrowed his Reproaches from *Dion* the *Hiſtorian*, whoſe Teſtimony I do not at all believe. For beſides this, he is inconſiſtent, who after having call'd *Seneca* one while *very wiſe*, and again, *a mortal Enemy to* Nero's *Vices*, makes him elſewhere *Avaricious*, *an Uſurer*, *Ambitious*, *Effeminate*, *Voluptuous*, *and a Falſe Pretender to* Philoſophy; his own Virtue does appear ſo lively and vigorous in his Writings, and his Vin-

dication is ſo clear from any of theſe Imputations of *Riches*, and any extraordinary expenſive Way of living, that I cannot believe any Teſtimony to the contrary. And beſides, it is much more reaſonable to believe the *Roman Hiſtorians* in ſuch things, than *Greeks* and Strangers. Now *Tacitus* and the reſt ſpeak very honourably both of his Life and Death; and repreſent him to us a very excellent and virtuous Perſon in all Things; and I will alledge no other Reproach againſt *Dion*'s Report but this, which I cannot avoid, namely, that he has ſo ſickly a Judgment in the *Roman* Affairs, that he dares to maintain *Julius Cæſar*'s Cauſe againſt *Pompey*, and that of *Anthony* againſt *Cicero*. Let us now come to *Plutarch*; *John Bodinus* is a good Author of our Time, and a *Writer* of much greater Judgment than the rout of *Scriblers* of his Age, and that deſerves to be carefully read and conſider'd. I find him tho' a little bold in this Paſſage of his *Method of Hiſtory*, where he accuſes *Plutarch*, not only of *Ignorance* (wherein I would let him alone, for that is above my Repreheniion) *but that he oft writes Things incredible, and abſolutely Fabulous*, which are his own Words. If he had ſimply ſaid, *That he had deliver'd Things otherwiſe than they really are*, it had been no great Reproach; for what we have not ſeen, we are forc'd to receive from other Hands, and take upon Truſt; and I ſee he purpoſely ſometimes variouſly relates the ſame Story, as the Judgment of the three beſt Captains that ever were, given by *Hannibal*; 'tis one way in the Life of *Flaminius*, and another in that of *Pyrrhus*. But to charge him with having taken *incredible* and *impoſſible* Things for current pay, is to accuſe the moſt judicious *Author* in the World of want of Judgment. And this is his Example; *as*, ſays he, *when he relates that a* Lacedæmonian *Boy ſuffer'd his Bowels to be torn out by a Fox-cub, he had ſtoln, and kept it ſtill conceal'd under his Coat till he fell down dead, rather than he would diſcover his Theft*. I find in the firſt Place this Example ill choſen, foraſmuch as it is very hard to limit the Power of the Faculties of the Soul, whereas we have better Authority to limit, and know the Force of the Bodily Limbs; and therefore, if I had been as he, I ſhould rather have choſen an Example of this ſecond ſort; and

Bodinus *a good Author.*

The Bowels of a *Lacedæmonian* Boy torn out by a Fox-cub.

and there are that are leſs credible: And amongſt others, that which he relates of *Pyrrhus, that all wounded as he was, he ſtruck one of his Enemies who was arm'd from Head to Foot, ſo great a Blow with his Sword, that he clave him down from his Crown to his Seat, ſo that the Body was divided into two Parts.* In this Example I find no great Miracle, nor do not admit of the *Salvo* with which he excuſes *Plutarch*, to have added this Word (*as 'tis ſaid*) to ſuſpend our Belief; for unleſs it be in things received by Authority, and the Reverence to *Antiquity* or *Religion*, he would never have himſelf admitted, or enjoined us Things *incredible in themſelves* to believe; and that this Word (*as 'tis ſaid*) is not put into this Place to that effect, is eaſy to be ſeen, becauſe he elſewhere relates to us, upon this Subject, of the Patience of the *Lacedæmonian* Children, Examples happening in his Time, more unlikely to prevail upon our Faith; as what *Cicero* has teſtified before him, as having, as he ſays, been upon the Place: *That even to their Times there were Children found, who, in the Trial of Patience they were put to before the* Altar *of* Diana, *ſuffered themſelves to be there whipp'd till the Blood ran down all over their Bodies, not only without crying out, but without ſo much as a Groan, and ſome till they there voluntary loſt their Lives:* And that which *Plutarch* alſo, amongſt an hundred other Witneſſes, relates, *That at a Sacrifice, a burning Coal being fall'n into the Sleeve of a* Lacedæmonian *Boy, as he was* cenſing, *he ſuffered his whole Arm to be burn'd, till the Smell of the broiling Fleſh was perceiv'd by the Aſſiſtants.* There was nothing according to their *Cuſtom*, wherein their Reputation was more concerned, nor for which they were to undergo more Blame and Diſgrace, than in being taken in Theft. I am ſo fully ſatisfied of the Greatneſs of thoſe People's Courage, that his Story does not only not appear to me, as to *Bodinus*, incredible; but I do not find it ſo much as rare and ſtrange. Hiſtory is full of a Thouſand more cruel and rare Examples; and is indeed all Miracles in Compariſon of this. *Marcellinus*, concerning Theft reports, *That in his Time there was no ſort of Torments which could*

The Patience of the Lacedæmonian *Children.*

Thievery odious to the Spartans.

The *Spartan* Thievery much practiſed by the *Ægyptians.*

compel the Ægyptians, *when taken in the Manner, tho' a People very much addicted to it, ſo much as to tell their Name.* A *Spaniſh* Peaſant, being put to the Wrack about the Accomplices of the Murder of the Pretor *Lucius Piſo*, cried out in the height of the Torment, *That his Friends ſhould not leave him, but look on in all Aſſurance, and that no Pain had Power to force from him one Word of Confeſſion:* Which was all they could get the firſt Day: The next Day, as they were leading him a ſecond Time to another Trial, ſtrongly diſengaging himſelf from the Hands of his Guards, he furiouſly ran his Head againſt a Wall, and beat out his Brains. *Epicharis*, having tir'd and glutted the Cruelty of *Nero*'s Yeomen of the Guard, and undergone their Fire, their Beating, and their Engines a whole Day together, without one Syllable of Confeſſion of her *Conſpiracy*; being the next Day brought again to the *Wrack*, with her Limbs almoſt torn to Pieces, conveying the Lace of her Robe with a running Nooſe over one of the Arms of her Chair, and ſuddenly ſlipping her Head into it, with the Weight of her own Body hang'd herſelf: Who having the Courage to die after that manner, is not to be preſum'd that ſhe purpoſely lent her Life to the Trial of her Fortitude the Day before, to mock the Tyrant, and encourage others to the like Attempt? And whoever will enquire of our *Argoulets*, of the Experiences they have had in our *Civil Wars*, will find Effects of Patience and Obſtinacy in this miſerable Age of ours, and amongſt the ſoft and effeminate Rabble, worthy to be compar'd with thoſe we have now related of the *Spartan* Virtue. I know there have been ſimple Peaſants amongſt us, who have endur'd the Soles of their Feet to be broil'd upon a *Gridiron*, their Fingers-ends to be writhen off with the Cock of a Piſtol, and their bloody Eyes ſqueez'd out of their Heads by the Force of a Cord twiſted about their Brows, before they would ſo much as conſent to Ranſom. I have ſeen one left ſtark-naked for dead in a Ditch, his Neck black and ſwell'd, with a Halter yet about it, with which they had dragg'd him all Night at a Horſe's Tail, his Body wounded in a hundred Places, with Stabs of Daggers had been given him, not to kill him, but to put him to Pain, and to affright him: Who had endur'd all

Fortitude of a Spaniſh *Peaſant.*

Death of Epicharis.

Or Light-Horſe.

all this, and even to being Speechleſs and Inſenſible, *reſolv'd*, as he himſelf told me, *rather to die a Thouſand Deaths* (as indeed, as to matter of Suffering, he had already had) *before he would pay a Penny*; and yet he was one of the richeſt Huſbandmen of all the Country. How many have been ſeen patiently to ſuffer themſelves to be burnt and roaſted, for Opinions taken upon Truſt from others, and by them not at all underſtood? I have known a Hundred and a Hundred Women (for *Gaſcony* has a certain Prerogative for Obſtinacy) whom you might ſooner have made eat Fire, than forſake an Opinion they had conceiv'd in Anger. They are more exaſperated by Blows and Conſtraint. And he that made the Story of the Woman, who in defiance of all Correction, Threats and Baſtinadoes, ceas'd not to call her Huſband *louzy Knave*; and that being plunged over Head and Ears in Water, could yet lift her Hands above her Head, and make a Sign of *cracking Lice*, feign'd a Tale, of which in Truth we every Day ſee a manifeſt Image in the *Obſtinacy* of Women. And *Obſtinacy* is the Siſter of *Conſtancy*, at leaſt in Vigour and Stability. We are not to judge what is poſſible, and what is not, according to what is credible and incredible to our Apprehenſion, as I have ſaid elſewhere: And it is a great Fault, and yet a Fault that moſt Men are guilty of (which nevertheleſs I do not mention with any Reflection upon *Bodinus*) to make a Difficulty of believing that in another, which they could not, or would not do themſelves. Every one thinks that the ſovereign Stamp of human Nature is imprinted in him, and that from it all others muſt take their Rule, and that all Proceedings which are not like his, are feigned and falſe. Is any thing of another's Actions or Faculties propos'd to him? The firſt Thing he calls to the Conſultation of his Judgment, is his own Example; and as Matters go with him, ſo they muſt of neceſſity do with all the World beſides. O dangerous and intolerable Folly! For my part, I conſider ſome Men as infinitely beyond me, eſpecially amongſt the *Ancients*; and yet, tho' I clearly diſcern my Inability to come near them by a thouſand Paces, I do not forbear to keep them in Sight, and to judge of what does elevate them ſo, of which I alſo perceive ſome Seeds of myſelf; as I alſo do of the extreme Meanneſs of ſome other Minds, which I

Women obſtinate.

neither am aſtoniſh'd at, nor yet miſbelieve. I very well perceive the Turns thoſe great Souls take to raiſe themſelves to ſuch a Pitch, and admire their Grandeur; and thoſe Flights that I think the braveſt, I could be glad to imitate, where, tho' I want Wing, yet my Judgment goes along with them.

The other Example he introduces of Things incredible and wholly fabulous, deliver'd by *Plutarch*, is, *That* Ageſilaus *was* ſin'd *by the* Ephori, *for having wholly engroſſed the Hearts and Affections of the* Citizens *to himſelf alone.* And herein I do not ſee what Sign of Falſity is to be found: But ſo it is, that *Plutarch* ſpeaks of Things that muſt needs be better known to him than to us; and it was no new Thing in *Greece*, to ſee Men puniſh'd and exil'd for this very Thing of being too acceptable to the People; witneſs the *Oſtraciſm* and *Petaliſm*. There is yet in this Place another Accuſation laid againſt *Plutarch*, which I cannot well digeſt; where he ſays, *That he has ſincerely coupled the* Romans *and the* Greeks *amongſt themſelves: But not the* Romans *with the* Greeks; *witneſs*, ſays he, Demoſthenes *and* Cicero, Cato *and* Ariſtides, Sylla *and* Lyſander, Marcellus *and* Pelopidas, *and* Pompey *and* Ageſilaus; ſuppoſing that he has favour'd the *Greeks* in giving them ſo unequal Companions, which is really to attack what in *Plutarch* is moſt excellent, and moſt to be commended. For in his *Parallels* (which is the moſt admirable Part of all his Works, and with which, in my Opinion, he is himſelf the moſt pleas'd) the Fidelity and Sincerity of his Judgments equal their Depth and Weight. He is a *Philoſopher* that teaches us Virtue. Let us ſee whether we cannot defend him from this Reproach of Falſity and Prevarication. All that I can imagine could give occaſion to this Cenſure, is, the great and ſhining Luſtre of the *Roman* Names which we have ſtill before us; it does not ſeem likely to us, that *Demoſthenes* could rival the Glory of a *Conſul*, *Proconſul*, and *Queſtor* of that great *Republick*: But if a Man conſiders the Truth of the Thing, and the Men in themſelves, which is *Plutarch*'s chiefeſt Aim, and more to balance their Manners, their Natures and Parts, than their Fortunes; I think contrary to *Bodinus*, that

Ageſilaus mulct by the Ephori, *for inſinuating himſelf into the Hearts of the People.*

Cicero,

Cicero, and the elder *Cato*, come very far ſhort of the Men with whom they are compar'd. I ſhould ſooner for his Purpoſe have choſen the Example of the younger *Cato* compar'd with *Phocian*, for in this *Couple* there would have been a more likely Diſparity to the *Roman*'s Advantage. As to *Marcellus*, *Sylla*, and *Pompey*, I very well diſcern that their Exploits of War are greater, and more full of Pomp and Glory, than thoſe of the *Greeks*, which *Plutarch* compares with them: But the braveſt and moſt virtuous Actions, no more in War than elſewhere, are not always the moſt renown'd. I often ſee the Names of Captains obſcur'd by the Splendor of other Names of leſs Deſert; witneſs *Labienus*, *Ventidius*, *Teleſinus*, and ſeveral others. And to take it by that, were I to complain on the Behalf of the *Greeks*, could I not ſay, that *Camillus* was much leſs comparable to *Themiſtocles*, the *Gracchi* to *Agis*, and *Cleones* and *Numa* to *Lycurgus*? But 'tis Folly to judge of Things that have ſo many Aſpects at one View. When *Plutarch* compares them, he does not for all that make them equal. Who could more learnedly and ſincerely have mark'd their Diſtinction? Does he parallel the Victories, Feats of Arms, the Force of their Armies conducted by *Pompey*, and his Triumphs, with thoſe of *Ageſilaus*? *I do not believe*, ſays he, *that* Xenophon *himſelf, if he were now living, tho' he was allowed to write whatever pleaſed him to the Advantage of* Ageſilaus, *would dare to bring them into Compariſon.* Does he ſpeak of parallelling *Lyſander* to *Sylla*? *There is*, ſays he, *no Compariſon, either in the Number of Victories, or in the Hazard of Naval Engagements*, &c. This is not to derogate from the *Romans*; for having only ſimply nam'd them with the *Greeks*, he can have done them no Injury, what Diſparity ſoever there may be betwixt them: And *Plutarch* does not entirely oppoſe them to one another, there is no Preference in general, he only compares the Pieces and Circumſtances one after another, and gives of every one a particular and ſeparate Judgment; wherefore if any one would convince him of Partiality, he ought to pick out ſome one of thoſe particular Judgments, or ſay in general that he was miſtaken in comparing ſuch a *Greek* to ſuch a *Roman*, when there were others more fit and better reſembling to parallel him to.

CHAP. XXXIII.

The Story of Spurina.

Philoſophy thinks ſhe has not made an ill uſe of her Talent, when ſhe has given the Sovereignty of the Soul, and the Authority of reſtraining our Appetites to *Reaſon*. Amongſt which, they who judge that there are none more violent than thoſe which ſpring from Love, have this Opinion alſo, *that they ſeize both Body and Soul, and poſſeſs the whole Man*; ſo that even Health itſelf depends upon them, and Medicine is ſometimes conſtrained to pimp for them. But a Man might on the contrary alſo ſay, that the Mixture of the Body brings an Abatement and Weakning; for ſuch Deſires are ſubject to Satiety, and capable of material Remedies. Many being determined to rid their Soul from the continual Alarms of this Appetite, have made uſe of Inciſion and Amputation of the rebelling Members. Others have ſubdued their Force and Ardour, by the frequent Application of cold Things, as Snow and Vinegar. The Sack-cloths of our Anceſtors were for this Purpoſe, which is a Cloth woven of Horſes Hair, of which ſome of them made Shirts, and others Girdles to torture and correct their Reins. A *Prince* not long ago told me, *that in his Youth, upon a ſolemn Feſtival in the Court of King* Francis *the Firſt, where every Body was very finely dreſs'd, he would needs put on his Father's Hair Shirt, which was ſtill kept in the Houſe*; but how great ſoever his Devotion was, he had not Patience to wear it till Night, and was ſick a long time after, adding withal, *that he did not think there could be any youthful Heat ſo fierce that the uſe of this Receipt would not mortify*, and yet perhaps he never eſſay'd the moſt Violent; for Experience ſhews us, that ſuch Emotions are often ſeen under rude and ſlovenly Clothes, and that a Hair Shirt does not always render thoſe chaſte that wear it. *Xenocrates* proceeded with greater Severity

in

in this Affair, for his Diſciples to make trial of his Continency, having ſlipt *Lais*, that beautiful and famous *Courtezan* into his Bed quite naked, excepting the Arms of her Beauty, and her wonton Allurements, her *Philters*, finding, that in Spight of his Reaſon and Philoſophical Rules, his unruly Fleſh began to mutiny, he caus'd thoſe Members of his to be burn'd that he found conſenting to this Rebellion. Whereas the Paſſions which wholly reſide in the Soul, as Ambition, Avarice, and the reſt, find the Reaſon much more to do, becauſe it cannot there be reliev'd but by its own means; neither are thoſe Appetites capable of Satiety, but grow ſharper and increaſe by Fruition. The ſole Example of *Julius Cæſar* may ſuffice to demonſtrate to us the Diſparity of thoſe Appetites; for never was Man more addicted to amorous Delights than he: Of which the delicate Care he had of his Perſon, to that degree of Effeminacy, as to make uſe of the moſt laſcivious means to that end, as to have the Hairs of his Body pluck'd off certain Parts, and larded all over with Perfumes, with the extreameſt Curioſity, is one Teſtimony; and he was a Beautiful Perſon in himſelf, of a fair Complexion, tall and ſprightly, full Fac'd, with quick hazel Eyes, if we may believe *Suetonius*; for the *Statues* that we ſee at *Rome* do not in all points anſwer this Deſcription. Beſides his Wives which he four times changed, without reckoning the *Amours* of his Childhood with *Nicomedes* King of *Bythinia*, he had the Maiden-head of the Renowned *Cleopatra*, Queen of *Egypt*; witneſs the little *Cæſario* that he had by her. He alſo made Love to *Eunoe*, Queen of *Mauritania*, and at *Rome*, to *Poſthumia*, the Wife of *Servius Sulpitius*, to *Lollia*, the Wife of *Gabinus*, to *Tortulla*, the Wife of *Craſſus*, and even to *Mutia*, Wife to the Great *Pompey*: Which was the Reaſon the *Roman* Hiſtorians ſay, that ſhe was repudiated by her Huſband, which *Plutarch* confeſſes to be more than he knew. And the *Curios*, both Father and Son, afterwards reproach'd *Pompey*, when he married *Cæſar*'s Daughter, *that he had made himſelf Son-in-Law to a Man who had made him a Cuckold, and one that he himſelf was wont to call Ægyſtus*. Beſides all theſe, he entertain'd *Servillia*, *Cato*'s Siſter, and Mother to *Marcus Brutus*, from whence every one believes, proceeded the great Affection he had to *Brutus*, by reaſon that he was born in a Time when it was likely it might be

his

his Son. So that I have Reaſon, methinks, to take him for a Man extremely given to this Debauch, and of a very amorous Conſtitution. But the other Paſſion of Ambition, with which he was exceedingly infected, ariſing in him to contend with the former, it was ſoon compell'd to give way. And here calling to mind *Mahomet*, who won *Conſtantinople*, and totally exterminated the *Grecian* Name; I do not know where theſe two Paſſions were ſo evenly balanc'd, equally an indefatigable Letcher and Soldier, but where they both meet in his Life, and juſtle one another, the quarrelling Ardour always gets the better of the amorous Paſſion. And this, though it was out of its natural Seaſon, never regained an abſolute Sovereignty over the other, till he was arriv'd at an extreme old Age, and unable to undergo the Fatigues of War. What is related for a contrary Example, of *Ladiſlaus* King of *Naples*, is very Remarkable; that being a great Captain, Valiant, and Ambitious, he propos'd to himſelf for the principal End of his Ambition, the Execution of his Pleaſure, and the Enjoyment of ſome rare and excellent *Beauty*. His Death ſeal'd up all the reſt: For having by a cloſe and tedious Siege, reduc'd the City of *Florence* to ſo great Diſtreſs, that the Inhabitants were compell'd to Capitulate about *Surrender*; he was content to let them alone, provided they would deliver up to him a Beautiful Maid he had heard of in their City. They were forc'd to yield to it, and by a private Injury to divert the Publick Ruin. She was the Daughter of a Famous Phyſician of his Time, who finding himſelf involv'd in ſo foul a Neceſſity, reſolv'd upon a high Attempt; for as every one was laying a Hand to trick up his Daughter, and to adorn her with Ornaments and Jewels, to render her more agreeable to this new Lover, he alſo gave her a Handkerchief moſt richly wrought, and of an exquiſite Perfume, (an Implement they never go without in thoſe Parts) which ſhe was to make uſe of at their firſt Approaches. This Handkerchief, empoiſoned with his chiefeſt Art, coming to be rubb'd between the chaf'd Fleſh and open Pores, both of the one and the other, ſo ſuddenly infus'd the Poiſon, that immediately converting their warm into a cold Sweat, they preſently died in one another's Arms. But I return to *Cæſar*. His Pleaſures never made him ſteal one Minute

Cæſar *very Ambitious.*

Minute of an Hour, nor ſtep one Step aſide from Occaſions that might conduce any way to his Advancement. That Paſſion was ſo ſovereign in him over all the reſt, and with ſo abſolute an Authority poſſeſt his Soul, that it guided him at Pleaſure. In reality, it troubles me when (as to every thing elſe I conſider the Greatneſs of this Man, and the wonderful Parts wherewith he was endued, learn'd to that degree in all Sorts of Knowledge, that there is hardly any one Science of which he has not written: He was ſo great an *Orator*, that many have preferr'd his Eloquence to that of *Cicero*; and he, I conceive, did not think himſelf inferiour to him in that Particular: For his two *Anti-Catos* were chiefly writ to counterbalance the Elocution that *Cicero* had expended in his *Cato*. As to the reſt, was ever Soul ſo vigilant, ſo active, and ſo patient of Labour as his? and doubtleſs it was embelliſh'd with many rare Seeds of Virtue, I mean innate and natural, and not put on. He was ſingularly Sober, ſo far from being delicate in his Diet, that *Opius* relates, how *that having one Day at Table Phyſical inſtead of common Oyl, in ſome Sawce ſet before him, he did eat heartily of it, that he might not put his Entertainer out of Countenance.* Another time he caus'd his *Baker* to be whip'd for ſerving him with a finer than ordinary ſort of Bread. *Cato* himſelf us'd to ſay of him, *that he was the firſt Sober Man that ever made it his Buſineſs to ruin his Country.* And as to the ſame *Cato*'s calling him one Day *Drunkard*, it fell out thus: Being both of them in the Senate, at a Time when *Cataline*'s Conſpiracy was in Queſtion, for which *Cæſar* was ſuſpected, one came and brought him a Ticket ſeal'd up: *Cato* believing that it was ſomething the Conſpirators gave him notice of, *call'd to him to deliver it into his Hand*, which *Cæſar* was conſtrain'd to do to avoid further Suſpicion. It was by Fortune a Love-letter that *Servilia, Cato's* Siſter, had written to him; which *Cato* having read, he threw it back to him, ſaying *there Drunkard.* This, I ſay, was rather a Word of Diſdain and Anger, than an expreſs Reproach of this Vice, as we often rate thoſe that anger us with the firſt injurious Words that come into our Mouths, tho' nothing due to thoſe we are offended at. To which may be added, that the Vice which *Cato* caſt in his Diſh is wonderfully near a-kin to that

Cæſar *called Drunkard.*

Venus *accompanies* Bacchus.

that wherein he had trap'd *Cæsar*; for *Bacchus* and *Venus*, according to the *Proverb*, do very willingly agree; but with me *Venus* is most spritely when I am most Sober.

Cæsar's *Clemency towards his Enemies.*

The Examples of his Sweetness and Clemency to those by whom he had been offended are Infinite; I mean besides those he gave during the Time of the *Civil Wars*, which, as plainly enough appears by his Writings, he practised to cajole his Enemies, and to make them less afraid of his future Dominion and Victory. But I must also say, that if these Examples are not sufficient Proofs of his natural Mildness, they at least manifest a marvellous Confidence and Grandeur of Courage in this Person. He has often been known to dismiss whole Armies, after having overcome them, to his Enemies, without Ransom, or deigning so much as to bind them by Oath, if not to favour him, at least no more to bear Arms against him. He has three or four Times taken some of *Pompey*'s Captains Prisoners, and as oft set them at Liberty. *Pompey* declar'd all those to be his *Enemies* who did not follow him to the War, and he proclaim'd all those to be his *Friends*, who sat still and did not actually take Arms against him. To such Captains of his as run away from him to go over to the other side, he sent moreover their Arms, Horses, and Equipage. The *Cities* he had taken by Force, he left at full Liberty to take which side they pleased, imposing no other Garrison upon them but the Memory of his Generosity and Clemency. He gave strict and express Charge the Day of his great Battle of *Pharsalia*, that without the utmost Necessity no one should lay a Hand upon the *Citizens* of *Rome*. These in my Opinion, were very hazardous Proceedings, and 'tis no wonder if those in our *Civil War*, who, like him, fight against the ancient Estate of their Country, do not follow his Example; they are extraordinary Means, which only belong to *Cæsar's* Fortune and his admirable Fore-sight in the Conduct of Affairs. When I consider the incomparable Grandeur of his Soul, I excuse Victory that it could not disengage itself from him, even in so unjust and so wicked a Cause.

To return to his Clemency; we have many natural Examples in the Time of his Government; when all Things

Things being reduc'd to his Power, he had no more need to diſſemble. *Caius Memmius* had writ very ſevere Orations againſt him, which he had as ſharply anſwer'd: Yet did not ſoon after forbear to uſe his Intereſt to make him *Conſul*. *Caius Calvus*, who had compos'd ſeveral injurious Epigrams againſt him, having employed many of his Friends to mediate a Reconciliation with him, *Cæſar* voluntarily perſuaded himſelf to write firſt to him. And our good *Catullus*, who had ſo rudely ruffled him under the Name of *Mamurra*, coming to make his Excuſes to him, he made him the ſame Day ſit at his Table. Having Intelligence of ſome who ſpoke Ill of him, he did no more, but only in a publick Oration declare, that he had Notice of it. He alſo leſs fear'd his Enemies than he hated them. Some Conſpiracies and Cabals that were made againſt his Life, being diſcovered to him, he ſatisfied himſelf in publiſhing by Proclamation, *that they were known to him*, without further proſecuting the Conſpirators.

As to the Reſpect he had to his Friends; *Caius Oppius*, being with him upon a Journey, and finding himſelf Ill, *he left him the only Lodging he had for himſelf, and lay all Night upon the hard Ground in the open Air*. As to what concerns his Juſtice; *he put a beloved Servant of his to Death for lying with a noble* Roman's *Wife, tho' there was no Complaint made*. Never had Man more Moderation in his Victory, nor more Reſolution in his adverſe Fortune. But all theſe good Inclinations were ſtifled and ſpoil'd by his *furious Ambition*, by which he ſuffer'd himſelf to be ſo tranſported and miſled, that a Man may eaſily maintain, that that Paſſion guided the Rudder of all his Actions. Of a liberal Man, it made him a publick Thief to ſupply his Bounty and Profuſion, and made him utter this vile and unjuſt Saying, *That if the moſt wicked and profligate Perſons in the World had been faithful in ſerving him towards his Advancement, he would cheriſh and prefer them to the utmoſt of his Power, as much as the beſt of Men*: It intoxicated him with ſo exceſſive a Vanity, as to dare to boaſt, in the Preſence of his Fellow *Citizens, That he had made the great Common-wealth of* Rome *a Name without Form, and without Body*; and to ſay, *that his Anſwer for the future ſhould ſtand for Laws*, and

Ambition the only Ruin of Cæſar's *Actions.*

and alſo to receive the Body of the Senate coming towards him *ſitting*; to ſuffer himſelf to be ador'd, and to have Divine Honours paid to him in his own Preſence. To conclude: This ſole Vice, in my Opinion, ſpoil'd in him the moſt rich and beautiful Nature that ever was, and has render'd his Name abominable to all good Men, in that he would erect his Glory upon the Ruins of his Country, and the Subverſion of the greateſt and moſt flouriſhing Republick the World ſhall ever ſee.

There might on the contrary many Examples be produc'd, of great Men whom Pleaſures have made to neglect the Conduct of their Affairs, as *Mark Anthony* and others; but where *Love* and *Ambition* ſhould be in equal Balance, and come to juſtle with equal Forces, I make no doubt but the laſt would win the Prize.

But to return to my Subject: 'Tis much to bridle our Appetites by the Diſcourſe of Reaſon, or by Violence to contain our Members within their Duty: But to laſh ourſelves for our Neighbours Intereſt, and not only to diveſt ourſelves of the charming Paſſion that tickles us, with the Pleaſure we feel of being agreeable to others, and courted and beloved of every one; but alſo to conceive a Hatred againſt the Graces that produce that Effect, and to condemn our Beauty becauſe it inflames others; of this, I confeſs, I have met with few Examples: This indeed is one; Spurina, *a young Man of* Tuſcany,

> *Qualis gemma micat fulvum quæ dividit aurum,*
> *Aut collo decus, aut capiti, vel quale per artem*
> *Incluſum buxo, aut Ericia Terebintho,*
> *Lucet ebur* *. ———

> As a Gem ſhines in yellow Gold enchac'd,
> On Neck, or Head, for Decoration plac'd;
> Or as by Art Iv'ry does Luſtre get
> In the *Erician Terebinthus* ſet.

being endow'd with a ſingular Beauty, and ſo exceſſive, that the chaſteſt Eyes could not chaſtly behold its Rays; not contenting himſelf with leaving ſo much Flame and Fever as he every where kindled, without Relief, enter'd into a furious

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* *Æneid. lib.* 10.

Spite

Spite againſt himſelf, and thoſe great Endowments Nature had ſo liberally conferr'd upon him; as if a Man were reſponſible to himſelf for the Faults of others: And purpoſely ſlaſh'd and diſfigur'd, with many Wounds and Scars, the perfect Symmetry and Proportion that Nature had ſo curiouſly imprinted in his Face. To give my free Opinion, I more admire than honour ſuch Actions: Such Exceſſes are Enemies to my Rules. The Deſign was Conſcientious and Good, but certainly a little defective in Prudence. What if his Deformity ſerv'd afterwards to make others guilty of the Sin of Hatred, or Contempt, or of Envy, at the Glory of ſo commendable an Action, or of Calumny, interpreting this Humour a mad Ambition! Is there any Form, from whence Vice cannot, if it will, extract Occaſion to exerciſe itſelf one way or other? It had been more Juſt, and alſo more Noble, to have made of theſe Gifts of God a Subject of regular and exemplary Virtue. They who retire themſelves from the common Offices, from that infinite Number of Vices, and manifeſt Rules that fetter a Man of exact Honeſty in the Civil Life, are in my Opinion very Diſcreet, what peculiar Sharpneſs of Conſtraint ſoever they impoſe upon themſelves in ſo doing. 'Tis in ſome ſort a kind of dying to avoid the Pain of living well. They may have no other Reward, but the Reward of the Difficulty I fancy they can never have, nor that in Uneaſineſs there can be any thing beyond keeping himſelf upright in the Waves of the World, truly and exactly performing all Parts of his Duty. 'Tis peradventure more eaſy to live clean from the whole Sex, than to maintain a Man's ſelf exactly in all Points in the Society of a Wife. And a Man may more incuriouſly ſlip into Want than Abundance duly diſpens'd. Cuſtom, carried on according to Reaſon, has in it more of Sharpneſs than Abſtinence. Moderation is a Virtue that has more Work than Sufferance. The well-living of *Scipio* has a thouſand Faſhions, that of *Diogenes* but one. This as much excels the ordinary Lives in Innocency, as the moſt accompliſh'd excel them in Utility and Force.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Obſervation of the Means to carry on a War according to Julius Cæſar.

'TIS ſaid of many great Leaders, *That they have had certain Books in particular Eſteem,* as *Alexander* the Great, *Homer*; *Scipio Africanus*, *Xenophon*; *Marcus Brutus*, *Polybius*; *Charles* the Fifth, *Philip de Comines*; and 'tis ſaid, *That in our Times* Machiavel *is elſewhere in Repute*; but the late *Mareſchal Stroſſy*, who took *Cæſar* for his Man, doubtleſs made the beſt Choice, being that that Book in Truth ought to be the Breviary of every great Soldier, as being the true and moſt excellent Pattern of all Military Art. And moreover, God knows with what Grace and Beauty he has embelliſh'd that rich Matter, with ſo pure, delicate, and perfect Expreſſion, that, in my Opinion, there are no Writings in the World comparable to his, as to that. I will ſet down ſome rare and peculiar Paſſages of his Wars that remain in my Memory.

His Army being in ſome Conſternation upon the Rumour that was ſpread of the great *Forces* that King *Juba* was leading againſt him, inſtead of abating the Apprehenſion which his Soldiers had conceiv'd at the News, and of leſſening the Forces of the Enemy, having call'd them all together to encourage and re-aſſure them, he took a quite contrary way to what we are us'd to do, for he told them, *that they needed no more to trouble themſelves with enquiring after the Enemy's* Forces, *for that he was certainly inform'd thereof*, and then told them of a Number much ſurpaſſing the Truth and Report that was rumour'd in his Army; following the Advice of *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*; foraſmuch as the Impoſture is not of ſo great Importance to find an Enemy weaker than we expected, than to find him really ſtrong, after having been made to believe that he

he was weak. It was alſo his Uſe to accuſtom his Soldiers ſimply to obey, without taking upon them to controul, or ſo much as to ſpeak of their Captain's Deſigns; which he never communicated to them but upon the Point of Execution, and took a Delight, if they diſcover'd any thing of what he intended, immediately to change his *Orders* to deceive them; and to that Purpoſe would often, when he had aſſign'd his Quarters in a Place, paſs forward and lengthen his Days *March*, eſpecially if it was foul Weather. The *Swiſſe*, in the Beginning of his Wars in *Gaul*, having ſent to him *to demand a free Paſſage over the* Roman *Territories*; tho' reſolved to hinder them by Force, he nevertheleſs ſpoke kindly to the Meſſengers, and took ſome reſpite to return an Anſwer, to make uſe of that time for recalling his Army together. Theſe ſilly People did not know how good a Huſband he was of his Time: For he does often repeat, *That it is the beſt Part of a Captain to know how to make uſe of Occaſions*, and his Diligence in his Exploits are in Truth unparallell'd and incredible. If he was not very Conſcientious in taking Advantage of an Enemy under colour of a Treaty of Agreement, he was as little in this, that he requir'd no other Virtue in a Soldier, but Valour only, and ſeldom puniſh'd any other Faults but Mutiny and Diſobedience. He would oft after his Victories turn them looſe to all ſorts of Licence, diſpenſing with them, for ſome time, from the Rules of Military Diſcipline, ſaying withal, *That he had Soldiers well train'd up, that powder'd and perfum'd they would run furiouſly to the Fight.* In truth, he lov'd to have them richly arm'd, and made them wear engraved, gilded and damaſk'd Arms, to the End that the Care of ſaving their Arms might engage them to a more obſtinate Defence. Speaking to them, he call'd them by the Name of *Fellow-Soldiers*, which we yet uſe; which his Succeſſor *Auguſtus* reform'd, ſuppoſing he had only done it upon Neceſſity, and to cajole thoſe who only folllow'd him as Volunteers;

The Obedience of Cæſar's *Soldiers.*

——— *Rheni mihi* Cæſar *in undis,*
Dux erat, hic ſocius, facinus quos inquinat æquat *.

* *Lucan. l.* 5.

Great *Cæſar*, who my Gen'ral did appear
Upon the Banks of *Rhine*, 's my Fellow here;
For Wickedneſs where it once hold does take.
All Men whom it defiles does equal make.

but that this Carriage was too mean and low for the Dignity of an Emperor and General of an Army; and therefore brought up the Cuſtom of calling them *Soldiers* only. With this Courteſy *Cæſar* mixt great Severity to keep them in Awe. The ninth *Legion* having mutiny'd near *Placentia*, he ignominiouſly caſheer'd them, tho' *Pompey* was then yet on Foot, and receiv'd them not again to Grace till after many Supplications. He quieted them more by Authority and Boldneſs than by gentle ways. In that Place where he ſpeaks of his Paſſage over the *Rhine* towards *Germany*, he ſays, *That thinking it unworthy of the Honour of* Roman *People to waft over his Army in Veſſels, he built a* Bridge *that they might paſs over Dry Foot.* There it was that he built that wonderful *Bridge*, of which he gives a particular Deſcription: For he no where ſo willingly inſiſts upon his own Actions, as in repreſenting to us the Subtilty of his Inventions in ſuch Kind of Things.

Exhortations to Soldiers before a Battle of great Importance.

I have alſo obſerv'd this, that he ſet a great Value upon his Exhortations to the Soldiers before the Fight; for where he ſhould ſhew that he was either ſurpriz'd, or reduc'd to a Neceſſity of Fighting, he always brings in this, *That he had not ſo much as Leiſure to Harangue his Army.* Before that great Battle with thoſe of *Tournay*, *Cæſar*, ſays he, *having given Order for every thing elſe, preſently ran where Fortune carried him to encourage his People, and meeting with the tenth* Legion, *had no more time to ſay any thing to them but this, That they ſhould remember their wonted Valour, not be aſtoniſh'd, but bravely ſuſtain the Enemies Encounter*; and being the Enemy was already approach'd within a Dart's caſt, he gave the Signal of Battle; and going ſuddenly thence elſewhere to encourage others, he found that they were already engag'd. His Tongue has indeed done him notable Service upon ſeveral Occaſions, and his Military Eloquence was in his own Time ſo highly reputed, that many of his Army writ down his *Harangues*

as

as he ſpoke them, by which Means there were Volumes of them collected that continued a long Time after him. He had ſo particular a Grace in ſpeaking, that they who were particularly acquainted with him, and *Auguſtus*, amongſt others, hearing thoſe Orations read, could diſtinguiſh even to the Phraſes and Words that were none of his. The firſt time that he went out of *Rome* with any publick Command, he arriv'd in eight Days at the River *Rhine*, having with him in his Coach a Secretary or two before him who were continually writing, and him that carried his Sword behind him. And certainly, though a Man did nothing but intend his way, he could hardly have perform'd that Journey ſo ſoon. With which Promptneſs having been every where Victorious in *Gaul*, he left it, and following *Pompey* to *Brunduſium*, in eighteen Days time he ſubdued all *Italy*, return'd from *Brunduſium* to *Rome*, and from *Rome* went into the very Heart of *Spain*, where he underwent extreme Difficulties in the War againſt *Afranius* and *Petrius*, and in the long Siege of *Marcelles*; from thence he returned into *Macedonia*, beat the *Roman* Army at *Pharſalia*; paſſed from thence in Purſuit of *Pompey* into *Egypt*, which he alſo ſubdu'd; from *Egypt* he went into *Syria*, and the Territories of *Pontus*, where he fought *Pharnaces*; from thence into *Africk*, where he defeated *Scipio* and *Juba*; again returned through *Italy* into *Spain*, where he defeated *Pompey's* Sons.

Cæſar's *Promptneſs in his Expeditions.*

Ocior & cœli flammis & tigride fœta.
Ac veluti montis ſaxum de vertice præceps
Cum ruit avulſum vento, ſeu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis ſolvit ſublapſa vetuſtas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu,
Exultatque ſolo, ſilvas, armenta, viroſque,
Involvens ſecum *.

* *Lucan. lib.* 5. *Virg. Æn. lib.* 12.

Swifter than Lightning, or the furious Courſe
Of the fell Tigreſs when ſhe is a Nurſe;
And as a Stone, torn from the Mountain's crown
By ſome rough Wind, thence tumbles headlong down,
Whether waſh'd off by Torrents of a Shower
Or loos'd by Age's all ſubduing Power,
The pond'rous Maſs falls with a mighty Force,
And grazing here and there, does in its Courſe
Sweep all before it, Men, and Flocks, and Droves,
And levels with the Earth oppoſing Groves.

Speaking of the Siege of *Avaricum*, he ſays, *that it was his Cuſtom to be Night and Day with the Pioneers.* In all Enterprizes of Conſequence he ſtill reconnoitred in Perſon, and never brought his Army into Quarters till he had firſt view'd the Place. And if we may believe *Suetonius*, when he reſolv'd to paſs over into *England*, *he was the firſt Man that ſounded the Paſſage.* He uſed to ſay, *that he more valu'd a Victory obtain'd by Counſel than Force.* And in the War againſt *Petreius*, and *Afranius*, Fortune preſenting him with an Occaſion of manifeſt Advantage, he declin'd it, ſaying, *that he hop'd with a little more Time and leſs Hazard to overthrow his Enemies.* He there alſo play'd a notable Part, in commanding his whole Army to paſs the River by Swimming, without any manner of Neceſſity.

——— *rapuitque ruens in prœlia miles*
Quod fugiens timuiſſet iter, mox uda receptis
Membra fovent armis, gelidoſque à gurgite, curſu
Reſtituunt artus *.

The Soldiers ruſh thorough a Paſs to fight
They would have been afraid t' have ta'en in flight
Then with their Arms their wet Limbs cover o'er,
And their numb'd Joints by running do reſtore.

I find him a little more temperate and conſiderate in his Enterprizes than *Alexander*, for this ſeems to ſeek and run headlong upon Dangers, like an impetuous Torrent that

* *Lucan. lib.* 4.

attacks

attacks and ruſhes againſt every thing it meets, without Choice or Diſcretion.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui regna Dauni perfluit Appuli
Dum ſævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluviem meditatur agris *.

So the biforked *Aufidus* amain
Runs bellowing forth along th' *Apulian* Plain,
When he with Rage, and ſwelling Floods abounds,
Threatning a Deluge to the tilled Grounds.

And indeed he was a General in the Flower and firſt Heat of his Youth, whereas *Cæſar* took up at the Trade at a ripe and well advanc'd Age. To which may moreover be added, that *Alexander* was of a more ſanguine, hot and cholerick Conſtitution, apt to puſh him on to ſuch Extravagancies, which he alſo enflam'd with Wine, from which *Cæſar* was very abſtinent: But where neceſſary Occaſion requir'd, never did any Man venture his Perſon more than he: So much that for my part, methinks, I read in many of his Exploits a determinate Reſolution to throw himſelf away, to avoid the Shame of being overcome. In his great Battle with thoſe of *Tournay*, he charg'd up to the Head of the Enemies without his Shield, as he was ſurpriz'd, ſeeing the Van of his own *Army* beginning to give ground, which was alſo ſeveral Times befallen him. Hearing that his People were beſieg'd, he paſs'd through the Enemies Army in Diſguiſe to go encourage them with his Preſence. Having cros'd over to *Dyrrachium* with very ſlender Forces, and ſeeing the Remainder of his *Army*, which he left to *Antonius*'s Conduct, ſlow in following him, he attempted alone to repaſs the Sea in a very great Storm; and privately ſtole away to fetch the reſt of his Forces, the Ports on the other Side being ſeiz'd by *Pompey*, and the whole Sea being in his Poſſeſſion. And as to what he perform'd by force of Hand, there are very many Exploits that in Hazard exceed all the Rules of War: For with how ſmall means did he undertake to ſubdue the Kingdom of *Egypt*, and afterwards to attack the Forces

* *Horat. lib.* 4. *Ode* 14.

of *Scipio* and *Juba*, ten times greater than his? Theſe People have had I know not what of more than Human Confidence in their Fortune, and his uſual Saying was, *that Men muſt execute and not deliberate upon Enterprizes.* After the Battle of *Pharſalia*, when he had ſent his Army away before him into *Aſia*, and was paſſing in one ſingle Veſſel the Streight of the *Helleſpont*, he met *Lucius Caſſius* at Sea with ten tall Men of War, where he had the Courage not only to ſtay his coming, but to ſtand up with him, and ſummon him to yield, and did his Buſineſs. Having undertaken that furious Siege of *Alexia*, where there were fourſcore thouſand Men in Garriſon, and that all *Gaul* was in Arms to raiſe the Siege, having ſet an Army on foot of a hundred and nine thouſand *Horſe*, and of two hundred and forty thouſand *Foot*, what a Boldneſs and mad Confidence was it in him, that he would not give over his Attempt and retire, in two ſo invincible Difficulties? which nevertheleſs he underwent: And after having won that great Battle againſt thoſe without, ſoon reduc'd thoſe within to his Mercy. The ſame happen'd to *Lucullus* at the Siege of *Tigranocerta* againſt King *Tigranes*, but the Condition of the *Enemy* was not the ſame, conſidering the Effeminacy of thoſe with whom *Lucullus* had to deal. I will here ſet down two rare and extraordinary Events concerning this Siege of *Alexia*; one, that the *Gauls* having drawn their Powers together to encounter *Cæſar*, after they had made a general Muſter of all their Forces, reſolv'd in their *Council of War* to diſmiſs a good Part of this great Multitude, that they might not fall into Confuſion, This Example of fearing being too many is new; but to take it right, it ſtands to reaſon, that the Body of an Army ſhould be of a moderate Greatneſs, and regulated to certain Bounds, both out of reſpect to the Difficulty of providing for them, and the Difficulty of governing and keeping them in Order. At leaſt it is very eaſy to make it appear by Example, that Armies ſo monſtrous in Number have ſeldom done any thing to Purpoſe. According to the ſaying of *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, *'Tis not the Number of Men, but the Number of Good Men that gives the Advantage*; the Remainder ſerving rather to trouble than aſſiſt. And *Bajazet* principally grounded his Reſolution of giving

Monſtrous Armies of no great Effect.

Tamerlane

Tamerlane Battle, contrary to the Opinion of all his Captains, upon this, that his Enemies numberleſs number of Men gave him aſſured Hopes of Confuſion. *Scanderberg*, a very good and expert Judge in ſuch Matters, was uſed to ſay, *that ten or twelve thouſand faithful fighting Men were ſufficient to a good Leader, to ſecure his Reputation in all ſorts of Military Occaſions.* The other Thing I will here record, which ſeems to be contrary both to Cuſtom and Rules of War, is, that *Vercingentorix*, who was made General of all the Parts of revolted *Gaul*, ſhould go ſhut up himſelf in *Alexia*: For he who has the Command of a whole Country, ought never to engage his Perſon but in Caſe of the laſt Extremity, that the only Place he had left was in the Defence of that City; Otherwiſe he ought to keep himſelf always at Liberty, that he may have means to provide in general for all parts of his Government.

That great numbers of Men cauſe Confuſion.

To return to *Cæſar*. He grew in time more ſlow, and more conſiderate, as his Friend *Oppius* bears witneſs; conceiving that he ought not eaſily to hazard the Glory of ſo many Victories, of which one Blow of Fortune might deprive him. 'Tis what the *Italians* ſay, when they would reproach the Raſhneſs and Fool-hardineſs of young People, calling them *Biſognoſi d'honore, neceſſitous of Honour*; and that being in ſo great a Want and Dearth of Reputation, they have reaſon to ſeek it at what Price ſoever, which they ought not to do, who have acquir'd enough already. There might reaſonably then be ſome Moderation, and ſome Satiety in this Thirſt and Appetite of Glory, as well as in other things; and there are enough that practiſe it. He was far remote from the religious Obſervation of the ancient *Romans*, who would never prevail in their Wars, but by dint of Truce, and ſimple Valour; and yet he was more Conſcientious than we ſhould be in theſe Days, and did not approve all ſorts of Means to obtain a Victory. In the War againſt *Arioviſtus*, whilſt he was parlying with him, there happen'd a great Tumult, which was occaſioned by the Fault of *Arioviſtus*'s *Light-Horſe*, wherein, though *Cæſar* ſaw he had a very great Advantage of the Enemy, he would make no uſe on't, leſt he ſhould be reproach'd with a treacherous Proceeding. He always uſed to wear a rich Garment, and

of a ſhining Colour in Battle, that he might be the more remarkable, and better obſerv'd. He always carried a ſtricter Hand over his Soldiers, and kept them cloſer together when near an Enemy. When the antient *Greeks* would accuſe any one of extreme Inſufficiency, they would ſay in common *Proverb, that he could neither Read nor Swim*; he was of the ſame Opinion, that Swimming was of great uſe in War, and himſelf found it ſo; for being to uſe Diligence, he commonly ſwam over the Rivers in his way; for he loved to march on Foot, as alſo did *Alexander* the Great. Being in *Egypt* forc'd, to ſave himſelf, to go into a little Boat, and ſo many People leaping in with him, that it was in danger of Sinking, he choſe rather to commit himſelf to the *Sea*, and recover'd his Fleet, which lay two hundred Paces off, holding in his left Hand his Tablets, and drawing his Coat-Armour in his Teeth, that it might not fall into the Enemies Hand, by ſwimming at a pretty advanc'd Age. Never had any *General* ſo much Credit with his Soldiers: In the Beginning of the *Civil Wars*, his *Centurions* offer'd him to find every one a Man at *Arms* at his own Charge, and the Foot Soldiers to ſerve him at their own Expence; thoſe who were moſt at their Eaſe moreover undertaking to defray the moſt Neceſſitous. The late *Admiral Chaſtilion* ſhew'd us the like Example in our Civil War; for the *French* of his Army laid out Money out of their own Purſes to pay the Strangers that were with them. There are but rarely found Examples of ſo ardent and ſo ready an Affection amongſt the Soldiers of Elder Times, who kept themſelves ſtrictly to their Rules of War. Paſſion has a more abſolute Command over us than Reaſon; and yet it has happened in the War againſt *Hannibal*, that by the Examples of the People of *Rome*, in the City, the Soldiers and Captains refus'd their Pay in the Army; and in *Marcellus*'s *Camp* thoſe were branded with the Name of *Mercenaries* who would receive any. Having come by the worſe near *Dyrrachium*, his Soldiers came and offer'd themſelves to be chaſtis'd and puniſh'd, ſo that there was more need to comfort than reprove them. One ſingle *Cohort* of his withſtood four of *Pompey*'s *Legions* above four Hours together, till they were almoſt killed with Arrows;

Soldiers not Mercenary.

Arrows; ſo that there were a hundred and thirty thouſand Shafts found in the *Trench*. A Soldier call'd *Scæva*, who commanded at one of the *Avenues*, invincibly maintain'd his Ground, having loſt an Eye, one Shoulder, and one Thigh ſhot through, and his Shield ſhot through in two hundred and thirty Places. It happened that many of his Soldiers being taken Priſoners, rather choſe to Die than promiſe to take the contrary ſide. *Granius Petronius*, taken by *Scipio* in *Africk*, *Scipio* having put the reſt to Death, ſent him Word *that he gave him his Life, for he was a Man of Quality*, and *Queſtor*; to whom *Petronius* ſent anſwer back, *that* Cæſar's *Soldiers were accuſtom'd to give others their Lives, and not to receive it, and immediately with his own Hand kill'd himſelf.*

Fidelity of the Garriſon of Salona.

Of their Fidelity there are infinite Examples; amongſt which that which was done by thoſe who were beſieg'd in *Salona*, a *City* that ſtood for *Cæſar* againſt *Pompey*, is not, for the Rarity of an Accident that there happen'd, to be forgot. *Marcus Octavius* kept them cloſe Beſieg'd; they within being reduc'd to the extreameſt Neceſſity of all things, ſo that to ſupply the want of Men, moſt of them being either ſlain, or wounded, they had manumitted all their Slaves, and had been conſtrain'd to cut off all the Women's Hair to make Ropes, beſides a wonderful Dearth of Victuals, and yet continuing reſolute never to yield: After having drawn the Siege to a great Length, by which *Octavius* was grown more Negligent and leſs Attentive to his Enterprize, they made choice of one Day about Noon, and having firſt plac'd the Women and Children upon the Walls to make a Shew, ſallied upon the Beſiegers with ſuch Fury, that having routed the firſt, ſecond and third Court of *Guards*, and afterwards the fourth, and all the reſt, and beaten them all out of their *Trenches*, they purſu'd them even to their Ships, and *Octavius* himſelf was fain to fly to *Dyrrachium* where *Pompey* lay. I do not at preſent remember that I have met with any other Example where the Beſieged ever gave the Beſiegers a total Defeat, and won the Field; nor that a *Sally* ever arriv'd at the Conſequence of a pure and entire Victory of Battle.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

Of Three good Women.

GOOD Women are not by Dozens, as every one knows, and eſpecially in the *Duties of Marriage*; for that is a Bargain full of ſo many nice Circumſtances, that 'tis hard a Woman's Will ſhould long endure ſuch a Reſtraint. Men, tho' their Condition be ſomething better under that Tye, have yet enough to do. The true Touch and Teſt of a happy Marriage reſpects the Time of their Cohabitation only, if it has been conſtantly, mild, loyal, commodious. In our Age Women commonly reſerve the Publication of their good Offices, and their vehement Affection towards their Huſbands until they have loſt them, or at leaſt, till then defer the Teſtimonies of their good Will. A too ſlow Teſtimony, and that comes too late; by which they rather manifeſt *that they never lov'd them till dead.* Their Life is nothing but Trouble, their Death full of Love and Courteſy. As Fathers conceal their Affections from their Children, Women likewiſe conceal theirs from their Huſbands to maintain a modeſt Reſpect. This Myſtery is not for my Palate; 'tis to much Purpoſe that they ſcratch themſelves and tear their Hair. I whiſper in a Waiting-woman or a Secretary's Ear, *How were they? How did they live together?* I always have that good Saying in my Head, *jactantius mœrent, quæ minus dolent. They make the moſt ado who are leaſt concern'd.* Their whimpering is offenſive to the Living, and vain to the Dead: We ſhould willingly give them leave to laugh after we are dead, provided they will ſmile upon us whilſt we are alive. Is it not to make a Man revive in ſpite, that ſhe who ſpit in my Face whilſt I was, ſhall come to kiſs my Feet when I am no more? If there be any Honour in lamenting a Huſband, it only appertains to thoſe who ſmil'd upon them whilſt they had them; let thoſe who wept during their Lives laugh at their Deaths, as well outwardly as within. Moreover, never-

regard

regard thoſe blubber'd Eyes, and that pitiful Voice; but conſider her Deportments, her Complexion, and the Plumpneſs of her Cheeks under all thoſe formal Veils; 'tis there the Diſcovery is to be made. There are few who do not mend upon't, and Health is a Quality that cannot lye: That ſtarch'd and ceremonious Countenance looks not ſo much back as forward. and is rather intended to get a New one, than to lament the Old. When I was a Boy, a very beautiful and virtuous *Lady*, who is yet living, and the Widow of a *Prince*, had I know not what more Ornament in her Dreſs than our Laws of Widow-hood will well allow, which being reproach'd withal, as a great Indecency, ſhe made Anſwer, *That it was becauſe ſhe was reſolv'd to have no more Friendſhips, and would never marry again.*

I have here, not at all diſſenting from our Cuſtoms, made choice of three Women, who have alſo expreſs'd the Utmoſt of their Goodneſs and Affections about their Huſbands Deaths; yet are they Examples of another kind than are now in uſe, and ſo ſevere, as will hardly be drawn into Imitation.

The younger *Pliny* had, near a Houſe of his in *Italy*, a Neighbour who was exceedingly tormented with certain Ulcers in his private Parts. His Wife ſeeing him ſo long to languiſh, intreated that he would give her leave to ſee, and at leiſure to conſider of the Condition of his Diſeaſe, and that ſhe would freely tell him what ſhe thought: This Permiſſion being obtain'd, and ſhe having curiouſly examin'd the Buſineſs, found it impoſſible he could ever be cur'd, and that all he was to hope for or expect, was a great while to linger out a painful and miſerable Life, and therefore, as the moſt ſure and ſovereign Remedy, reſolutely adviſ'd him to kill himſelf. But finding him a little tender and backward in ſo rude an Attempt: *Do not think my Friend*, ſaid ſhe, *that the Torments I ſee thee endure are not as ſenſible to me as thyſelf, and that to deliver myſelf from them, I will not myſelf make uſe of the ſame Remedy I have preſcrib'd to thee. I will accompany thee in the Cure as I have done in the Diſeaſe; fear nothing, but believe that we ſhall have Pleaſure in this Paſſage, that is, to free us from ſo many Miſeries, and we will go happily together.* Which having ſaid, and rous'd up her Huſband's Courage, ſhe

ſhe reſolv'd that they ſhould throw themſelves headlong into the Sea out of a Window that lean'd over it; and that ſhe might maintain to the laſt the loyal and vehement Affection wherewith ſhe had embrac'd him during his Life, ſhe would yet have him die in her Arms; but for fear they ſhould fail, and leſt they ſhould leave their hold in the Fall, ſhe tyed herſelf faſt to him by the Waſte, and ſo gave up her own Life to procure her Huſband's Repoſe. This was a mean Woman, and even amongſt that condition of People, 'tis no very new thing to ſee ſome rare Examples of Virtue.

——— *extrema per illos*
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit *.

When from the Earth Juſtice herſelf bereft,
She her laſt Steps upon ſuch People left.

The other two were noble and rich, where Examples of Virtue are rarely lodg'd. *Arria*, the Wife of *Cecinna Petus*, a Conſular Perſon, was the Mother of another *Arria*, the Wife of *Thraſea Pætus*, he whoſe Virtue was ſo renowned in the Time of *Nero*, and by means of this Son in Law, the Grand-mother of *Fannia*: For the Reſemblance of the Names of theſe Men and Women, and their Fortunes, had made many miſtake. This firſt *Arria*, her Huſband *Cecinna Pætus*, having been made Priſoner by ſome of the Emperor *Claudius*'s People, after *Scribonianus*'s Defeat, whoſe Party he had embrac'd in the War, *begg'd of thoſe who were to carry him Priſoner to* Rome, *that they would take her into their Ship, where ſhe ſhould be of much leſs charge and trouble to them than a great many Perſons they muſt otherwiſe have to attend her Huſband, and that ſhe alone would undertake to ſerve him in his Chamber, his Kitchen, and all other Offices.* But they refus'd her, wherefore ſhe put herſelf into a Fiſher-boat ſhe hir'd on a ſudden, and in that manner from *Sclavonia* followed him: Being come to *Rome*, *Juria*, the Widow of *Scribonianus*, one Day, for the reſemblance of their Fortune, accoſting her in the Emperor's Preſence; ſhe rudely repuls'd her with theſe Words, *I*

The Story of the Death of Arria, *the Wife of* Cecinna Pætus.

* *Virg. Georg. lib.* 2.

ſaid

ſaid ſhe, *ſpeak to thee, or give ear to any thing thou ſay'ſt! to thee, in whoſe Lap* Scribonianus *was Slain, and thou art yet alive!* Theſe Words, with ſeveral other Signs, gave her Friends to underſtand that ſhe would undoubtedly diſpatch herſelf, impatient of ſupporting her Huſband's Fortune. And *Thraſea* her Son in Law, beſeeching her not to throw away herſelf, and ſaying to her, *What? If I ſhould run the ſame Fortune that* Cecinna *has done, would you that your Daughter, my Wife, ſhould do the ſame? Would I?* reply'd ſhe, *Yes, yes, I would, if ſhe had liv'd as long, and in as good Intelligence with thee as I have done with my Huſband.* Theſe Anſwers made them more careful of her, and to have a more watchful Eye to her Deportments. One Day having ſaid to thoſe that look'd to her; *'Tis to much Purpoſe that you take all this Pains to prevent me; you may indeed make me die an ill Death, but to keep me from dying is not in your Power*; ſhe ſuddenly furious ſtarted from a Chair wherein ſhe ſat, and with all her Force ran her Head againſt the Wall, by which Blow being laid flat in a Swoon and very much wounded, after they had again with much ado brought her to herſelf: *I told you*, ſaid ſhe, *that if you refuſed me ſome eaſy way of dying, I ſhould find out another, how painful ſoever.* The Concluſion of ſo admirable a Virtue was thus: Her Huſband *Pætus*, not having reſolution enough of his own to diſpatch himſelf, as he was by the Emperor's Cruelty enjoin'd, one Day amongſt others, after having firſt employ'd all the Reaſons and Exhortations which ſhe thought moſt prevalent to perſuade him to it, ſhe ſnatch'd the Poignard he wore from his Side, and holding it ready in her Hand, for the Concluſion of her Admonitions, *Do thus* Pætus, ſaid ſhe, and in the ſame Inſtant giving herſelf a mortal Stab in the Breaſt, and then drawing it out of the Wound, preſented it to him, ending her Life with this noble, generous, and immortal Saying, *Pæte non dolet. Pætus, it is not painful*; having Strength to pronounce no more but thoſe few never to be forgotten Words,

Caſta ſuo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quem de viſceribus traxerat ipſa ſuis:
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci, non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, id mihi Pæte dolet *.

* *Mart. lib.* 1. *Epig.* 14.

When

When the Chaſte *Arria* gave the reeking Brand,
That had new goar'd her Heart; to *Pætus* Hand,
Pætus, the Wound I've made hurts not, quoth ſhe,
But the Wound thou wilt make, 'tis that hurts me.

The Action was much more noble in itſelf, and of a braver Senſe than the Poet could expreſs it; for ſhe was ſo far from being deterr'd by the Cruelty of her Huſband's Wound and Death, and her own, that ſhe had been the Promotreſs, and had given the Advice; but having perform'd this high and couragious Enterprize for her Huſband's only Convenience, ſhe had even in the laſt Gaſp of her Life no other Concern but for him, and of diſpoſſeſſing him of the Fear of dying with her. *Pætus* preſently ſtruck himſelf to the Heart with the ſame Weapon, aſham'd, I believe, to have ſtood in need of ſo dear and pretious an Example.

Pompeia Paulina, a young and very noble *Roman* Lady, had married *Seneca* in his extreme Old Age. *Nero*, his fine Pupil, ſent his Guards to him, to denounce the Sentence of Death, which was perform'd after this Manner: When the *Roman* Emperors of thoſe Times had condemn'd any Man of Quality, they ſent to him by their Officers to chuſe what Death he would, and to execute it within ſuch or ſuch a Time, which was limitted according to the Mettle of their Indignation, to a ſhorter or a longer Reſpite, that they might therein have better Leiſure to put their Affairs in Order, and ſometimes depriving them of the Means of doing it by the Shortneſs of the Time; and if the Condemn'd ſeem'd unwilling to ſubmit to the Order, they had People ready at hand to execute it, either by cutting the Veins of the Arms and Legs, or by compelling them by Force to ſwallow a Draught of Poiſon. But Perſons of Honour would not ſtay this Neceſſity, but made uſe of their own Phyſicians and Chirurgeons for this Purpoſe. *Seneca* with a calm and ſteady Countenance heard the Charge, and preſently call'd for Paper to write his Will, which being by the Captain deny'd, he turn'd himſelf towards his Friends, ſaying to them, *Since I cannot leave you any other Acknowledgment of the Obligation I have to you, I leave you at leaſt the beſt Thing I have, namely, the Image of my Life and Manners, which I intreat you*

you to keep in Memory of me; that ſo doing you may acquire the Glory of ſincere and real Friends. And therewithal one while appeaſing the Sorrow he ſaw them in with gentle Words, and preſently raiſing his Voice to reprove them; *What,* ſaid he, *are become of all our brave Philoſophical Precepts? What are become of all the Proviſions we have ſo many Years laid up againſt the Accidents of Fortune? Is* Nero's *Cruelty unknown to us? What could we expect from him who had murther'd his Mother and Brother, but that he ſhould put his Governor to Death, who had nouriſh'd and bred him?* After having ſpoke theſe Words in general, he turn'd himſelf towards his Wife, and embracing her faſt in his Arms, as her Heart and Strength failing her, ſhe was ready to ſink down with Grief, he begg'd of her, *for his Sake, to bear this Accident with a little more Patience, telling her, that now the Hour was come wherein he was to ſhew, not by Argument and Diſcourſe, but by Effect, the Fruit he had acquired by his Studies; and that he really embraced his Death, not only without Grief, but moreover with exceeding Joy. Wherefore, my Deareſt,* ſaid he, *do not diſhonour it with thy Tears, that it may not ſeem as if thou lov'ſt thyſelf more than my Reputation. Moderate thy Grief, and comfort thyſelf in the Knowledge thou haſt had of me and of my Actions, leading the Remainder of thy Life in the ſame virtuous Manner thou haſt hitherto done.* To which *Paulina,* having a little recover'd her Spirits, and warm'd her Magnanimity with the Heat of a moſt generous Affection, reply'd: *No,* Seneca, *I am not a Woman to ſuffer you to go alone in ſuch Neceſſity: I will not have you to think that the virtuous Examples of your Life have not yet taught me how to die, and when can I ever better, or more decently do it, or more to my own Deſire, than with you? and therefore aſſure yourſelf I will go along with you. Seneca* then taking this noble and generous Reſolution of his Wife exceedingly kind at her Hands, and alſo willing to free himſelf from the Fear of leaving her expoſed to the Mercy and Cruelty of his Enemies after his Death: *I have,* Paulina, ſaid he, *ſufficiently inſtructed thee in what would ſerve thee happily to live; but thou more covet'ſt, I ſee, the Honour of dying: In truth I will not grudge it thee; the Conſtancy and Reſolution in our common End are the ſame,*

ſame, but the Beauty and Glory of thy Part is much greater. Which being ſaid, the Chirurgeons at the ſame Time open'd the Veins of both their Arms; but being thoſe of *Seneca* were more ſhrunk up, as well with Age as Abſtinence, made his Blood to flow more ſlowly, he moreover commanded them to open the Veins of his Thighs; and leſt the Torments he endured might intimidate his Wife's Heart, and alſo to free himſelf from the Affliction of ſeeing her in ſo ſad a Condition, after having taken a very affectionate Leave of her, *he intreated ſhe would ſuffer them to carry her into her Chamber*; which they accordingly did: But all theſe Inciſions being not yet enough to make him die, he commanded *Statius Anneus*, his Phyſician, to give him a Draught of Poiſon, which had not much better Effect; for by reaſon of the Weakneſs and Coldneſs of his Limbs, it could not arrive to his Heart. Wherefore they were forc'd to ſuperadd a very hot Bath, and then feeling his End approach, whilſt he had Breath he continued excellent Diſcourſes upon the Subject of his preſent Condition, which the Secretaries writ down ſo long as they could hear his Voice, and his laſt Words were long after in high Honour and Eſteem amongſt Men; and it was a great Loſs to us that they were not reſerv'd down to our Times: Then feeling the laſt Pangs of Death, with the bloody Water of the Bath he bath'd his Head, ſaying, *This Water I dedicate to* Jupiter *the Deliverer.* *Nero*, being preſently advertis'd of all this, fearing leſt the Death of *Paulina*, who was one of the beſt deſcended Ladies of *Rome*, and againſt whom he had no particular Unkindneſs, ſhould turn to his Reproach, he ſent back Orders in all Haſte to bind up her Wounds, which her Attendants without his Knowledge had done before; ſhe being already half dead, and without all Manner of Senſe. Thus, tho' ſhe liv'd, contrary to her own Deſign, it was very honourably, and according to her own Virtue, her pale Complexion ever after manifeſting how much Life was run from her Veins.

Theſe are my three very true Stories, which I find as diverting and as tragick as any of thoſe we make of our own Heads, wherewith to entertain the common People; and I wonder they who are addicted to ſuch Relations, do

do not rather cull out ten thouſand very fine Stories, which are to be found in very good Authors, that would ſave them the Trouble of Invention, and be more uſeful and diverting: And who would make a Collection of them, would need to add nothing of his own, but the Connection only, as it were the Soder of another Metal; and might by this means Embody a great many true Events of all Sorts, diſpoſing and diverſifying of them according as the Beauty of the Work ſhould require, after the ſame Manner almoſt as *Ovid* has made up his *Metamorphoſis* of the infinite Number of various Fables.

In this laſt Couple this is moreover worthy of Conſideration, *that* Paulina *voluntarily offer'd to loſe her Life for the Love of her Huſband, and that her Huſband had formerly alſo forbore dying for the Love of her.* There is no juſt Counterpoiſe in this Exchange as to us; but according to his Stoical Humour I preſume he thought he had done as much for her, in prolonging his Life upon her Account, as if he had dy'd for her. In one of his Letters to *Lucilius*, after he has given him to underſtand, that being ſeiz'd with an *Ague* at *Rome*, he preſently took Coach to go to a Houſe he had in the Country, contrary to his Wife's Opinion, who would by all means perſuade him to ſtay: And that he told her, *that the Ague he was ſeiz'd with was not a Fever of the Body, but the Place*; it follows thus; *She let me go*, ſays he, *with giving me a ſtrict Charge of my Health. Now I, who know that her Life is envolv'd in mine, begin to make much of myſelf, that I may preſerve her: and I loſe the Privilege my Age has given me of being more conſtant and reſolute in many things, when I call to mind, that in this old Fellow there is a young Lady who is intereſted in his Health. And ſince I cannot perſuade her to love me more courageouſly, ſhe makes me more ſolicitouſly to love myſelf: For we muſt allow ſomething to honeſt Affections, and ſometimes, tho' Occaſions importune us to the Contrary, we muſt call back Life, even tho it be with Torment; we muſt hold the Soul faſt in our Teeth, ſince the Rule of Living amongſt good Men is not ſo long as they pleaſe, but as long as they ought: He that loves not his Wife and his Friend ſo well as to prolong his Life for them, but will obſtinately die, is too delicate and too effeminate: The Soul*

Seneca's *great Affection to his Wife.*

muſt impoſe this upon itſelf, when the Utility of our Friends does ſo require: We muſt ſometimes lend ourſelves to our Friends, and when we would die for ourſelves, muſt break that Reſolution for them. 'Tis a Teſtimony of Grandeur and Courage to return to Life for the Conſideration of another, as many excellent Perſons have done; and 'tis a Mark of ſingular good Nature to preſerve old Age (of which, the greateſt Convenience is the Indifferency of its Duration, and a more Stout and Diſdainful Uſe of Life) when a Man perceives that this Office is Pleaſing, Agreeable, and Uſeful to ſome Perſon by whom we are very much belov'd. And a Man reaps by it a very pleaſing Reward; for what can be more Delightful than to be ſo dear to his Wife, as upon her Account he ſhall become dear to himſelf.. Thus has my Paulina *loaded me not only with her Fears, but my own; it has not been ſufficient to conſider how reſolutely I could die, but I have alſo conſider'd how irreſolutely ſhe would bear my Death. I am enforc'd to live, and ſometimes to live is Magnanimity.* Theſe are his own Words, as excellent as they every where uſe to be.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Of the moſt Excellent Men.

SHould I be aſk'd my Opinion and Choice of all the Men who have come to my Knowledge, I ſhould make anſwer, *That methinks I find three more Excellent than all the reſt.* One of them *Homer*; not that *Ariſtotle* and *Varro*, for Example, were not perhaps as learned as he; nor that poſſibly *Virgil* was not equal to him in his own Art; which I leave to be determined by ſuch as know them both, and are beſt able to judge. I, who for my part, underſtand but one of them, can only ſay this, according to my poor Talent, *that I do not believe the* Muſes *themſelves did ever go beyond the* Roman.

Tale facit carmen docta teſtudine, quale
Cynthius impoſitis temperat articulis *.

* *Propert. l. 2. Eleg. ult.*

Whilſt

Whilſt playing to his Lute, he Verſe doth ſing,
'Tis like *Apollo*'s Voice and ſingering.

And yet in this Judgment we are not to forget that it is chiefly from *Homer* that *Virgil* derives his Excellence, that he is his Guide and Teacher; and that the *Iliad* only has ſupply'd him with Body and Matter, out of which to compoſe his Great and Divine *Æneis*. I do not reckon upon that, but mix ſeveral other Circumſtances that render this *Poet* Admirable to me, even as it were above human Condition. And in truth, I often wonder that he who has erected, and by his Authority given ſo many Deities Reputation in the World, was not deified himſelf, being Blind and Poor; being that before the *Sciences* were reduc'd into Rule and certain Obſervations, he was ſo well acquainted with them, that all thoſe who have ſince taken upon them to eſtabliſh Governments, to carry on Wars, and to write either of *Philoſophy* or *Religion*, or what Sect ſoever, or of the *Arts*, have made uſe of him as of a moſt perfect Inſtructer in the Knowledge of all Things, and of his *Books*, as of an unexhauſted Treaſure of all ſorts of Learning.

Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non Plenius, ac melius Chryſippo et Crantore dixit *.

Who, what's our good, what not, what brave, what baſe,
Fuller than *Crantor*, or *Chryſippus* ſays.

and as this other ſays,

——— *a quo ceu fonte perenni*
Vatum Pieriis labra rigantur aquis †.

From whoſe ne'er failing Spring the Poet ſips,
And in *Pierian* Waters wets his Lips,

and another,

Adde Heliconiadum Comites, quorum unus Homerus, Aſtra potitus ‡.

Of all Pretenders, *Homer* is alone
Judg'd the moſt worthy of the Poet's Throne.

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* *Hor. lib.* 1. *Epiſt.* 2. † *Ovid. Amor. lib.* 3. *Eleg.* 8.
‡ *Lucret. lib.* 3.

and another,

> ——— *cujuſque ex ore profuſo*
> *Omnis poſteritas latices in carmina duxit,*
> *Amnemque in tenues auſa eſt deducere rivos,*
> *Unius fœcunda bonis* *.
>
> From whoſe full flowing Stream, Poſterity
> Have Channels laid to draw out Verſes by,
> And have made bold to draw by thoſe out-lets
> The *Torrent* into little *Rivulets*,
> All fruitful thorough one Man's Eloquence.

'Tis contrary to the Order of *Nature*, that he has made the moſt excellent Production that can poſſibly be, for the ordinary Birth of Things is imperfect; they uſually thrive, and gather Strength by growing: Whereas he has rendred the Infancy of *Poeſy* and other Sciences Mature, Perfect, and Accompliſhed at firſt. And for this Reaſon he may be call'd the firſt and the laſt of *Poets*, according to the fair Teſtimony Antiquity has left us of him, *That as there was none before him whom he could imitate, ſo there has been none ſince that could imitate him.* His Words, according to *Ariſtotle*, are the only Words that have Motion and Action, and are the only ſubſtantial Words. *Alexander* the Great, having found a rich *Cabinet* amongſt *Darius*'s Spoils, gave order it *ſhould be reſerv'd for him to keep his* Homer *in:* ſaying, *That he was the beſt and moſt faithful* Counſellor *he had in his Military* Affairs. For the ſame Reaſon it was, that *Cleomenes*, the Son of *Alexandrias*, ſaid, *That the* Lacedæmonian *Poet was the beſt Maſter for the Diſcipline of War.* This ſingular and particular Commendation is alſo left of him in the Judgment of *Plutarch*, *That he is the only Author in the World that never glutted nor diſguſted his Readers, preſenting himſelf always another Thing, and always flouriſhing in ſome new Grace.* That Wanton *Alcibiades*, having aſk'd one who pretended to Learning for a Book of *Homer*, gave him a Box on the Ear becauſe he had none, which he thought as ſcandalous, as to take one of our Prieſts without a Breviary. *Xenophanes* complain'd one Day to *Hiero*, the Tyrant of *Syracuſa*, *that he was ſo poor he had not wherewithal to maintain two Servants*;

* *Manil. Aſtro.*

What

What, reply'd the Tyrant, Homer, *who was much poorer than you are, keeps above ten thouſand now he is dead!* What did *Pantius* leave unſaid, when he call'd *Plato the Homer of Philoſophers?* Beſides, what Glory can be compar'd to his? Nothing is ſo frequent in Men's Mouths as his Name and Works, nothing ſo known and receiv'd as *Troy*, *Helen*, and the War about her, when perhaps there was never any ſuch Thing. Our Children are call'd by Names that he feign'd above three thouſand Years ago. Who is ignorant of the Story of *Hector* and *Achilles?* Not only ſome particular Families, but moſt Nations alſo ſeek Original in his Inventions. *Mahomet*, the ſecond of that Name, Emperor of the *Turks*, writing to our Pope *Pius* the Second; *I am aſtoniſh'd*, ſays he, *that the* Italians *ſhould appear againſt me, conſidering that we have our common Deſcent from the* Trojans, *and that it concerns me as well as it does them, to revenge the Blood of* Hector *upon the* Greeks, *whom they countenance againſt me.* Is it not a noble Farce wherein Kings, Republicks, and Emperors, have ſo many Ages play'd their Parts, and to which the vaſt Univerſe ſerves for a Theatre? Seven *Grecian* Cities contended for his Birth, ſo much Honour even his Obſcurity help'd him to.

*Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ**.
By *Smyrna*, *Rhodes*, *Colophon*, *Salamis*,
Chios, *Argos*, and *Athens*, he claim'd is.

The other is *Alexander* the Great. For whoever will conſider the Age at which he began his Enterprizes, the ſmall Means by which he effected ſo glorious a Deſign; the Authority he obtain'd at ſo ſlender an Age, with the greateſt and moſt experienc'd Captains of the World, by whom he was follow'd, and the extraordinary Favour wherewith *Fortune* embrac'd him, and favour'd ſo many hazardous, that I may not ſay raſh Deſigns:

——— *impellens quicquid ſibi ſumma petenti*
Obſtaret, gaudenſque viam feciſſe ruina †.
Bearing down all his high Deſigns withſtood,
And pleas'd by Ruin to have made them good.

* *Aul. Gellius.* † *Lucan. l.* 1.

That Grandeur, to have at the Age of three and thirty Years paſs'd Victorious through the whole habitable Earth, and in half a Life to have attain'd to the utmoſt of what human Nature can do; ſo that you cannot imagine his Duration juſt, and the Continuation of his Increaſe in Virtue, and Fortune, even to a due Maturity of Age, but that you muſt withal imagine ſomething more than Man: To have ſo many royal Branches to ſpring from his Soldiers; leaving the World at his Death, divided amongſt four Succeſſors, who were no better than Captains of his Army, whoſe Poſterity have ſo long continued, and maintain'd that vaſt Poſſeſſion; ſo many excellent Virtues as he was Maſter of, Juſtice, Temperance, Liberality, Truth in his Word, Love towards his own, and Humanity towards thoſe he overcame; for his Manners in general ſeem in truth incapable of any manner of Reproach, tho' ſome particular and extraordinary Action of his may perhaps fall under Cenſure. But it is impoſſible to carry on ſuch great Things as he did with the ſtrict *Rules* of *Juſtice*; ſuch as he are to be judg'd in groſs, by the main End of their Actions. The Ruin of *Thebes*, the Murther of *Menander*, and of *Epheſtion*'s Phyſician, the Maſſacre of ſo many *Perſian* Priſoners at once, of a Troop of *Indian* Soldiers, not without Prejudice to his Word, and of the *Coſſeyans*, ſo much as to the very Children, are indeed Sallies that are not well to be excus'd. For, as to *Clytus*, the Fault was more than recompenc'd in his Repentance, and that very Action, as much as any other whatever, manifeſts the Sweetneſs of his Nature, a Nature moſt excellently form'd to Goodneſs; and it was ingeniouſly ſaid of him, *That he had his Virtues by Nature, and his Vices by Chance*. As to his being given a little to bragging, and a little too impatient of hearing himſelf ill ſpoken of; and as to thoſe *Mangers*, *Arms*, and *Bits* he caus'd to be ſtrew'd in the *Indies*; all thoſe little Vanities, methinks, may very well be allow'd to his Youth, and the prodigious Proſperity of his Fortune. And who will conſider withal his ſo many Military Virtues, his Diligence, Foreſight, Patience, Diſcipline, Subtilty, Magnanimity, Reſolution, and good Fortune, wherein (though we had not the Authority of *Hannibal* to aſſure us) he was the firſt of Men; the admirable Beauty and Symmetry of his Perſon even to a Miracle,

racle, his Majeſtick Port, and awful Deportment, in a Face ſo Young, ſo Ruddy and ſo Radiant;

Qualis ubi Oceani perfuſus Lucifer unda,
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os ſacrum cælo, tenebraſque reſolvit *.

Such the Day Star does from the Ocean riſe,
Above all Lights, grateful to *Venus'* Eyes,
When he from Heaven darts his ſacred Light,
And diſſipates the ſudden Shades of Night.

The Excellency of his Knowledge and Capacity; the Duration and Grandeur of his Glory, pure, clean, without Spot or Envy, and that long after his Death it was a Religious Belief, that his very *Medals* brought good Fortune to all that carried them about them; and that more *Kings* and *Princes* have writ his Acts, than other *Hiſtorians* have written the Acts of any other *King* or Prince whatever; and that to this very Day the *Mahometans*, who deſpiſe all other *Hiſtories*, admit of, and honour his alone, by a ſpecial Privilege: Whoever, I ſay, will ſeriouſly conſider theſe Particulars, will confeſs, that all theſe Things put together, I had reaſon to prefer him before *Cæſar* himſelf, who alone could make me doubtful in my Choice: And it cannot be denied, but that there was more of his own Exploits, and more of Fortune in thoſe of *Alexander*. They were in many Things equal, and perhaps *Cæſar* had the Advantage in ſome particular Qualities. They were two *Fires*; or two *Torrents* to over-run the World by ſeveral Ways.

Et velut immiſſi diverſis partibus ignes
Arentem in ſylvam, & virgulta ſonantia lauro:
Aut ubi decurſu rapido de montibus altis
Dant ſonitum ſpumoſi amnes, & in æquora currunt,
Quiſque ſuum populatus iter †.

And like to Fires in ſeveral Parts apply'd
To a dry Grove of crackling Laurel's ſide;
Or like the Cataracts of foaming Rills,
That tumble headlong from the higheſt Hills
To haſten to the Ocean; even ſo
They bear all down before them where they go.

* *Æneid. lib.* 8. † *Æneid. lib.* 12.

But tho' *Cæſar*'s Ambition had been more moderate, it would ſtill be ſo unhappy, having the Ruin of his *Country*, and the univerſal Miſchief to the World for its abominable Object; that all Things rak'd together, and put into the Balance, I muſt needs incline to *Alexander*'s Side.

The third, in my Opinion, and the moſt Excellent of all, is *Epaminondas*. Of Glory he has not near ſo much as the other two (which alſo is but a Part of the Subſtance of the Thing) of Valour and Reſolution, not of that ſort which is puſh'd on by Ambition, but of that which Wiſdom and Reaſon can raiſe in a regular Soul, he had all that could be imagin'd. Of this Virtue of his, he has, in my Thoughts, given as ample Proof, as either *Alexander* himſelf, or *Cæſar*: For although his Expeditions were neither ſo frequent nor ſo renowned, they were yet, if duly conſider'd in all their Circumſtances, as important, as bravely fought, and carry'd with them as manifeſt Teſtimony of Valour and Military Conduct, as thoſe of any whatever. The *Greeks* have done him the Honour, without Contradiction, to pronounce him *the greateſt Man of their Nation*; and to be the firſt of *Greece*, is eaſily to be the firſt of the World. As to his Knowledge, we have this ancient Judgment of him, *That never any Man knew ſo much, and ſpoke ſo little as he.* For he was of the *Pythagorean* Sect. But when he did ſpeak, *never any Man ſpoke better*; an excellent Orator, and of powerful Inſinuation. But as to his Manners and Conſcience, he has infinitely ſurpaſs'd all Men that ever undertook the Management of Affairs; for in this one thing, which ought chiefly to be conſider'd, that alone only denotes us for what we are, and that alone I counter-balance with all the reſt put together, he comes not ſhort of any Philoſopher whatever, not even of *Socrates* himſelf. *Innocency* in this Man is a Quality, peculiar, ſovereign, conſtant, uniform, and incorruptible; compar'd to which, it appears in *Alexander* ſubject to ſomething elſe above it, uncertain, variable, effeminate, and accidental. *Antiquity* has judg'd that in throroughly ſifting all the other great *Captains*, there is found in every one ſome peculiar Quality that illuſtrates his Name. In this Man only there is a full and equal Virtue throughout, that leaves nothing to be wiſh'd for in him, whether in private or publick Employment, whether in Peace or War, whether glori-

glorioufly to live or die. I do not know any Form or Fortune of Man that I ſo much honour or love. 'Tis true, that I look upon his obſtinate Poverty, as it is ſet out by his beſt Friends, a little too ſcrupulous and nice. And this is the only Action, tho' high in itſelf, and well worthy of Admiration, that I find ſo ſevere as not to deſire to imitate myſelf, to the Degree it was in him. The ſole *Scipio Æmilianus*, would any attribute to him as brave and magnificent an End, and as profound and univerſal a Knowledge, might be put into the other Scale of the Balance. Oh! what an Injury has Time done me, to deprive me of the Sight of two of the moſt noble Lives, which, by the common Conſent of all the World, one the greateſt of the *Greeks*, and the other of the *Romans*, were in all *Plutarch*. What a Matter! What a Workman! For a Man that was no Saint, but as we ſay, a gallant Man, of civil and ordinary Manners, and of a moderate Ambition, the richeſt Life that I know, and full of the richeſt, and moſt to be deſir'd Parts of all Things conſider'd, is, in my Opinion, that of *Alcibiades*. But as to what concerns *Epaminondas*, I will here, for the Example of an exceſſive Goodneſs, add ſome of his Opinions. He declar'd, *That the greateſt Satisfaction he ever had in his whole Life, was, the Contentment he gave his Father and Mother in his Victory of* Leuctra; wherein his Defence is great, preferring their Pleaſure before his own, ſo juſt, and ſo full of ſo glorious an Action. He did not think it lawful, even to reſtore the Liberty of his Country, to kill a Man without knowing a Cauſe; which made him ſo cold in the Enterprize of his Companion *Pelopidas*, for the Relief of *Thebes*. He was alſo of Opinion, *That Men in Battle ought to avoid the Encounter of a Friend that was on the contrary Side, and to ſpare him.* And Humanity even towards his Enemies themſelves, having render'd him ſuſpected to the *Boetians*, for that after he had miraculouſly forc'd the *Lacedæmonians* to open him the Paſs, which they had undertaken to defend at the Entry of *Morea*, near unto *Corinth*, he contented himſelf with having charg'd thorough them, without purſuing them to the utmoſt, he had his Commiſſion of General taken from him. Very honourably upon ſuch an Account, and for Shame it was

Humanity of Epaminondas.

was to them upon Neceſſity afterward to reſtore him to his Command, and then to ſee how much upon him depended their Safety and Honour: Victory like a Shadow attending him wherever he went; and indeed the Proſperity of his Country, as being from him deriv'd, died with him.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Of the Reſemblance of Children to their Fathers.

THIS fagotting up of divers Pieces, is ſo oddly compos'd, that I never ſet Pen to Paper, but when I have too much idle Time, and never any where but at Home; ſo that it is compil'd at ſeveral Interruptions and Intervals, as Occaſions keep me ſometimes many Months abroad. As to the reſt, I never correct my firſt by any ſecond Conceptions; perhaps I may alter a Word or ſo; but 'tis only to vary the Phraſe, and not to deſtroy my former Meaning. I have a mind to repreſent the Progreſs of my Humour, that every one may ſee every Piece as it came from the *Forge*. I could wiſh I had begun ſooner, and had taken more Notice of the Courſe of my Mutations. A Servant of mine, that I employ'd to tranſcribe for me, thought he had got a Prize by ſtealing ſeveral Pieces from me, wherewith he was beſt pleas'd; but it is my Comfort, that he will be no greater a Gainer, than I ſhall be a Loſer by the Theft. I am grown older by ſeven or eight Years ſince I begun; neither has it been without ſome new Acquiſition: I have in that Time, by the Liberty of Years, been acquainted with the *Stone*, a long Converſation, which Time hardly wears off without ſome ſuch Inconvenience. I could have been glad, that of other Infirmities, Age has to preſent long-liv'd Men, it had choſen ſome one that would have been more welcome to me, for it could not poſſibly have laid upon me a Diſeaſe, for which, even from my Infancy, I have had ſo great Horror; and it is in Truth of all the Accidents of Old Age, that of which I have

I have ever been moſt afraid. I have often thought with myſelf, that I went on too far, and that in ſo long a Voyage, I ſhould at laſt run myſelf into ſome Diſadvantage; I perceiv'd, and often declar'd, that it was time to knock off, and that Death was to be cut off in the ſound and living Part, according to the *Chirurgeons* Rule in Amputations. And that *Nature* made him pay very ſtrict Uſury, who did not in due Time pay the Principal. And yet I was ſo far from being ready, that in eighteen Months time, or thereabout, that I have been in this uneaſy Condition, I have ſo inur'd myſelf to it, as to be content to live on in it; and have found wherein to comfort myſelf, and to hope: So much are Men enſlav'd to their miſerable Being, that there is no Condition ſo wretched that they will not accept, provided they may live, according to that of *Mecænas*,

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Lubricos quate dentes,
Vita dum ſupereſt, bene eſt *.

Maim both my Hands and Feet, break Legs and Thighs,
Knock out my Teeth, and bore out both my Fyes,
Let me but live, all's well enough, he cries.

And *Tamerlane*, with his fooliſh Humanity, palliated the fantaſtick Cruelty he exercis'd upon *Lepers*, when he put all he could hear of to Death, to deliver them, as he pretended, from the painful Life they liv'd. For there was not one of them who would not rather have undergone a triple Leproſy, than to be depriv'd of their Being. And *Antiſthenes* the *Stoick*, being very ſick, and crying out, *Who will deliver me from theſe Evils? Diogenes*, who was come to viſit him, *This*, ſaid he, preſenting him a Knife, *preſently if thou wilt: I do not mean from my Life*, he reply'd, *but from my Diſeaſe*. The Sufferings that only attack the Mind, I am not ſo ſenſible of, as moſt other Men; and that partly out of Judgment: For the World looks upon ſeveral Things as dreadful, or to be avoided at the Expence of Life, that are almoſt indifferent to me: Partly

* *Seneca Epiſt.* 101.

through

through a ſtupid and inſenſible Complexion I have in Accidents, which do not point-blank hit me; and that Inſenſibility I look upon as one of the beſt Parts of my natural Condition: But eſſential and corporeal Pains I am very ſenſible of. And yet having long ſince foreſeen them, though with a Sight weak and delicate, and ſoftned with the long and happy Health and Quiet that God has been pleas'd to give me the greateſt Part of my Time, I had in my Imagination fancied them ſo inſupportable, that in truth I was more afraid than I have ſince found I had Cauſe; by which I am ſtill more fortified in this Belief, that moſt of the Faculties of the Soul, as we employ them, more trouble the Repoſe of Life, than they are any way uſeful to it. I am in Conflict with the worſt, the moſt ſudden, the moſt painful, the moſt mortal, and the moſt irremediable of all Diſeaſes. I have already had the Trial of five or ſix very long, and very painful Fits, and yet I either flatter myſelf, or there is even in this Eſtate what is very well to be endur'd by a Man who has his Soul free from the Fear of Death, and the Menaces, Concluſions and Conſequences, which Phyſick is ever thundering in our Ears. But the Effect, even of Pain itſelf, is not ſo ſharp and intolerable, as to put a Man of Underſtanding into Impatience and Deſpair. I have at leaſt this Advantage by my *Stone*, that what I could not hitherto wholly prevail upon myſelf to reſolve upon, as to reconciling and acquainting myſelf with Death, it will perfect; for the more it preſſes upon and importunes me, I ſhall be ſo much the leſs afraid to die. I had already gone ſo far, as only to love Life for Life's ſake, but my Pain will diſſolve this Intelligence; and God grant that in the End, ſhould the Sharpneſs of it be once greater than I ſhall be able to bear, it does not throw me into the other leſs vicious Extream, to deſire and wiſh to die.

The Stone the moſt painful of all Diſeaſes.

Summam nec metuas diem, nec optes *.

Neither to wiſh nor fear to die.

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* *Mart. l.* 10. *Epig.* 47.

They

They are two Paſſions to be fear'd, but the one has its Remedy much nearer at Hand than the other. As to the reſt, I have always found the Precept, that ſo exactly enjoins a conſtant Countenance, and ſo diſdainful and indifferent a Comportment in the Toleration of Infirmities, to be merely Ceremonial. Why ſhould *Philoſophy*, which only has Reſpect to Life and its Effects, trouble itſelf about theſe external Appearances? Let us leave that Care to *Hiſtrio's* and Maſters of *Rhetorick*, that ſet ſo great a Value upon our Geſtures. Let her, in God's Name, allow this vocal Frailty, if it be neither cordial nor ſtomachical to the Diſeaſe; and permit the ordinary ways of expreſſing Grief by Sighs, Sobs, Palpitations, and turning pale, that Nature has put out of our Power. And provided the Courage be undaunted, and the Expreſſions not ſounding of Deſpair, let her be ſatisfied. What great Matter is it, if we wring our Hands, if we do not wring our Thoughts? She forms us for ourſelves, not for others; to be, not to ſeem: Let her be ſatisfied with governing our Underſtandings, which ſhe has taken upon her the Care of inſtructing; that in the Fury of the Cholick ſhe maintains the Soul in a condition to know itſelf, and to follow its accuſtom'd Way: Contending with, and enduring, not meanly truckling under Pain; mov'd and heated, not ſubdu'd and conquer'd in the Contention; but capable of Diſcourſe and other Things to a certain Degree. In ſo extreme Accidents 'tis Cruelty to require ſo exact a Compoſedneſs. 'Tis no great Matter what Faces we make, if we find any Eaſe by it: If the Body find itſelf reliev'd by complaining, let him go too: If Agitation eaſes him, *let him tumble and toſs at Pleaſure:* If he finds the Diſeaſe evaporate (as ſome *Phyſicians* hold, that it helps Women in Delivery) extremely to cry out, or if it do but amuſe his Torments, *let him roar aloud.* Let us not command his Voice to ſally, but ſtop it not. *Epicurus* does not only forgive his *Sage* for crying out in Torments, but adviſes him to it. *Pugilis etiam quum feriunt, in jactandis cæſtibus ingemiſcunt, quia profundenda voce omne corpus intenditur, venitque plaga vehementior* *. *When Men fight with Clubs, they groan in*

* *Cicero Tuſc. l. 2.*

laying

laying on, becauſe the whole Strength of Body goes along with the Voice, and the Blow is laid on with greater Force. We have enough to do to deal with the Diſeaſe, without troubling ourſelves with theſe ſuperfluous *Rules*; which I ſay in Excuſe of thoſe whom we ordinarily ſee impatient in the Aſſaults of this Infirmity; for as to what concerns myſelf, I have paſs'd it over hitherto with a little better Countenance, and contented myſelf with grunting, without roaring out. Not, nevertheleſs, that I put any great Conſtraint upon myſelf to maintain this exterior Decency, for I make little Account of ſuch an Advantage: I allow herein as much as the Pain requires, but either my Pains are not ſo exceſſive, or I have more than ordinary Patience. I complain, I confeſs, and am a little impatient in a very ſharp Fit, but I do not arrive to ſuch a Degree of Deſpair, as he who with

Ejacum, queſtu, gemitu, fremitibus
Reſonando multum flebiles voces refert *.

Howling, Roaring, and a thouſand Noiſes
Expreſs'd his Torment in moſt diſmal Voices.

I reliſh myſelf in the midſt of my Dolor, and have always found that I was in a Capacity to ſpeak, think, and give a rational Anſwer, as well as at any other Time, but not ſo coldly and indifferently, being troubled and interrupted by the Pain. When I am look'd upon by my Viſitors to be in the greateſt Torment, and that they therefore forbear to trouble me, I oft try my own Strength, and myſelf ſet ſome Diſcourſe on foot, the moſt remote I can contrive from my preſent Condition. I can do any thing upon a ſudden Endeavour, but it muſt not continue long. What pity 'tis I have not the Faculties of that Dreamer *Cicero, who dreaming he was lying with a Wench, found he had diſcharg'd his Stone in the Sheets!* My Pains do ſtrangely diſappetite me that Way. In the Intervals from this exceſſive Torment, when my Ureters only languiſh without any great Dolor, I preſently feel myſelf in my wonted State, foraſmuch as my Soul takes no other Alarm but what is ſenſible and corporal, which I certainly owe to

* *Cicero Tuſc. l.* 2.

the

the Care I have had of preparing myſelf by Meditation againſt ſuch Accidents.

——— *laborum*
Nulla mihi nova nunc facies inopinaque ſurgit,
Omnia præcepi, atque animo mecum ante peregi *.

No Face of Pain or Labour, now can riſe,
Which by its Novelty can me ſurprize,
I've been accuſtom'd all Things to explore,
And been inur'd unto them long before.

I am a little roughly handled for a Learner, and with a ſudden and ſharp Alteration, being fall'n in an inſtant from a very eaſy and happy Condition of Life into the moſt uneaſy and painful that can be imagin'd. For beſides that it is a Diſeaſe very much to be fear'd in itſelf, it begins with me after a more ſharp and ſevere Manner than it uſes to do with other Men. My Fits come ſo thick upon me, that I am ſcarcely ever at Eaſe; and yet I have hitherto kept my Mind ſo upright, that provided I can ſtill continue it, I find myſelf in a much better Condition of Life than a thouſand others, who have no Fever, nor other Diſeaſe but what they create themſelves for want of Meditation. There is a certain ſort of crafty Humility that ſprings from Preſumption; as this for Example, that we confeſs our Ignorance in many Things, and are ſo courteous as to acknowledge, that there are in the Works of Nature ſome Qualities and Conditions that are imperceptible to us, and of which our Underſtanding cannot diſcover the Means and Cauſes: By this honeſt Declaration we hope to obtain that People ſhall alſo believe us of thoſe that we ſay we do underſtand. We need not trouble ourſelves to ſeek out Miracles and ſtrange Difficulties; methinks there are ſuch incomprehenſible Wonders amongſt the Things that we ordinarily ſee, as ſurpaſs all Difficulties of Miracles. What a wonderful Thing it is, that the Drop of Seed from which we are produc'd, ſhould carry in itſelf the Impreſſion, not only of the bodily Form, but even of the Thoughts and Inclinations of our Fathers? Where can that Drop of fluid Matter contain that infinite Number of Forms? And how

* *Æneid. l.* 6.

can

can they carry on theſe Reſemblances with ſo temerarious and irregular a Progreſs, that a Son ſhall be like his Great-Grandfather, the Nephew like his Uncle? In the Family of *Lepidus* at *Rome*, *there were three*, not ſucceſſively, but by Intervals, *that were born with the ſame Eye cover'd with a* Cartilage. At *Thebes*, *there was a* Race *that carried from their Mother's Womb the Form of the Head of a Launce*, and who was not born ſo, was look'd upon as illegitimate. And *Ariſtotle* ſays, *that in a certain Nation, where the Women were in common, they aſſign'd the Children to their Fathers by their Reſemblance.* 'Tis to be believ'd that I derive this Infirmity from my Father; for he died wonderfully tormented with a great *Stone in his Bladder*; he was never ſenſible of his Diſeaſe till the ſixty-ſeventh Year of his Age, and before that had never felt any Grudging or Symptoms of it, either in his Reins, Sides, or any other Part; and had liv'd till then in a happy and vigorous ſtate of Health, little ſubject to Infirmities, and continued ſeven Years after in this Diſeaſe, and died a very painful Death. I was born above five and twenty Years before his Diſeaſe ſeiz'd him, and in the Time of his moſt flouriſhing and healthful State of Body, his third Child in order of Birth: Where could his Propenſity to this Diſeaſe lye lurking all that while? And he being ſo far from the Infirmity, how could that ſmall Part of his Subſtance, carry away ſo great an Impreſſion of its ſhare? And how ſo conceal'd that till five and forty Years after I did begin to be ſenſible of it? Being the only one to this Hour, amongſt ſo many Brothers and Siſters, and all to one Mother, that was ever troubled with it. He that can ſatisfy me in this Point, I will believe him in as many other Miracles as he pleaſes; always provided, that, as their manner is, he does not give me a *Doctrine* much more intricate and fantaſtick than the Thing itſelf, for current pay. Let the *Phyſicians* a little excuſe the Liberty I take, for by the ſame Infuſion, and fatal Inſinuation it is that I have receiv'd a Hatred and Contempt of their Doctrine. The Antipathy I have againſt their Art is hereditary. My *Father* liv'd threeſcore and fourteen Years, my *Grandfather* ſixty nine, my *Great-Grandfather* almoſt fourſcore Years, without ever taſting any

The Author's Father afflicted with the Stone.

any ſort of Phyſick; and with them whatever was not ordinary Diet, was inſtead of a Drug. *Phyſick* is grounded upon Experience and Examples, ſo is my Opinion. And is not this an expreſs and very advantageous Experience? I do not know that they can find me in all their *Records* three that were born, bred, and dy'd under the ſame Roof, who have liv'd ſo long by their own Conduct. They muſt here of Neceſſity confeſs, *that if* Reaſon *be not*, Fortune *at leaſt is, on my ſide*, and with *Phyſicians*, *Fortune* goes a great deal further than *Reaſon*; let them not take me now at a Diſadvantage; let them not threaten me in the ſubdu'd Condition I now am, for that were Treachery. And to ſay Truth, I have got enough the better of them by theſe Domeſtick Examples, that they ſhould reſt ſatisfied. Human things are not uſually ſo conſtant; it has been two hundred Years ſave eighteen that this Tryal has laſted, for the firſt of them was born in the Year 1402. 'Tis now indeed very good Reaſon that this Experiment ſhould begin to fail us: Let them not therefore reproach me with the Infirmities under which I now ſuffer; is it not enough for my Part, that I have liv'd ſeven and forty Years in perfect Health; Though it ſhould be the End of my *Career*, 'tis of the longer Sort. My *Anceſtors* had an Averſion to *Phyſick* by ſome ſecret and natural Inſtinct; for the very ſight of a Potion was loathſom to my Father. The *Lord of Gaviac*, my Uncle by the Father's ſide, a Churchman, and a Valetudinary from his Birth, and yet that made that crazy Life to hold out ſixty ſeven Years; being once fallen into a furious Fever, it was order'd by the *Phyſicians*, he ſhould be plainly told, *that if he would not make uſe of Help* (for ſo they call that which is very often quite contrary) *he would infallibly be a dead Man*. The good Man, though terrified with this dreadful Sentence, yet reply'd, *I am then a dead Man*. But *God* ſoon after made the Prognoſtick falſe. The youngeſt Brothers, which were four, and by many Years the youngeſt, the *Sieur de Buſſaget*, was the only Man of the Family, that made uſe of Medicine, by reaſon, I ſuppoſe, of the Commerce he had with the other Arts, for he was a Counſellor, in the Court of *Parliament*, and it ſucceeded ſo ill with him, that being in outward Appearance of the ſtrongeſt Conſtitution, he yet died before any of

the reſt, the *Sieur* Saint *Michel* only excepted. 'Tis poſſible I may have deriv'd this natural *Antipathy* to Phyſick from them; but had there been no other Conſideration in the Caſe, I would have endeavour'd to have overcome it. For all Conditions that ſpring in us without Reaſon, are Vicious; and is a kind of Diſeaſe that we are to wreſtle with: It may be I had naturally this Propenſity, but I have ſupported and fortified it by Arguments and Reaſons which have eſtabliſh'd me in the Opinion I am of. For I alſo hate the Conſideration of refuſing *Phyſick* for the nauſeous Taſte: I ſhould hardly be of their Humour, who find Health worth purchaſing by all the moſt painful *Cauteries* and *Inciſions* that can be apply'd. And, according to *Epicurus*, I conceive, *That Pleaſures are to be avoided, if greater Pains be the Conſequence; and Pains to be coveted, that will terminate in greater Pleaſures. Health* is a precious Thing, and indeed the only one meriting that a Man ſhould lay out, not only his Time, Sweat, Labour, and Goods, but alſo his Life itſelf to obtain it, foraſmuch as without it Life is injurious to us. Pleaſure, Wiſdom, Learning, and Virtue without it wither away and vaniſh; and in the moſt queint and ſolid Diſcourſes that *Philoſophy* would imprint in us to the contrary, we need no more but oppoſe the Image of *Plato*, being ſtruck with an Epilepſy or Apoplexy; and in this Preſuppoſition to defy him to call the rich Faculties of his Soul to his Aſſiſtance. All Means that conduce to Health, can neither be too painful, nor too dear for me. But I have ſome other Appearances that make me ſtrangely ſuſpect all this Merchandize. I do not deny but there may be ſome Art, and that there are not, amongſt ſo many Works of *Nature*, things proper for the Conſervation of Health; that is moſt certain; I very well know that there are ſome Simples that moiſten, and others that dry; I Experimentally know that *Radiſhes* are windy, and *Senna Leaves* purging; and ſeveral other ſuch Experiences I have, which I am as ſure of as I am that *Mutton* nouriſhes, and *Wine* warms me: And *Solon* would ſay, *That eating was Phyſick againſt Hunger.* I do not diſapprove the Uſe we make of things the Earth produces, nor doubt in the leaſt of the Power and Fertility of Nature, and diſapprove not Application of what ſhe affords to our Neceſſities: I very well ſee that *Pikes* and *Swallows* live

live by her *Laws*; but I miſtruſt the Inventions of Wit, Knowledge, and Art; to Countenance which, we have abandon'd *Nature* and her *Rules*, and wherein we keep no Bounds nor Moderation. As we call the Creation of the firſt *Laws* that fall into our *Hands*, *Juſtice*, and their Practice and Diſpenſation very fooliſh and very unjuſt: And as thoſe who ſcoff and accuſe it, cannot nevertheleſs wrong that noble Virtue, but only condemn the Abuſe and Profanation of that ſacred *Title*; ſo in *Phyſick*, I very much honour that glorious *Name*, and the End it is ſtudied for, and what it promiſes to the Service of Mankind; but what it foiſts upon us, I neither Honour nor Eſteem. In the firſt Place, Experience makes me dread it; for amongſt all my Acquaintance I ſee no Race of People ſo ſoon ſick, and ſo long before they are well, as thoſe who take much *Phyſick*. Their very Health is alter'd and corrupted by their frequent Preſcriptions. *Phyſicians* are not content to deal only with the Sick, but they will moreover corrupt Health, for fear Men ſhould at any time eſcape their Authority. Do they not from a continual and perfect Health, extract Suſpicion of ſome great Sickneſs to enſue? I have been ſick often enough and have always found my Sickneſs eaſy enough to be ſupported (tho' I have made tryal of almoſt all Sorts) and as ſhort as thoſe of any other without their Help, or without ſwallowing their ill-taſted *Doſes*. The Health I have is full and free, without other *Rule* or *Diſcipline* than my own Cuſtom and Pleaſure. Every Place ſerves me well enough to ſtay in, for I need no other Conveniences when ſick, than what I muſt have when I am well. I never diſturb myſelf that I have no *Phyſician* or *Apothecary*, nor any other Aſſiſtance, which I ſee moſt other ſick Men more afflicted at, than they are with their Diſeaſe! What do they themſelves ſhew us more Felicity and Duration in their own Lives, that may manifeſt to us ſome apparent Effect of their Skill? There is not a *Nation* in the World that has not been many Ages without *Phyſick*; and the firſt Ages, that is to ſay, the beſt and moſt happy, knew no ſuch thing; and the tenth Part of the World knows nothing of it yet: Several *Nations* are ignorant of it to this Day, where Men live more Healthful and longer than we do here, and

Phyſick unknown to many Nations.

even amongſt us the common People live well enough without it. The *Romans* were ſix hundred Years before they receiv'd it; and after having made Tryal of it, baniſh'd it from their City at the Inſtance of *Cato* the *Cenſor*, who made it appear how eaſy it was to live without it, having himſelf liv'd fourſcore and five Years, and kept his Wife alive to an extreme old Age, not without *Phyſick* only, but without a *Phyſician*: For every thing that we find to be healthful to Life, may be call'd *Phyſick*. He kept his Family in Health, as *Plutarch* ſays, if I miſtake not, with *Hare's Milk*, as *Pliny* reports, that the *Arcadians* cur'd all manner of Diſeaſes with that of a *Cow*; and *Herodotus* ſays, *The* Lybians *generally enjoy a rare Health, by a Cuſtom they have, after their Children are arriv'd at four Years of Age, to burn and cauterize the Veins of their Head and Temples, by which means they cut off all Defluxions of* Rheums *for their whole Lives*. And the Country People of our *Province* make uſe of nothing in all ſorts of Diſtempers but the *ſtrongeſt Wine* they can get, mixt with a great deal of *Saffron* and *Spice*, and all with the ſame Succeſs. And to ſay the Truth, of all this Diverſity and Confuſion of *Apothecary*'s Bills what other End and Effect is there after all, but to *purge the Belly?* Which a thouſand ordinary Simples will do as well; and I do not know whether ſuch Evacuations be ſo much to our Advantage, as they pretend, and whether *Nature* does not require a Reſidence of her Excrements to a certain Proportion, as Wine does of its Lees, to keep it alive. You often ſee healthful Men fall into Vomitings and Fluxes of the Belly by unknown Accidents, and make a great Evacuation of Excrements, without any preceeding Need, or any following Benefit, but rather with hurt to their Conſtitution. 'Tis from the great *Plato* that I lately learn'd, *That of three ſorts of Motions which are natural to us, Purging is the worſt; and that no Man, unleſs he be a Fool, ought to take any thing to that purpoſe, but in the extreameſt Neceſſity:* Men diſturb and irritate the Diſeaſe by contrary Oppoſitions. It muſt be the Way of living that muſt gently diſſolve, and bring it to its Maturity. The violent Gripings and Conteſt betwixt the *Drug* and the *Diſeaſe* is ever to our Loſs, ſince the Combat is fought within ourſelves, and that the *Drug* is an Aſſiſtant not to be truſted, being by its own Nature an Enemy

my to our Health; and but by Trouble has no acceſs into our Condition. Let it alone a little: The Providence that takes care of *Fleas* and *Moles*, does alſo take care for *Men*, if they will have the ſame Patience *Fleas* and *Moles* have, to leave it to itſelf. 'Tis to much purpoſe that we cry out upon it, 'tis the Way to make us hoarſe, but not to haſten it. 'Tis a proud and uncompaſſionate Order, our Fears, our Deſpair, diſpleaſes and ſtops it from, inſtead of inviting it to, our Relief. It owes Aſſiſtance to the Diſeaſe, as well as to Health; and will not ſuffer itſelf to be corrupted in Favour of the one, to the Prejudice of the others Right, for it would then fall into Diſorder. Let us in God's Name follow it. It leads thoſe that follow, and thoſe who will not follow, it drags along with their Fury and Phyſick together. Order a *Purge for your Brain*, it will there be much better employ'd, than upon your *Stomach*. One aſking a *Lacedæmonian*, *who had made him live ſo long?* He made anſwer, *the Ignorance of Phyſick*. And the Emperor *Adrian* continually exclaim'd as he was dying, *That the Croud of Phyſicians had kill'd him*. An ill Wreſtler turn'd *Phyſician*: *Courage*, ſays *Diogenes* to him, *thou haſt done well, for now thou wilt throw thoſe who have formerly thrown thee*. But they have this Advantage, according to *Nicocles*, *That the Sun gives Light to their Succeſs, and the Earth covers their Failures*: And beſides they have a very advantageous Way of making uſe of all Sorts of Events: For what *Fortune*, *Nature*, or any other *Cauſes* (of which the Number is infinite) produce of good and healthful in us, it is the Privilege of Phyſick to attribute to itſelf. All the happy Succeſſes that happen to the Patient muſt be deriv'd from thence. The Occaſions that have cur'd me, and thouſand others, *Phyſicians* uſurp to themſelves, and their own Skill: And as to ill Accidents, they either abſolutely diſown them, in laying the Fault upon the *Patient*, by ſuch frivolous and idle Reaſons as they can never be to ſeek for; *as he lay with his Arms out of Bed, or he was diſturb'd by the Rattling of a Coach*:

——— *Rhedarum tranſitus arcto*
Vicorum inflexu *:

* *Juvenal. Sat.* 3.

He heard the Wheels and Horſes trampling Feet
In the ſtraight Turning of a narrow Street,

Or, *ſomebody had ſet open the Caſement*, or *he had lain upon his left ſide:* Or *had had ſome odd Fancies in his Head:* In ſum, a *Word*, a *Dream*, or a *Look*, ſeem to them Excuſe ſufficient wherewith to palliate their own Errors: Or, if they ſo pleaſe, they yet make uſe of their growing worſe, and do their Buſineſs that way which can never fail them: Which is, by buzzing us in the Ears, when the Diſeaſe is more enflam'd by their *Medicaments*, that it had been much worſe but for thoſe *Remedies*. He who, for an ordinary Cold, they have thrown into a double *Tertian-Ague*, had but for them been a continued *Fever*. They do not much care what Miſchief they do, ſince it turns to their own Profit. In earneſt, they have reaſon to require a very favourable Belief from their Patience, and indeed it ought to be a very eaſy one to ſwallow things ſo hard to be believ'd. *Plato* ſaid very well, *That* Phyſicians *were the only Men that might lye at Pleaſure, ſince our Health depends upon the Vanity and Falſity of their Promiſes.*

Æſop, a moſt excellent *Author*, and of whom few Men diſcover all the Graces, does pleaſantly repreſent to us the tyrannical Authority *Phyſicians* uſurp over poor Creatures, weakned and ſubdu'd by Sickneſs and Fear; for he tells us, *That a ſick Perſon being aſk'd by his* Phyſician *what Operation he found of the Potion he had given him? I have ſweat very much, ſays the ſick Man; that's good ſays the* Phyſician; another time, having aſk'd him *how he felt himſelf after his Phyſick? I have been very cold, and have had a great Shivering upon me*, ſaid he; *that is good* reply'd the Phyſician: After the third Potion, he aſk'd him again *how he did? Why I find myſelf ſwell'd and puff'd up*, ſaid he, *as if I had a Dropſy; That is very well*, ſaid the *Phyſician*. One of his Servants coming preſently after to enquire *how he felt himſelf? Truly Friend*, ſaid he, *with being too well I am about to die*. There was a more juſt Law in *Egypt*, by which the *Phyſician* for the three firſt Days was to take charge of his Patient, at the Patient's own Peril and Fortune: But thoſe three Days being paſt, it was to be at his own. For what Reaſon is it, that their Patron

Æſculapius

Æſculapius ſhould be ſtruck with Thunder for reſtoring *Hyppolitus* from Death to Life,

Nam Pater Omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris
Mortalem infernis, ad lumina ſurgere vitæ
Ipſe repertorem medicinæ talis, & artis
Fulmine Phœbigenam ſtygias detruſit ad undas *.

For *Jupiter*, offended at the Sight
Of one he had ſtruck dead, reſtor'd to light,
He ſtruck the Artiſt durſt it undertake
With his fork'd Lightning to the *Stygian* Lake.

and his Followers he pardoned, who ſend ſo many Souls from Life to Death? A Phyſician boaſting to *Nicocles*, *That his Art was of great Authority: It is ſo indeed*, ſaid Nicocles, *that can with Impunity kill ſo many People.* As to what remains, had I been of their Counſel, I would have render'd my Diſcipline more ſacred and myſterious; they had begun well, but they have not ended ſo. It was a good Beginning to make *Gods* and *Dæmons* the Authors of their *Science*, and to have us'd a peculiar way of ſpeaking and writing. And notwithſtanding, that *Philoſophy* concludes it Folly to perſuade a Man to his own good by an unintelligible way: *Ut ſi quis medicus imperet ut ſumat, terrigenam, herbigradam, domiportam, ſanguine caſſum* †. *As if a Phyſician ſhould command his Patient to take Snails by unknown Names and Epithets.* It was a good Rule in their *Art*, which accompanies all other vain, fantaſtick, and ſupernatural *Arts*, *that the Patients Belief ſhou'd prepoſſeſs them with good Hope and Aſſurance of their Effects and Operation.* A Rule they hold to that Degree, as to maintain that the moſt inexpert and ignorant *Phyſician* is more proper for a *Patient* that has Confidence in him, than the moſt Learned and Experienc'd, that he is not acquainted with. Nay, even the Choice of moſt of their Drugs is in ſome ſort Myſterious and Divine. The left Foot of a *Tortoiſe*, the Urine of a *Lizard*, the Dung of an *Elephant*, the Liver of a *Mole*, Blood drawn from under the Wing of a White Pidgeon; and for us who have the Stone (ſo ſcornfully they uſe us in our Miſeries) the Excrement of *Rats* beaten to Powder, and

* *Æneid. lib.* 7.

† *Cicero de Divin. lib.* 2.

ſuch like Traſh and Fooleries, which rather carry a Face of Magical Enchantment, than any ſolid Science. I omit the *odd Number* of their *Pills*, the Appointment of certain Days and Feaſts of the Year, the Superſtition of gathering their *Simples* at certain Hours: and that auſtere grim Countenance and haughty Carriage which *Pliny* himſelf ſo much derides. But they have, as I ſaid, fail'd, in that they have not added to this fine Beginning, the making their Meetings and Conſultations more religious and ſecret, where no profane Perſon ought to be admitted, no more than in the ſecret Ceremonies of *Æſculapius*. For by reaſon of this it falls out, that their Irreſolution, the Weakneſs of their Arguments, Divination, and Foundations, the Sharpneſs of their Diſputes, full of Hatred, Jealouſy, and particular Intereſts, coming to be diſcover'd by every one, a Man muſt be very blind not to diſcern that he runs a very great Hazard in their Hands. Whoever ſaw one Phyſician approve of another's Preſcription, without taking ſomething away, or adding ſomething to it? By which they ſufficiently betray their *Art*, and make it manifeſt to us, that they therein more conſider their own Reputation, and conſequently their Profit, than their Patients Intereſt. He was a much wiſer Man of their *Tribe*, who of old gave it for a *Rule, that only one Phyſician ſhould undertake a ſick Perſon*; for if he do nothing to purpoſe, one ſingle Man's Default can bring no great Scandal upon the Profeſſion; and on the contrary the Glory will be great, if he happen to have Succeſs; whereas when they are many, they at every turn bring a Diſrepute upon their Calling, foraſmuch as they often do more Hurt than Good. They ought to be ſatisfied with the perpetual Diſagreement which is found in the Opinions of the principal Maſters, and ancient Authors of this *Science*, which is only known to Men well read, without diſcovering to the Vulgar the Controverſies and various Judgments which they ſtill nouriſh and continue amongſt themſelves. Shall we have one Example of the Ancient Controverſies in Phyſick? *Hieraphilus* lodges the original Cauſe of all Diſeaſes in the *Humours*; *Eriſiſtratus*, in the *Blood of the Arteries*; *Aſclepiades*, in the *inviſible* Atoms *of the Pores*; *Alcmæon*, in the *Exuberancy, or Defect of our bodily Strength*; *Diocles* in the *Equality of the Elements of which the Body is compos'd*; and in the *Quality of the Air we ſuck in*; *Strato*, in the

the *Abundance, Crudity and Corruption of the Nouriſhment we take*; and *Hippocrates* lodges them in the *Spirits*. There is a certain Friend of theirs, whom they know better than I, who declares upon this Subject, *that the moſt important Science in Practice amongſt us, as that which is intruſted with our Health and Converſation, is by ill Luck the greateſt Misfortune, the moſt incertain, the moſt perplext, and agitated with the greateſt Mutations.* There is no great Danger in miſtaking the Height of the *Sun*, or in the Fraction of ſome *Aſtronomical* Supputation: But here, where our whole Being is concern'd, 'tis no Wiſdom to abandon ourſelves to the Mercy of the Agitation of ſo many contrary Winds. Before the *Peloponneſian* War, there was no great Talk of this Science: *Hippocrates* brought it into Repute; and whatever he eſtabliſh'd, *Chryſippus* overthrew; after that, *Eraſiſtratus*, *Ariſtotle*'s Grand-child, overthrew what *Chryſippus* had writ. After theſe the *Empiricks* ſtarted up, who took a quite contrary Way to the Ancients, in the Management of this *Art*. When the Credit of theſe began a little to decay, *Heraphilas* ſet another ſort of Practice on Foot, which *Aſclepiades* in turn ſtood up againſt, and overthrew. The Opinion firſt of *Themiſon*, and then of *Muſa*, and after that thoſe of *Vexius Valens*, a Phyſician famous through the Intelligence he had with *Meſſalina*, came in vogue. The Empire of Phyſick in *Nero*'s Time was eſtabliſh'd in *Theſſalus*, who aboliſh'd and condemn'd all that had been held till his Time. This Man's Doctrine was refuted by *Crinus* of *Marſeilles*, who firſt brought all Medicinal Operations under the *Ephemerides*, and Motions of the Stars, and reduc'd Eating, Sleeping, and Drinking to Hours that were moſt pleaſing to *Mercury* and the *Moon*. His Authority was ſoon after ſupplanted by *Charinus* a Phyſician of the ſame City of *Marſeilles*; a Man that not only controverted all the ancient Methods of *Phyſick*, but moreover the Uſe of *hot Baths*, that had been generally, and ſo many Ages before in common Uſe. He made Men bath in *cold Water* even in Winter, and plung'd his ſick Patients in the natural Waters of every Stream. No *Roman* till *Pliny's* Time had ever vouchſafed to practiſe Phyſick, that Office was only perform'd by *Greeks* and Foreigners, as 'tis now amongſt us *French*, by thoſe that ſputter *Latin*; *for*, as a great

great Phyſician ſays, *we do not eaſily receive the Medicine we underſtand, no more than we do the Drugs we ourſelves gather.* If the Nations from which we fetch our *Guaiacum, Sarſaparilla,* and *China* Wood, converſe with Medicine, how great a Value muſt we imagine by the ſame Recommendation of Strangeneſs, Rarity, and dear Purchaſe, do they ſet upon our *Cabbage* and *Parſly?* For who would dare to contemn Things ſo far fetch'd, and ſought out at the Hazard of ſo long and dangerous a Voyage?

Since the ancient Mutations in Phyſick, there have been infinite others down to our own Times, and for the moſt part ſuch as have been infinite, entire, and univerſal; as thoſe for example, produc'd by *Paracelſus, Fioravanti,* and *Argenterius*; for they, as I am told, do not only alter one *Receipt,* but the whole Contexture and Rules of the Body of Phyſick, accuſing all others of Ignorance and Impoſition that have practis'd before them. At this rate, in what a Condition the poor Patient muſt be, I leave you to judge. But if we were yet aſſur'd, that when they miſtake themſelves, that Miſtake of theirs would do us no Harm, tho' it did us no Good, it were a reaſonable Bargain to venture making ourſelves better, without any Danger of being made worſe. *Æſop* tells a Story, *that one who had bought a* Moriſco *Slave, believing that his black Complexion was accidental in him, and occaſioned by the ill Uſage of his former Maſter, caus'd him to enter into a Courſe of Phyſick, and with great Care to be often bath'd and purg'd: It happen'd that the* Moor *was nothing amended in his tawny Complexion, but he wholly loſt his former Health.* How often do we ſee Phyſicians impute the Death of their Patients to one another? I remember that ſome Years ago, there was an *Epidemical* Diſeaſe, very dangerous, and for the moſt part mortal, that rag'd in the *Towns* about us: The Storm being over, which had ſwept away an infinite Number of Men, one of the moſt famous Phyſicians of all the Country, preſently after publiſh'd a *Book* upon that Subject, wherein, upon better Thoughts, he confeſſes, *that the letting of Blood in that Diſeaſe was the principal Cauſe of ſo many Miſcarriages.* Moreover, their Authors hold, *that there is no Phyſick that has not ſomething hurtful in it.* And if even thoſe of the beſt

A Moor *bathed and purged to clear his Complexion.*

beſt Operation do in ſome meaſure offend us, what muſt thoſe do that are totally miſapplied? For my own part, though there were nothing elſe in the Caſe, I am of Opinion, that *to thoſe that loath the Taſte of Phyſick, it muſt needs be a dangerous and prejudicial Endeavour to force it down at ſo incommodious a Time, and with ſo much Averſion; and believe that it marvellouſly diſtempers a ſick Perſon, at a Time when he has ſo much need of Repoſe.* And beſides this, if we but conſider the Occaſions upon which they uſually ground the Cauſe of our Diſeaſes, they are ſo light and nice, that I thence conclude *a very little Error in the Diſpenſation of their* Drugs *may do a great deal of Miſchief.* Now, if the *Miſtake* of a Phyſician be ſo dangerous, we are but in a ſcurvy Condition; for it is almoſt impoſſible but he muſt often fall into thoſe Miſtakes: He had need of too many Parts, Conſiderations, and Circumſtances, rightly to level his Deſign: He muſt know the *ſick Perſon's Complexion*, his *Temperature*, his *Humours*, *Inclination*, *Actions*, nay, his *very Thoughts and Imaginations.* He muſt be aſſur'd of the *External Circumſtances*, of the *Nature of the Place*, the *Quality of the Air* and *Seaſon*, the *Situation of the Planets*, and their *Influences:* He muſt know in the *Diſeaſe* the *Cauſes*, *Prognoſticks*, *Affections*, and *Critical Days*; in the *Drugs*, the *Weight*, the *Power of working*, the *Country*, *Figures*, *Age*, and *Diſpenſations*, and he muſt know how *rightly to proportion and mix them together*, to beget a juſt and perfect *Proportion*; wherein if there be the leaſt Error, if amongſt ſo many *Springs* there be but any one out of *order*, 'tis enough to deſtroy us. *God* knows of how great Difficulty moſt of theſe Things are to be underſtood. For (for Example) *how ſhall a Phyſician find out the true Sign of the Diſeaſe, every Diſeaſe being capable of an infinite Number of Indications?* How many *Doubts* and *Controverſies* have they amongſt themſelves upon the *Interpretation* of *Urines?* Otherwiſe, from whence ſhould the continual Debates we ſee amongſt them about the *Knowledge of the Diſeaſe* proceed? How would we excuſe the Error they ſo often fall into, of taking one thing for another? In the *Sickneſs* I had, were there never ſo little Difficulty in the Caſe, I never found *three of one Opinion:* Which I inſtance, becauſe I love to introduce Examples wherein I am myſelf concern'd.

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A Gentleman was at *Paris* lately *cut* for the *Stone*, by order of the Phyſicians; in whoſe *Bladder*, being accordingly ſo cut, there was found *no more Stone than in the Palm of his Hand:* And in the ſame Place, a *Biſhop*, who was my particular good Friend, having been earneſtly preſs'd by the major Part of the Phyſicians in Town, who he conſulted, to ſuffer himſelf to be *cut*, to which alſo, upon their Words, I us'd my Intereſt to perſuade him; when he was dead, and open'd, it appear'd that he had *no Stone but in the Reins.* They are leaſt excuſable for an Error in this Diſeaſe, by reaſon that it is in ſome ſort palpable; and 'tis by that, that I conclude *Chirurgery* to be much more *certain*, by reaſon that it ſees and feels what it does, and ſo goes leſs upon Conjecture; whereas the *Phyſicians* have no *ſpeculum Matrices*, by which to diſcover our *Brains*, *Lungs*, and *Liver*. Even the very Promiſes *of Phyſick* are incredible in themſelves: For, being to provide againſt *divers* and *contrary Accidents*, that often afflict us at one and the ſame time, and that have almoſt a neceſſary Relation, as the *Heat of the Liver*, and the *Coldneſs of the Stomach*, they will needs perſuade us, that of their Ingredients *one will heat the Stomach*, and *the other cool the Liver:* One has its Commiſſion *to go directly to the Reins*, nay, *even to the Bladder*, without ſcattering its Operations by the way, and is *to retain its Power and Virtue* through all the Stops and Meanders, even to the Place for the Service of which it is deſign'd, by its own occult Property; the other *will dry the Brain*, and another *will moiſten the Lungs.* All theſe Things being mix'd in one *Potion*, it is a kind of Madneſs to imagine or hope, that theſe differing Virtues ſhould ſeparate themſelves from one another in this Mixture and *Confuſion*, to perform ſo many *various Errands.* I ſhould very much fear that they would either loſe or change their Tickets, and trouble one another's Quarters: And who can imagine but that in this *liquid Confuſion* theſe Faculties muſt corrupt, confound, and ſpoil one another? And is not the Danger ſtill more, *when the making up of this Medicine is intruſted to the Skill and Fidelity of another, to whoſe Mercy we again abandon our Lives?* As we have *Doublet* and *Breeches-makers*, diſtinct Trades to cloath us, and are ſo much the better fitted; being that each of them meddles only with his own Buſineſs, and has leſs to trouble

trouble his Head withal, than a *Taylor* that undertakes all; and as in matter of *Diet*, great Perſons, for their better Convenience, and to the End they may be better ſerv'd, have *Cooks* of diſtinct Offices, ſome for *Soops* and *Pottages*, and others for *Roaſting*, which one *Cook*, that ſhould undertake the whole Service, could not ſo well perform; ſo muſt we be treated in our *Cures*. The *Egyptians* had reaſon to reject this General *Trade of a Phyſician*, and to divide the *Profeſſion* to ſeveral peculiar Diſeaſes, to every part of the Body a particular *Operator*. For that part was more properly, and with leſs Confuſion provided for, being they eſpecially regarded nothing elſe: Ours are not aware that *he who provides for all, provides for nothing*, and that the *entire Government of this Microcoſm* is more than we are able to undertake. Whilſt they were afraid of *ſtopping a Looſeneſs, leſt they ſhould put him into a Fever*, they kill'd me a Friend that was worth more than the whole Pack of them put together. They counterpoiſe their own Divinations with the preſent Evils, and becauſe they will not *cure the Brain to the Prejudice of the Stomach, they offend both with their mutinous and tumultuary Drugs*. As to the *Variety* and *Weakneſs of Reaſons*, it is more manifeſt in *this* than in any other *Art*. *Aperitive Medicines are proper for a Man ſubject to the Stone, by reaſon that opening and dilating the Paſſages, they help forward the ſlimy Matter, whereof Gravel and the Stone is engender'd, and convey that downward which begins to harden and gather in the Reins. Aperitive Things are dangerous for a Man ſubject to the Stone, by reaſon that opening and dilating the Paſſage, they help forward toward the Reins the Matter proper to create the Stone, which by their own Propenſion that way, being apt to ſeize it, 'tis not to be imagined but that a great deal of what has been ſo convey'd thither muſt remain behind. Moreover, if the Medicine happen to meet any thing too croſs to be carried through all thoſe narrow Paſſages it muſt paſs to be expell'd, that Obſtruction, whatever it is, being ſtir'd by theſe aperitive Things, and thrown into thoſe narrow Paſſages, coming to ſtop them, will occaſion a moſt certain, and moſt painful Death.* They have the like Conſtancy in the Advices they give us for the Regimen of Life. *It is good to make Water often, for we experimentally ſee, that in letting it lie long in the Bladder, we give it Time to ſettle the Sediment which will concreate into a Stone:*

a Stone: It is not good to make Water often, for the heavy Excrements it carries along with it will not be voided without Violence, as we ſee by Experience, that a Torrent that runs with Force, waſhes the Ground it rolls over much clearer than the Courſe of a ſlow and tardy Stream. Likewiſe *it is good to have often to do with Women, for that opens the Paſſages, and helps to evacuate Gravel: It is alſo very ill to have often to do with Women, becauſe it heats, tires, and weakens the Reins. It is good to bathe frequently in hot Waters, foraſmuch as that refreſhes and mollifies the Place where the Gravel and Stone lie;* and it is alſo *ill, by reaſon that this Application of external Heat, helps the Reins to bake, harden, and petrify the Matter ſo diſpos'd.* For thoſe who are at the *Bath,* it is *moſt healthful to eat little at Night, to the end that the Waters they are to drink the next Morning, may have the better Operation upon an empty Stomach;* on the contrary, *it is better to eat little at Dinner, that it hinder not the Operation of the Waters, which is not yet perfect, and not to oppreſs the Stomach ſo ſoon after the other Labour, but leave the Office of Digeſtion to the Night, which will much better perform it than the Day, where the Body and Soul are in perpetual Motion and Action:* Thus do they *juggle* and *cant* in all their Diſcourſes at our Expence, and cannot give one *Propoſition* againſt which I cannot erect a *contrary of equal Force.* Let them then no longer exclaim againſt thoſe, who in this Trouble of Sickneſs ſuffer themſelves to be gently guided by their *own Appetite,* and the *Advice of Nature,* and commit themſelves to the common Fortune. I have ſeen in my Travels almoſt all the famous *Baths* of *Chriſtendom,* and for ſome Years paſt have begun to make uſe of them myſelf, for I look upon *Bathing as generally wholſome,* and believe that we ſuffer no little Inconveniencies in our Health, by having left off the *Cuſtom* that was generally obſerv'd in former Times almoſt by all Nations, and is yet in many, *of bathing every Day;* and I cannot imagine but that we are much the worſe by having our Limbs cruſted, and our Pores ſtopt with Dirt and Filth. And as to the *drinking* of them, *Fortune* has in the firſt Place render'd them not at all unacceptable to my Taſte; and ſecondly, they are natural and ſimple, which at leaſt carry no Danger with them, though they do us no Good. Of which, the infinite Crowd of People of all ſorts of Complexions

plexions that repair thither, I take to be a ſufficient Guarranty: And although I have not there obſerv'd any extraordinary and miraculous Effects; but that on the contrary, having more narrowly than ordinary enquir'd into it, I have found all the Reports of ſuch Operations that have been ſpread abroad in thoſe Places, ill grounded and falſe, and thoſe that believe them (as People are willing to be gull'd in what they deſire) deceiv'd in them; yet I have ſeldom known any that have been made worſe by thoſe Waters, and a Man cannot honeſtly deny but that they beget a better Appetite, help Digeſtion, and do in ſome ſort revive us, if we do not go too late and in too weak a Condition, which I would diſſuade every one from doing; they have not the Virtue to raiſe Men from deſperate and inveterate Diſeaſes, but they may help ſome light Indiſpoſition, or prevent ſome threatning Alteration. Who does not bring along with him ſo much *Cheerfulneſs* as to enjoy the *Pleaſure of the Company* he will there meet, and of the *Walks* and *Exerciſes*, to which the Amenity of thoſe Places invite us, will doubtleſs loſe the beſt and ſureſt Part of their Effect. For this Reaſon I have hitherto choſen to go to thoſe of the moſt pleaſant Situation, where there was the moſt Conveniency of Lodging, Proviſion, and Company; as the Baths of *Bavieres* in *France*, thoſe of *Plombieres* in the Frontiers of *Germany* and *Lorrain*, thoſe of *Baden* in *Switzerland*, thoſe of *Lucque* in *Tuſcany*, and eſpecially thoſe *Della-Villa*, which I have the moſt, and at ſeveral Seaſons frequented. Every Nation has particular Opinions, touching their *Uſe*, and ſeveral *Rules* and *Methods* in uſing them, and all of them, according to what I have ſeen almoſt of like Effect. *Drinking* of them is not at all receiv'd in *Germany*; they *bathe* for all Diſeaſes only, and will lie dabbling in the Water almoſt from *Sun* to *Sun*. In *Italy*, when they *drink nine Days*, they *bathe at leaſt thirty*, and commonly drink the Water mixt with ſome other *Drugs*, to make it Work the better. We are here order'd to *Walk* to digeſt it; they are *kept in Bed* after taking it, till it be wrought off; *their Stomachs and Feet have continually hot Cloths apply'd to them all the while*: And as the *Germans* have a particular Practice generally to uſe *Cupping* and *Scarification* in the *Bath*; ſo the *Italians* have their *Doccy*, which are certain little Channels of this hot

hot Water brought through Pipes, and with them bathe an Hour in the Morning, and as much in the Afternoon for a Month together, either of the Head, Stomach, or any other Part where the Grief lies. There are infinite other Varieties of Cuſtoms in every Country, or rather, there is no manner of Reſemblance to one another. By which you may ſee, that this little Art of *Phyſick*, to which I have only ſubmitted, tho' the leaſt depending upon Art of all others, has yet a great Share of the *Confuſion* and *Incertainty* every where elſe manifeſt in their Profeſſion. The *Poets* ſay whatever they pleaſe with greater *Emphaſis* and *Grace*; witneſs theſe two *Epigrams:*

Alcon *heſternum ſignum* Jovis *attigit; illa*
Quamvis marmoreus, vim patitur medici:
Ecce hodie juſſus transferri ex æde vetuſta,
Effertur, quamvis ſit Deus, atque Lapis.

Alcon did yeſterday *Jove*'s Statue touch,
Which, although Marble, ſuffer'd by it much:
For to Day order being given it ſhou'd
Be taken from th' old *Temple* where it ſtood;
The Thing without further Delay was done,
Although he was a God, and made of Stone.

And the other,

Lotus nobiſcum eſt hilaris, cænavit & idem,
Inventus mane eſt mortuus Andragoras:
Tam ſubitæ mortis cauſam Fauſtine, *requiris?*
In ſomnis medicum viderat Hermocratem *.

Andragoras bath'd, ſupp'd, and went well to Bed
Laſt Night, but in the Morning was found dead;
Would'ſt know, *Fauſtinus*, what was his Diſeaſe?
He dreaming ſaw the *Quack, Hermocrates.*

Upon which I will relate two Stories: The Baron of *Caupene* in *Chaloſſe*, and I, have betwixt us the *Advowſon* of a *Benefice* of great Extent, at the Foot of our Mountain call'd *Lahontan*. It is with the Inhabitants of this *Angle*, as 'tis ſaid of thoſe of the Vale of *Angrougne*; *they liv'd a peculiar ſort of Life*, their *Faſhions, Clothes*, and *Manners* diſtinct from other People, rul'd and govern'd by cer-

* *Mart. Epig.*

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tain particular *Laws* and *Cuſtoms* receiv'd from Father to Son, to which they ſubmitted, without other Conſtraint than the Reverence to *Cuſtom*. This little State had continued from all Antiquity in ſo happy a Condition, that no neighbouring *Judge* was ever put to the Trouble of enquiring into their Doings, no *Advocate* ever retain'd to give them Counſel, nor Stranger ever call'd in to compoſe their Differences; nor was ever any of them ſeen to go a Begging. They avoiding all *Alliances* and *Traffick* with the other World, that they might not corrupt the Purity of their own *Government*; till, as they ſay, *one of them, in the Memory of Man, having a Mind ſpurr'd on with noble Ambition, contriv'd, to bring his Name into Credit and Reputation, to make one of his Sons ſomething more than ordinary; and having put him to learn to Write, made him at laſt a brave Town-Clerk. This Fellow being grown up, began to diſdain their ancient* Cuſtoms, *and to put into the People's Ears the Pomp of the other Parts of the Nation. The firſt Prank he play'd, was, to adviſe a Friend of his, that ſome Body had offended by ſawing off the Horns of one of his* Goats, *to make his Complaint to the King's Judges thereabout, and ſo he went on in this Practice, till he ſpoil'd and confounded all.* In the Tail of this Corruption, they ſay, there happened another, and of worſe Conſequence, by means of a *Phyſician*, who fell in Love with one of their Daughters, had a mind to marry her, and to live amongſt them. *This Man firſt of all began to teach them the Names of* Fevers, Rheums *and* Impoſthumes, *the Seat of the* Heart, Liver *and* Inteſtines; *a* Science *till then utterly unknown to them: And inſtead of* Garlick, *with which they were wont to cure all manner of Diſeaſes, how painful or extreme ſoever, he taught them, tho' it were but for a* Cough, *or any little* Cold, *to take ſtrange Mixtures, and began to make a* Trade, *not only of their Healths, but of their Lives.* They ſwear that till then *they never perceiv'd the Evening Air to be offenſive to the Head, that to drink when they were hot was hurtful, and that the Winds of* Autumn *were more unwholſome than thoſe of the* Spring; that ſince this Uſe *of Phyſick, they find themſelves oppreſt with a* Legion *of unaccuſtom'd* Diſeaſes, and *that they perceive a general Decay in the wonted Vigour,* and *their Lives are cut ſhorter by the half.* This is the firſt of my Stories.

The other is, that before I was afflicted with the *Stone*, hearing that the Blood of a *He-Goat* was with many in very great Eſteem, and look'd upon as a cœleſtial *Manna* rain'd down upon theſe latter Ages for the Good and Preſervation of the Lives of Men, and having heard it ſpoken of by Men of Underſtanding for an admirable *Drug*, and of infallible Operation: I, who have ever thought myſelf ſubject to all the Accidents that can befal other Men, had a mind in my perfect Health to furniſh myſelf with this admirable Medicine, and therefore gave order to have a *Goat* fed at home, according to the *Receipt:* For he muſt be taken in the hotteſt Month of all *Summer*, and muſt only have aperitive Herbs given to eat, and White-Wine to drink. I came home by chance the very Day he was to be kill'd; and one came and told me, that the Cook had found two or three great Balls in his Paunch, that rattled againſt one another amongſt what he had eaten: I was curious to have all his Entrails brought before me, where, having caus'd the Skin that inclos'd them to be cut, there tumbled out three great Lumps, as light as Spunges, ſo that they appear'd to be hollow; but as to the reſt, hard and firm without, and ſpotted and mixt all over with various Colours. One was perfectly round, and of the Bigneſs of an ordinary Bowl; and the other two ſomething leſs, of an imperfect Roundneſs, as ſeeming not to be arriv'd at their full Growth. I find by Enquiry of People accuſtom'd to open theſe Animals, that it is a rare and unuſual Accident. 'Tis likely theſe are *Stones* of the ſame Nature with ours; and if ſo, it muſt needs be a very vain Hope in thoſe who have the *Stone*, to extract their *Cure* from the *Blood* of a Beaſt, who was himſelf to die of the ſame Diſeaſe. For to ſay that the *Blood* does not participate of this Contagion, and does not alter its wonted Virtue, it is rather to be believ'd, that nothing is engendred in a Body, but by the Conſpiracy and Communion of all the Parts: The whole Maſs works together, tho' one Part contributes more to the Work than another, according to the Diverſity of Operations. Wherefore it is very likely that there was ſome petrifying Quality in all the Parts of this *Goat*. It was not ſo much for fear of the future, and for fear of myſelf, that I was curious of this Experiment, but becauſe it falls out in mine, as it does in many other Fami-

Families, that the Women ſtore up ſuch little Trumperies for the Service of People, uſing the ſame *Receipt* in fifty ſeveral Diſeaſes, and ſuch a Receipt as they will not take themſelves, and yet triumph in their good Succeſſes. As to what remains, I honour *Phyſicians* not according to the common Rule, for Neceſſity (for to this Paſſage may be added another of the Prophet, reproving King *Aſa* for having Recourſe to a *Phyſician*) but for themſelves, having known many very good Men of that Profeſſion, and moſt worthy to be believ'd. I do not attack them; 'tis their *Art* I inveigh againſt, and do not much blame them for making their Advantage of our Folly, for moſt Men do the ſame. Many *Callings*, both of greater and leſs Dignity than theirs, have no other Foundation or Support than publick Abuſe. When I am ſick I ſend for them, if they be near; only to have their Company, and ſee them as others do. I give them leave to *command me to keep myſelf warm*, becauſe I naturally love to do it, and to appoint *Leeks* or *Lettuce* for my Broth, to order me *White-Wine* or *Claret*, and ſo all other Things at their own Pleaſure, which are indifferent to my Palate and Cuſtom. I know very well that I do nothing for them in ſo doing, becauſe Sharpneſs and ill-pleaſing Taſtes are Accidents of the very Eſſence of *Phyſick*. *Lycurgus* order'd Wine for the ſick *Spartans*: Why? Becauſe they abominated the drinking of it when they are well: As a Gentleman, a Neighbour of mine, takes it for a rare Medicine in his Fever, becauſe that naturally he mortally hates the Taſte. How many do we ſee amongſt them of my Humour, that deſpiſe taking of *Phyſick* themſelves, are Men of liberal Diet, and live a quite contrary ſort of Life to what they preſcribe others? What is this, but flatly to abuſe our Simplicity? For their own Lives and Healths are no leſs dearer to them than ours are to us, and conſequently they would accommodate their Effects to their own *Rules*, if they did not themſelves know how falſe they are. 'Tis the Fear of Death and of Pain, an Impatience of the Diſeaſe, and a violent and indiſcreet Deſire of a preſent Cure that ſo blind us: And pure Cowardize, that makes our Belief ſo pliable and eaſy to be impos'd upon: And yet Men do not ſo much believe as they acquieſce

Wine preſcribed for the ſick Spartans.

and permit, for I hear them find fault and complain as well as we: But they resolve at last; *What should I do then?* As if Impatience were of itself a better Remedy than Patience. Is there any one of those who have suffer'd themselves to be persuaded into this miserable Subjection, that does not equally surrender himself to all sorts of Impostures? Who does not give up himself to the Mercy of whoever has the Impudence to promise him a Cure? The *Babylonians* carried their Sick into the publick Place, the *Physician* was the People; where every one that pass'd by, being in Humanity and Civility oblig'd to enquire of their Condition, gave some Advice according to his own Experience. We do little better, there being not so silly a Woman whose *Charms* and *Drenches* we do not make use of, and according to my Humour, if I were to take Physick, I would sooner choose to take theirs than any other, because, at least, if they do no Good they will do no Harm. What *Homer* and *Plato* said of the *Ægyptians, that they were all* Physicians, may be said of all People; and there is no one that does not boast of some rare *Receipt*, and who will not venture it upon his Neighbour if he will permit him. I was the other Day in *Company*, where some of my † *Fraternity* told us of a new sort of *Pills* made up *of a hundred and odd Ingredients:* It made us very merry, and was a singular Consolation, for what Rock could withstand so great a Battery? And yet I hear, by those who have made Trial of it, that the least Atom of *Gravel* will not stir for it. I cannot take my Hand from the Paper, before I have added a Word or two more concerning the Assurance they give us of the Infallibility of their *Drugs*, and the Experiments they have made.

The sick Persons of Babylon *expos'd in the Market-place.*

† *Meaning that were troubled with the Stone.*

The greatest Part, and I think above two Thirds, of the Medicinal Virtues, consist in the *Quinteſſence*, or occult Property of *Simples*, of which we can have no other Instruction than Use and Custom. For *Quinteſſence* is no other than a Quality, of which we cannot by our Reason find out the Cause. In such Proofs, those that pretend to have acquir'd by the Inspiration of some *Dæmon*, I am content to receive (for I meddle not with Miracles) as also the

the Proofs which are drawn from things that upon ſome other Account oft fall into uſe amongſt us; as if in *Wool*, wherewith we are wont to clothe ourſelves, there have accidentally ſome occult deſiccative Property been found out of curing *kib'd Heels*, or as if in the *Radiſh* we eat for Food, there have been found out ſome aperitive Operation. *Galen* reports *that a Man happen'd to be cur'd of a Leproſy by drinking Wine out of a Veſſel into which a Viper had crept by Chance.* In which Example, we find the *Means*, and a very likely Guide and Conduct to this Experience; as we alſo do in thoſe *Phyſicians* pretend to have been directed to by the Example of ſome *Beaſts*. But in moſt of their other Experiments, wherein they declare to have been conducted by Fortune, and to have had no other Guide than Chance, I find the Progreſs of this Information incredible. Suppoſe a *Man* looking round about him upon the infinite number of things, *Plants*, *Animals* and *Metals*, I do not know where he would begin his Tryal; and though his firſt fancy ſhould fix him upon an *Elk*'s *Horn*, wherein there muſt be a very gentle and eaſy Belief, he will yet find himſelf perplex'd in his ſecond Operation. There are ſo many Maladies, and ſo many Circumcumſtances laid before him, that before he can arrive at the Certainty of the Point, to which the Perfection of his Experience ſhould arrive, human Senſe will be at the End of its Leſſon: And before he can, amongſt this Infinity of things, find out what this Horn is amongſt ſo many Diſeaſes, what the *Epilepſy*, the many Complexions in a *melancholick Perſon*, the many Seaſons in Winter, the many *Nations* in the *French*, the many *Ages* in *Age*, the many *Cæleſtial Mutations* in the Conjunction of *Venus* and *Saturn*, and the many Parts in Man's Body, nay, in a Finger: And being in all this directed neither by Argument, Conjectures, Example, nor Divine Inſpirations, but meerly by the ſole Motion of Fortune; it ſhould be by a perfectly artificial, regular and methodical Fortune. And after the Cure is perform'd, how can he aſſure himſelf that it was not becauſe *the Diſeaſe was arriv'd at its Period, or an Effect of Chance? or the Operation of ſomething elſe that he had eaten, drank, or touch'd that Day?* or by Virtue of his Grandmother's Prayers? And moreover, had this Experiment been perfect, how many times was it reiterated, and

this long Beadrole of Fortunes and Encounters ſtrung anew from Chance to conclude a certain Rule? And when the Rule is concluded, by whom I pray you? Of ſo many Millions, there are but three Men who take upon them to record their Experiments. And muſt Chance needs juſt meet one of theſe? What if another, and a hundred others have made contrary Experiments? We might, perhaps, have ſome Light in this, were all the Judgments and Arguments of Men known to us. But that three Witneſſes, *three Doctors*, ſhould lord it over all Mankind is againſt all Reaſon. It were fit that Human Nature ſhould have deputed and cull'd them out, and that they were declar'd our *Comptrollers* by expreſs Letters of *Patents*.

To Madam de DURAS.

MADAM,

'THE laſt Time you honour'd me with a Viſit, 'you found me at Work upon this *Chapter*, and 'as theſe Trifles may ſome time or other happen to fall 'into your Ladyſhip's Hands, I would have them bear 'witneſs of the great Honours which the Author will 'think any Favour you ſhall pleaſe to ſhew them. You 'will there find the ſame Air and Behaviour you have 'obſerv'd in his Converſation, and though I could have 'borrow'd ſome better and more favourable Dreſs than my 'own, I would not have done it, for I require nothing 'more of theſe Writings, but to preſent me to your Me'mory, ſuch as I naturally am. The ſame Conditions 'and Faculties your *Ladyſhip* has been pleas'd to frequent 'and receive with much more Honour and Courteſy than 'they deſerve, I will put together (but without Alteration) in one ſolid Body, that may perhaps, continue 'ſome Years, or ſome Days, after I am gone; where 'you may find them again when your *Ladyſhip* ſhall 'pleaſe to refreſh your Memory, without putting you to 'any greater Trouble; neither are they worth it. I de'ſire you ſhould continue the Favour of your Friendſhip 'to me, by the ſame Qualities by which it was acquir'd; 'and am not ambitious that any one ſhould love and eſteem

'eſteem me more Dead than Living. The Humour of '*Tiberius* is ridiculous, but yet common, who was more 'ſolicitous to extend his Renown to Poſterity, than to 'render himſelf acceptable to Men of his Own time. If 'I was one of thoſe to whom the World could owe Com-'mendation, I would acquit the one Half to have the 'other in Hand, that their Praiſes might come quick 'and crowding about me, more thick than long, more 'full than durable; and let them ceaſe, in God's Name, 'with my Knowledge, and when the ſweet Sound can no 'longer pierce my Ears. It would be an idle Humour 'to go about, now that I am going to forſake the Com-'merce of Men, to offer myſelf to them by a new Re-'commendation. I make no Account of the Goods I 'could not employ in the Service of my Life. And 'ſuch as I am, I will be elſewhere than in Paper: My 'Art and Induſtry have been ever directed to render me 'good for ſomething; and my Studies, to teach me to 'do, and not to write. I have made it my whole Buſi-'neſs to frame my Life. This has been my Trade and 'my Work. I am leſs a Writer of *Books* than any thing 'elſe. I have coveted ſo much Underſtanding for the 'Service of my preſent and real Conveniencies, and not 'to lay up a Stock for my Poſterity. He that has any 'thing of Value in him, let him make it appear in his 'Manners, in his ordinary Diſcourſes, in his Courtſhips, 'and his Quarrels, in Play, in Bed, at Table, in the Ma-'nagement of his Affairs, in his Oeconomy. Thoſe that 'I ſee make good *Books* in ill Breeches, ſhould firſt have 'mended their *Breeches*, if they would have been ruled 'by me. Aſk a *Spartan*, *whether he had rather be a good* 'Orator, *or a good* Soldier? And if I was aſk'd the ſame 'Queſtion, I would rather chuſe to be a good *Cook*, had I 'not one already to ſerve me. Good God! *Madam*, 'how ſhould I hate the Reputation of being a pretty Fel-'low at Writing, and an Aſs and a Sot in every thing 'elſe. Yet I had rather be a Fool in any thing, than to 'have made ſo ill a Choice wherein to employ my Ta-'lent. And I am ſo far from expecting to gain any new 'Reputation by theſe Follies, that I ſhall think I come off 'pretty well, if I loſe nothing by them of that little I 'had before. For beſides that this Dead Painting will

'take from my natural Being, it has no Reſemblance to 'my better Condition, but alſo much laps'd from my 'former Vigour and Cheerfulneſs, and looks faded and 'wither'd. I am towards the Bottom of the Barrel, which 'begins to taſte of the *Lees*. And to the reſt, *Madam*, I 'ſhould not have dar'd to make ſo bold with the Myſteries 'of Phyſick, conſidering the Eſteem that your *Ladyſhip*, 'and ſo many others have of it, had I not had Encourage-'ment from their own *Authors*, *Pliny*, and *Celſus*. If 'theſe ever fall into your Hands, you will find that they 'ſpeak much more rudely of their Art than I do; I but 'pinch it, they cut its Throat. *Pliny*, amongſt other 'things, twits them with this, That when they are at the 'End of the Rope, that is, when they have done the utmoſt 'of what they are able to do, they have a pretty Device to 'ſave themſelves, of Recommending their *Patients*, whom 'they teaz'd and tormented with their Drugs and Diets to 'no purpoſe, ſome to Vows and Miracles, and others to 'hot Bath and Waters. (Be not angry, *Madam*, he ſpeaks 'not of thoſe in Parts, who are under the Protection of 'your Houſe, and all *Gramontins*.) They have beſides 'another of ſaving their Credit, of ridding their Hands 'of us, and ſecuring themſelves from the Reproaches we 'might caſt in their Teeth of the little Amendment, when 'they have had us ſo long in their Hands, that they have 'not one more Invention left wherewith to amuſe us; 'which is, *to ſend us to the better Air of ſome other Coun-'try*. This, *Madam*, is enough; I hope you will give 'me leave to return to my former Diſcourſe, from which 'I ſo far digreſs'd, the better to divert you".

It was, I think, *Pericles*, who being aſk'd *how he did? you may judge, ſays he, by theſe*, ſhewing ſome little Scrolls of Parchment he had ty'd about his Neck and Arms. By which he would infer, that he muſt needs be very ſick when he was reduc'd to a Neceſſity of having recourſe to ſuch idle and vain Fopperies, and of ſuffering himſelf to be ſo much a Fool as to commit his Life and Death to the Mercy and Government of *Phyſicians*. I may fall into ſuch *Frenzy*: I dare not be reſponſible for my future Conſtancy: But then, if any one aſk me *how I do?* I may alſo anſwer as *Pericles* did, *You may judge by this*, ſhewing my Hand clutch'd up with ſix Drams of *Opium*: It will be a very

very evident Sign of a violent Sickneſs; and my Judgment will be very much out of Order. If once Fear and Impatience get ſuch an Advantage over me, it may very well be concluded, that there is a dreadful Fever in my Mind. I have taken the Pains to plead this *Cauſe*, which I little enough underſtand, a little to back and ſupport the natural Averſion to Drugs and the *Practice* of *Phyſick*, I have deriv'd from my *Anceſtors:* To the end it may not be a meer ſtupid and temerarious Averſion, but have a little more Form; and alſo, that they who ſhall ſee me ſo obſtinate in my Reſolution againſt all Exhortation and Menaces that ſhall be given me, when my Infirmity ſhall preſs hardeſt upon me, may not think 'tis meer Obſtinacy in me; or any one ſo ill-natur'd, as yet to judge it to be any Motive of Glory, for it would be a ſtrange Ambition to ſeek to gain Honour by an Action my *Gardener* or my *Groom* can perform as well as I. Certainly I have not a Heart ſo tumorous and windy, that I ſhould exchange ſo ſolid a Pleaſure as Health, for an airy and imaginary Pleaſure. *Glory*, even that of the four Sons of *Aymon*, is too dear bought to a Man of Humour, if it coſt him three ſwinging Fits of the *Stone*. Give me Health in God's Name! Such as love *Phyſick* may alſo have great and convincing Conſiderations; I do not hate Opinions contrary to my own. I am ſo far from being angry to ſee a Diſagreement betwixt mine and other Men's Judgments, and from rendring myſelf unfit for the Society of Men, for being of another Senſe and Party than mine; that on the contrary (the moſt general Way that Nature has follow'd being Variety, and more in Souls than Bodies, foraſmuch as they are of a more ſupple Subſtance, and more ſuſceptible of Forms) I find it much more rare to ſee our Humours and Deſigns jump and agree. And there never was in the World two Opinions alike, no more than two Hairs, or two Grains. The moſt univerſal Quality, is *Diverſity*.

The End of the Second Book.

A TA-

A TABLE to the *Second Volume.*

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